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...THE...

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.



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Vol. VII, 1899==List of Contents.

I.—THE BROWN SCAPULAR AND OUR BLESSED LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

	PAGE.
1.—An Event of Yesterday.....	63
2.—A Recent Favor.....	228
3.—More Favors Received.....	261

II.—HAGIOLOGY.

1.—Life of St. Peter Thomas of the Order of Carmelites.—Done into English by Miss Sue X. Blakely from the French of L'abbé Parraud...3, 37, 71, 105, 139, 183, 219, 256, 284, 320, 354, 379	158
2.—Saint Simon Stock.....	158

III.—POETRY.

1.—Holy Infancy—by M. L. Ryan.....	1
2.—Surgam!... by S. M. Best.....	22
3.—First Song of the New Year—by <i>Enfant de Marie</i>	32
4.—Our Lady, Queen of the Seasons—by E. de M.....	34
5.—To a Priest—Selected.....	54
6.—Voice of Jesus Crucified—by E. de M.....	69
7.—Thoughts for May—by E. de M.....	137
8.—Our Lady of the Way—by Eleanor C. Donnelly.....	171
9.—Invitation to Carmel—by E. de M.....	207
10.—Lilies of July—by E. de M.....	225
11.—Flos Carmeli—by E. C. Donnelly.....	238
12.—St. Rose of Lima—by E. de M.....	241
13.—St. Dominic's Heritage—by E. de M.....	309
14.—To the Madonna—by Rev. James B. Dollard.....	275
15.—Early Mass—by Caroline D. Swan.....	354
16.—Our Lady of the Sacred Heart—by Eliza Allen Starr.....	363
17.—The Holy Innocents—by Sister W., O.D.C.....	377
18.—Christmas Eve.....	393
19.—The Shepherd's Carol—by Sister W., O.D.C.....	401

IV.—FICTION.

1.—As a Stream Flows—by Anna C. Minogue (commenced in Vol. VI)...14, 46, 81, 110, 143	171
2.—Led Into Peace—by Caroline D. Swan.....	171

V.—CORRESPONDENCE.

1.—Roman Letter—by A. W., O.C.C.....86, 161, 194, 227, 293, 330, 362	
--	--

VI.—FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR.

1.—Annunciation—by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.....	76
2.—Immaculate Heart of Mary—idem.....	294
3.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel—by E. de M.....	226
4.—Seven Dolors—by E. de M.....	283
5.—All Souls—by Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C.....	352
6.—Christ's Nativity—by Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C.....	399

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

VII.—DEVOTIONAL.

1.—Archconfraternity of the Holy Face.....	17
2.—Devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague.....	18
3.—Timely Thoughts.....	21
4.—"Good Luck"—by Rev. Eliseus Rick, O.C.C.....	31
5.—Our Patron—St. Joseph.....	88
6.—Infant of Prague.....	116
7.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin—by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.....	152
8.—"Bread of Angels"—Corpus Christi.....	191
9.—Sermon on the Scapular Feast—by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.....	263
10.—Legend of the Blessed Virgin.....	364
11.—Devotion to the Infant Saviour—by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.....	389

VIII.—OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

1.—Monthly Letter of Carmel's Secretary—Puzzles, Sayings, etc.—by Miss Matilda Cummings.....	23, 56, 90, 129, 163, 196, 229, 268, 299, 333, 367, 406
--	---

IX.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

1.—Old Carmelite Monasteries in England (Illustrated) by Rev. Benedict Zimmerman O.D.C. of London.....	43, 73
--	--------

X.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

1.—Life of General Gaston de Sonis—Lady Herbert's Translation..	175, 208, 242, 276, 311, 345, 394
---	-----------------------------------

XI.—MISCELLANY.

1.—What to Read—by Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.....	8
2.—Third Order in India.....	53
3.—A Trip to Acadia—by John A. Lanigan, M. D.....	251

XII.—HOSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL.

1.—The Opening—by Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Provincial.....	203
2.—Annual Pilgrimage—idem.....	236
3.—Hospice Notes—idem.....	339

XIII.—EDITORIAL NOTES.

1.—By the Editor.....	25, 59, 94, 133, 167, 199, 232, 270, 302, 335, 371, 408
-----------------------	---

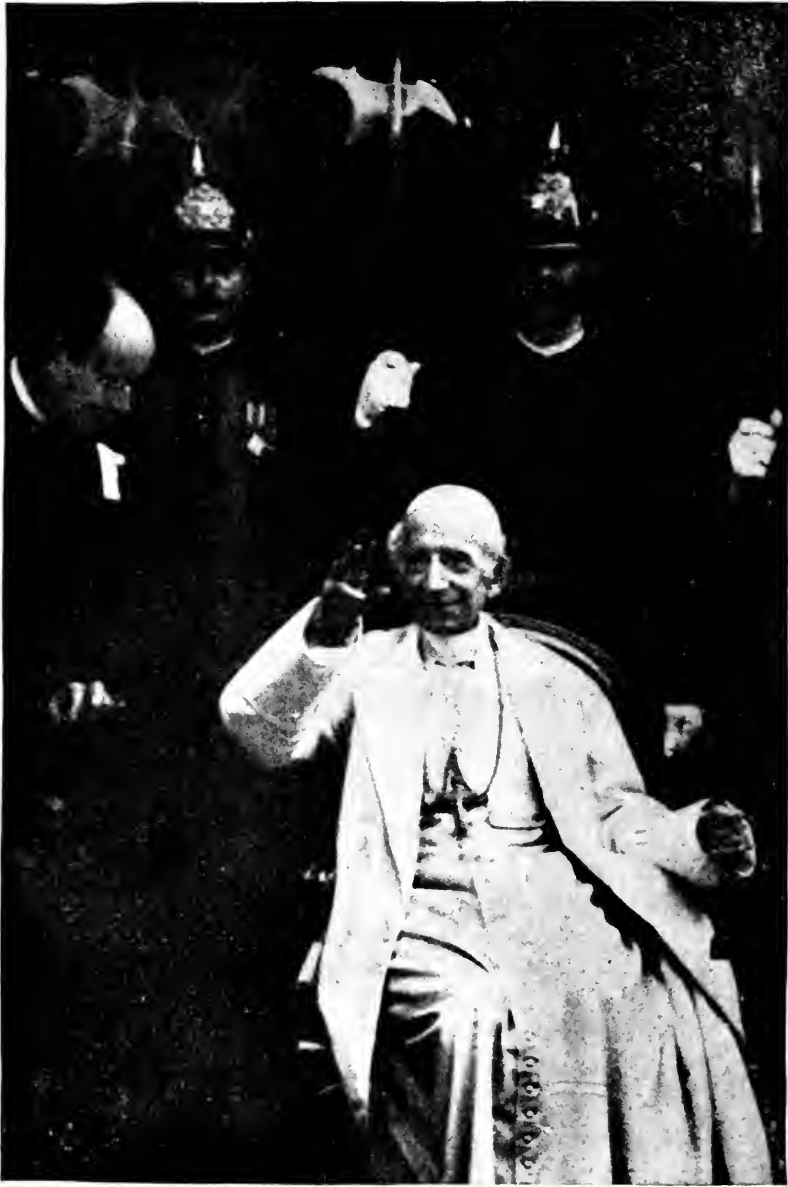
XIV.—PUBLICATIONS.

1.—New Books Received.....	33, 64, 97, 135, 169, 205, 239, 271, 303, 339, 375, 410
----------------------------	---

XV.—ILLUSTRATIONS.

1.—His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.....	1
2.—Carmelite Cloister in England.....	35
3.—Carmelite Cloister in England.....	68
4.—Christ Before Pilate.....	102
5.—Our Lady of the Scapular.....	136
6.—Madonna.....	172
7.—Coronation B. V. M.....	206
8.—Madonna.....	240
9.—Madonna.....	272
10.—Our Lady.....	300
11.—Divine Mother and Her Babe.....	309
12.—Divine Mother and Her Child.....	376





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OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE LEO XIII.

GRANTS A SPECIAL BLESSING TO ALL READERS OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

The above is an exact copy of the latest biographic view taken of the aged Pontiff. In the background are members of the noble guard and attendants of His Holiness.



The Holy Infancy.

(JANUARY.)

I.



PON her lap He lies ; His lovely eyes
'Neath snowy lids are veiled—Jesus reposes.
Hushed is the world to Him, who in the rim
And hollow of His hand, all earth encloses.
And Mary looks upon her Child, and knows He is divine,
Yet softly whispers to herself, "still, still, my Babe
is mine."

II.

But now He wakes, He stirs, and into hers
His tender eyes look love, and, as if pleading,
His little hands He lifts, to win her gifts
Of sustenance and care, and she, quick-heeding,
Clasps Him to her pure breast. He nestles there, and oh,
the thrill
Of mother-love intense that doth her inmost being fill.

III.

She notes each budding charm ; the rounded arm,
The pressure on her breast of dimpled fingers,
The tendrils of His hair, so soft, so fair
Where glint of sunlight falls, and, loving, lingers.
Only a mother understands, and she, far-off and dim
What that sweet mother thought and felt, the while
regarding Him.

IV.

She kisses His pure brow ; ah, would that now,
That now at least, she sees no hint of thorn,
 In tiny hands He lifts, no mark of rifts,
 And little feet so dear, all yet untorn.
 Ah, would if but one hour each day while on her lap
 He lies,
 The future, with its fearful doom, were veiled from her
 fond eyes.

V.

Rest, Mary, in the thought that God hath wrought
 For thee a crown of thorns and one of roses.
 So intertwined are they, thou canst not say
 If joy or grief prevail, while He reposes
 Against thy loving, bleeding heart, who is thy God,
 thy Son,
 O Felix Mater, Mater Dolorosa, both in one !

—MARY LOUISE RYAN.

A Thought for 1899.

While the Christmas thoughts are still fresh in our minds, and the echoes of angel-voices have scarcely died away, another year dawns for us, bringing a sense of fear as well as hope, of sorrow as well as gladness.

There is 'before our thoughts, the yet unwritten page of life. Shall we venture to stain it, as we may have done in the past? Must we inscribe joy or sorrow, bright hopes or saddening disappointments? Shall those bells that "ring out the old year, and ring in the new," toll soon again for the departure of some loved one to the eternal home? What shall we do for Jesus and Mary this new year? All

these questions seem ringing in our ears, and there is *one* answer that admirably suits them all, it is the expression of our Divine Lord Himself—the disposition of His Infant-Heart: "Behold, I come to do thy will." We know not that will as He did, but at least let us generously and confidently, at this time, offer ourselves to God, who will unfold it to us by the events of this year, and will ask nothing that He is not ready to give us grace in its fulfilment. Let us kneel before His Tabernacle and echo His own words, "Behold, I come to do thy will."—
 E. DE M.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XV.

CONSECRATION OF PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN—SECOND ILLNESS AND MARVELLOUS CURE
OF BLESSED PETER—JOY OF THE CYPRIANS—THE ROYAL ANOINT-
ING—MANY CONVERSIONS AMONG THE SCHISMATICS—1360.



HERE was a change in the reigning power at Cyprus, for the good King Hugo was dead. The tenth day of October, 1359, had witnessed the close of his long and useful life. The year before his death he had designated as his successor his son Pierre, Count of Tripoli.

Notwithstanding this precaution, however, there was discord in the family, and disputes, for Pierre was only the second or younger son. The elder, Guy, who had died some time before, had left a son himself—Hugo, Prince of Gallilee—and this prince was ambitious to be the representative of his father. His right, however, was not acknowledged, even the wise Hugo had not considered it well founded, and had, therefore, excluded him from power. The trouble was not of short duration, and the loyal ones foresaw that *Pierre*, the first of that name to occupy the throne of

Cyprus, would not enjoy a peaceable possession of his kingdom. Prince Hugo, his nephew, insisted that it belonged to him, and laid the cause before Pope Innocent VI. Pierre sent the Count de Rohas, marshal of Cyprus, and Thomas de Montolif, auditor, as his representatives. Finally Prince Hugo withdrew his pretensions in consideration of a certain sum of money. He demanded for revenue 50,000 bezants, which was agreed to.

But it was not opposition from the adherents of the older branch that constituted *all* the trouble for King Pierre, and made his ascent to the throne something else than a flower-strewn path.

His adventurous, daring spirit alarmed the more timid of his subjects, and started anew the question of his possessing the throne. To silence this opposition, and to win the affection of the people—and, actuated also by a *spirit of faith*, he was desirous of receiving the royal unction from the hands of the saintly Legate, whose high position and eminent virtue were so venerated throughout the Orient.

His ambassadors, therefore, went to entreat Blessed Peter to come and anoint the forehead of their prince with the oil which consecrates the king. The saint, prostrated by his incessant exertions and suffering from a fever, was at Rhodes, where, since the festival of Christmas, he had been confined to his bed, and cared for by the knights of St. John. And yet, when the messengers unfolded the end of their mission, and represented that his concurrence upon the solemn occasion might be of service to the diffusion of the faith he listened attentively, and, with the most generous condescension, responded at once in the affirmative. Although scarcely able to stand, he determined, in spite of all the alarming previsions, to set out before the joyful festival of Easter.

Only the knowledge of his zealous fervent disposition, which they knew to be capable of summoning all his energy, could induce his attendants to transport him to the vessel.

During the passage he became so much worse that they despaired of his ever reaching Cyprus alive. They landed at the Port of Paphos, there being the faintest indication of improvement, but all believed that if his death were retarded for a few hours, it was certain to take place very soon.

Berenger, dean of St. Gregory of Nicosia, and probably one of the envoys of the king, came from the hatchway, near which the patient lay stretched upon his bed of pain, carefully closed it, and went into the city in search of an hospital where the sufferer might receive fitting attention. Having found one, he hastened to return to the vessel. What had taken place during his absence of less than an hour? The dean had scarcely left

the prelate than the latter, entirely cured of the burning fever, and perfectly free from his malady, arose, went up the ladder, and in presence of all, rendered thanks to God for his unexpected restoration to health. Berenger, when he saw him standing upon the deck, with animated look and healthful color, instead of the emaciated appearance and livid tint of scarcely an hour ago, was lost in amazement. To the questions and congratulations of the dean, he only replied: "St. Gregory cured me." And without even the assistance of a sustaining arm, he walked to the lodging which awaited him at Paphos.

The sudden and entire disappearance of the apparently fatal illness was universally accepted as a miracle.

When it became known that the Legate had arrived, a welcome not less cordial than that accorded him when Hugo entertained him, was joyfully tendered him.

Pierre I. went to meet him with his mother, Alixia, and his wife, Elenore of Arragon. Eager to manifest their respect for the Legate of the Holy See, sovereigns and noble dames, peers of the realm and innumerable knights formed a glorious cortege upon his entrance into the capital.

Under the influence of this enthusiasm a week, fruitful in happy results, was devoted to a course of public instructions upon those virtues which are the salvation of the people, and to private conferences upon those points which win the love of subjects for their king. The solemn consecration, according to ancient usage, was to take place in the Cathedral of Famagouste. Upon the appointed day, therefore, the Legate, the King, the court and the army repaired, with all due solemnity, from Nicosia to that

interesting city by the sea.

Vested in the robes of his office, the holy Legate first performed, with touching devotion, the preliminary ceremonies. Then, upon the demand of the barons, amid the prayers of the clergy and the acclamations of the vast throng, he poured the holy oil upon the brow of Pierre I. de Lusignan. He consecrated him King of Cyprus and Jerusalem for the glory of God, the diffusion of the true faith, and the destruction of the enemies of the Cross.

With what special emphasis he spoke when he gave to the King "the weapon of the brave" and pronounced the words of the traditional formula: "Accept this sword, and use it to combat your own enemies and the foes of our holy Church." Then came the coronation. The diadem of Cyprus had already been conferred upon Pierre I. when his father, Hugo IV., was about to set out upon that voyage to Europe, during which he died. Peter Thomas had then only to place upon the royal brow the crown of Jerusalem, which the house of Lusignan had ever regarded as the most glorious of their prerogatives.

This fete, illumined as it was with hope's brightest ray for the expectant subjects, was one of the happiest occasions ever experienced by the kingdom of Cyprus, which was frequently menaced by dangers of various kinds. The better to preserve the charm, first at Famagouste, and then at Nicosia, the popular games were kept up longer than had at first been intended. One feature of the program, however, as desired both by the nobles and the masses, was a daily sermon from Blessed Peter. The King never failed to attend, and not satisfied with participating in the fruit of the general

exhortations he continued, in special conferences, to nourish his fervor and his generous impulses.

The time seemed propitious to the man of God to solicit the good offices of the King in regard to the union of the Churches. In a religious point of view, the indigenous Cyprians, otherwise submissive to the Byzantine Empire, had, for the greater part, adhered to the doctrine of the Separatists.

The clergy—pretending, as they did, to be orthodox—animated by a most intolerant spirit, hesitated not to employ any methods to increase the number of their disciples. Their zeal in this regard was unbounded, and only equalled by their ardor in annoying and even persecuting those of the Latin rite.

Deeply grieved at this deplorable state of affairs, the Legate resolved to apply the remedy at the very source of the evil. After having consulted with the King, he convoked an assemblage in the largest church in Nicosia. The Greek Archbishop, Gregory, and all his clergy responded to the call. He also invited the Latin priests and the prominent members of their respective congregations.

When the vast church had received them all within its walls, Blessed Peter ordered the doors to be closed lest some tumult from without might disturb the conference. He then took his place, in front of the main altar, near the Greek Archbishop, thus both were in the midst of the clergy of the two rites.

His discourse, based upon the texts of the Gospel, and delivered with a mildness and serenity, which could not fail to please, gradually found its way to the hearts of his hearers, and with its brilliant light shed some rays

into their obscure recesses. The hope of re-union seemed to grow brighter, and Blessed Peter prayed more fervently than ever for a happy result of his efforts. A number of prominent people amongst the Greeks fully recognized the claims of the Roman Church and faithfully adhered to her doctrines. They practised their religion openly. And now that holy faith seemed about to realize the fondest hopes of her children and enjoy a triumph as peaceable as it would be glorious.

But, alas! The spirit of evil is never idle—and the demon of jealousy is always vigilant. A certain prelate, whose hatred had always been particularly bitter, in loud and excited tones began to hurl forth calumnies against the Legate and his adherents. Upon the instant indignant voices were lifted up to protest against the scandalous proceeding—which elicited recrimination and altercation so that the peaceful convocation threatened to end in a discordant panic.

The throng which had gathered outside the church caught the spirit of agitation from within, whilst a group of ushers seized upon their increasing alarm to insinuate that the cause of the disorder was nothing else than the ambitious course of the Bishop of Coron. The ease with which a crowd is frequently swayed was exemplified. Human perversity, always ready to believe the worst, now stigmatized him, who but recently was an object of universal regard as worthy of distrust, aversion and general hatred. Angry cries resounded from all parts of the court, and the crowd, at first moved by curiosity, but now growing so large that it appeared like a dense and compact mass of raging creatures, gave utterance to the darkest menaces, "*Death to the Legate*" was the watch

word, whilst those, who were opposed to re-union, opened the massive portals and the Schismatics, like the waves of a turbulent sea, flowed up the broad aisles of the temple.

As if drowned in its depths the Latins disappeared, or like disjointed billows abandoned themselves without resistance to the current.

Alas! that the true and faithful ones should so often be brought to such straits by the insolent disciples of error.

The nuncio, at least, maintained a firm and unmoved demeanor. He rallied around him a little band to whom he said: "May the Almighty be our protector: Bring unto me the cross." Standing close to the sacred sign of our salvation they calmly awaited the death which seemed inevitable. The Legate, at their head, before the high altar faced the raging multitude without a trace of emotion. The Prince of Antioch meanwhile had been apprised of what was in progress at the temple.

The news of the gathering tempest, having thus penetrated to the royal palace, the brother of the king was not slow in hastening to the rescue. He was also the high constable of Cyprus, and had therefore full authority to act. Hurriedly donning a suit of armor, he summoned a body of cavalry, and all galloped furiously to the scene of disorder. But seeing that it was merely an uprising of the "vile rabble," to use the expression of the feudal times, the constable put up his sword, the others followed his example and, making a descent upon the surging crowd, with baton in hand, distributed blows, in every quarter, with a will.

In a few moments, therefore, the sacrilegious mob was expelled from

the holy place, and the nuncio was delivered from his assassins. God was content with the act of resignation to death, so fervently formulated by his servant who was never to die the death of a martyr save by desire. In vain had the least reputable amongst the prelates striven to find, in deeds of violence, a compensation for their moral and intellectual littleness. Their actions were of a nature by no means suited to add to their glory, nor calculated to alarm or discourage the confessor of faith.

Always fearless, despite the apprehensions of his friends, he continued his apostolic labors in season and out of season, and after a brief delay he resumed his conferences with the Greeks.

Faithful to his office as representative of the Holy Father, sometimes he sought to win them by loving words, sometimes by portraying realistic word pictures of the terrible judgments of the Almighty.

His eloquence did not fail of a happy result. The good seed did not fall upon sterile ground in this fair land, governed as it was by a Catholic king. It caused the germ of the true faith to vivify in full perfection in the souls of the Greek Archbishop, and many of his prelates were equally favored. A great number of priests and those under their jurisdiction also responded to the call of divine grace. In a word, Christianity in Cyprus made its submission *en masse* to the authority of Rome. The much-desired re-union, impervious to all attempts under preceding reigning powers, now became general, sincere, and of long duration.

Unfortunately, during the course of centuries, the bonds of this church, on account of political revolutions,

and the difficulty, in the midst of the Saracen wars, of communicating with the Holy See, became relaxed to a certain extent. But, at all events, the Koran never succeeded in winning the numerous disciples at Cyprus. The immense majority of the actual population remained faithful and steadfast Christians.

The consecration was over, and re-union, we may say, an accomplished fact. The time had come for the Legate, summoned to a distant point of his vast spiritual territory, to bid farewell to the king and the people. With the most eloquent, powerful and persuasive discourses, with the most tireless works of zeal, he had endeavored to repay the testimonials of affection bestowed upon him in this great island. And those evidences of love—numerous as they were before—were multiplied as the time of his departure drew nigh. They touched him deeply, nay they seemed, as it were, to pierce his inmost heart. For this monk, fearless and immovable in the midst of the greatest peril, had a tender heart, and could not withstand the manifestations of friendship. As he left them, the Cyprians perceived that their beloved spiritual father could not restrain his sobs and tears. A marked predilection attached him to these good people; perhaps he had a presentiment that his body might, in death, repose, until the resurrection morn near those to whom his ministrations had been so wonderfully efficacious.

So true it is that spiritual affection yields in *nothing* to human love—nay more—the former is far more tender, enduring and powerful!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT SHOULD WE READ?

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



HIS question was often asked before, and frequently answered, so there is little new to be said on a subject so often treated by various writers. But as there may be many readers who may have given little thought to this matter, and as there may be some who may not have even given it the slightest consideration, we think it will not be out of place to give a few suggestions that may be of use in a matter of such importance. As we are writing for Catholics, and as we know the solemn obligations they are under, to practice their religion and to serve God faithfully during life, we consider any means that may help them to attain that all important end, to be not only of the highest moment, but a matter that should be embraced, whatever inconvenience or difficulties may come in the way. There is another obligation equally imperative, binding Catholics to shun anything calculated to withdraw them from this highest sense of duty, no matter how specious the reasons may appear for acting otherwise.

There are many means held out to Catholics for the furtherance of this end, and among them good books hold a prominent place. The doctors of the Church, the saints, great theologians, and ascetic writers agree that the reading of good books is a powerful means to strengthen virtue, to exalt

Christian people, to make the children of the Church good and practical Catholics, and to bring self restraint, peace and happiness to the Christian home. Bad books have the contrary effect, and if they treat directly or indirectly on subjects against faith or morals, they are strictly forbidden. Some works of this kind are written in an attractive style, and the charm and the beauty of the language intended to convey the ideas to the minds of the readers, tone down and soften the repulsive form of the matter thus treated. This is what makes them the more dangerous, and gives them an insinuating power to instil their poison into the minds of unsuspecting people. Where did the ideas come from that are conveyed to the mind of the reader through the medium of works of this kind? Did such thoughts have their origin in heaven? No, nothing defiled can enter that blessed abode, and whatever comes from there is consecrated, bearing the stamp of the sanctity of the all Holy God. Such thoughts come from another direction, the very opposite of heaven; they come from the author of lies, no matter what may be the charm of expression, fabricated by his emissaries to deceive their readers. Or they may be deductions, from the same source, wrought out and formed by a distorted imagination, in a brain on fire with unholy passions. If this be their origin they are poor food for the grand faculties of man's soul, for they are the husks which the swine did eat, and upon which the prodigal would fain feed. God grant that those who

endeavor to digest such food, may give it up in disgust, and return once more to the home of their Father.

Bad literature unfortunately parades its evil effects daily before our eyes; if you allow the expression, it unmans man, it lowers the mind, it deifies the pleasures of the senses, and makes him so selfish that it lowers and brutalizes his better instincts. If we could, we would gladly pass over in silence, and leave untouched, or rather we would throw the veil of oblivion over whatever is unseemly in public morals, were it only of the past, but abuses and allurements intended to corrupt youth are met with at every turn. And we must confess, as is plain to the eyes of the public, that all the evil is not confined to bad books alone, for there are many accessories in the low grades of newspapers, equally destructive in their effects. It is sad to have to acknowledge in a country that boasts of its advanced civilization, of the enlightenment of its people, and of its progress in modern science, that art, that divine gift given to man by his Creator, for his elevation, that he might draw down the Promethean fire from heaven, and form new celestial creations on earth, to elevate and rejoice the hearts of Christian people, is prostituted to the lowest and most unholy of purposes. There are pictures in which the human form, dignified by the God-like spirit within it, is drawn distorted by the caricaturist, either for paltry gain or for other private ends, unworthy not only of a Christian, but of a human being. But this is not the worst abuse of art, it is used to corrupt the imagination and the hearts of youth, as is evident from the fact that the pictures in certain stores and saloons are not a fit spectacle for Christian eyes. And then

what will we say of some of the low illustrated papers? We need not defile the pages of this REVIEW by recording the names of the most infamous of these publications, for they have gained an unenviable notoriety that would be scarcely appreciated by the King of Dahomey in the palmy days of his barbarism. It is astonishing to us that a Christian people in a great nation do not, in their indignation and in the might of their power, rise up and stamp out of existence such publications, for by so doing the hearts of thousands upon thousands of youths would remain pure that unfortunately are now corrupted. Nor are such illustrated papers confined to the cities alone; they are distributed throughout the land, and find their way to the lonely homes in the back woods of the far West. But a word to Catholic parents, if they wish to save their children and preserve their virtue, at all cost they must be vigilant, and peremptorily prohibit illustrations of this kind for their use, and banish all such poisonous mental food from their homes.

But it is not enough to avoid bad literature. We must have something good to read, and this brings us back to the question at the head of this article, "What should we read?" The holy Scripture is recommended to all, especially the New Testament, provided it is read not according to the private interpretation of each individual, but according to the interpretation of the holy Catholic Church. For Saint Peter, the prince of the Apostles, warns us against private interpretation of the holy Scripture, where he says, speaking of Saint Paul: "As also our most dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom given him, hath written to you. *As also in all his epistles, speak-

*2nd Ep. Peter, 3c., 16 v.

ing in them of these things, in which are contained things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures to their own destruction." Our Divine Lord by establishing the Church made His holy religion easy to her children, for before the Church all men are equal. The great, the learned and the powerful, the crowned monarch, the humble peasant, the poor and the ignorant, stand on the same elevated plane before her, and bow to her dogmatic decisions, for they know that she speaks with an infallible voice. On this head Catholics may congratulate themselves, if they pay only a moderate attention in acquiring the knowledge of their holy religion. It is not necessary for them, nor is it possible for all of them, to be highly educated, or to be acquainted with literature, as they will find in two little books, easy to be acquired, the *Following of Christ* and the *Spiritual Combat*, more true wisdom than in all profane literature besides.

For improving the mind, and at the same time for entertaining and affording pleasure to the reader, without too much strain on the mental faculties, in our opinion history is the best. But history, like every other branch of literature, has but too often been distorted and used for the most unjust purposes, to conceal truth and propagate falsehood. To be true to itself, it should give us plain facts with the circumstances attending them and the causes as far as possible that evidently produced them. It should be the light of the past, it should bring us back through the ages of the world, and with the spirit of truth and impartiality witness the deeds of men, without exaggeration or palliation, two operations continually at work

where the mind of the historian is biased and darkened with prejudice. If an historical fact touches on the supernatural, if a miraculous event takes place, if deeds hard to flesh and blood are accomplished, demanding self-restraint and crucifixion of the three great concupiscences that make up the world; the historians of the above mentioned class would either explain them away or would pass them over in silence. As they had come to the conclusion from a false process of reasoning based on false principles, that such facts could not have occurred. There is another subterfuge generally made use of by writers inimical to the Church. If the matter in question is of a religious nature, or had it a tendency to prove the sanctity of the Church, no matter how patent the fact might be, or with what publicity it may have been accomplished, though hundreds or thousands of respectable witnesses might have been present. Such historians, had the occurrence taken place some hundreds of years past, would either not notice it, or they would not call it an historical fact, but a legend, something that is hardly worthy of notice, a mere rumor among the people, that has no historical proofs to sustain its authenticity. Taking all these facts into consideration with regard to history, we need not be surprised, that the distinguished French writer Count de Maister declares "that for the last three centuries history has been a grand conspiracy against the truth." We hope that from these few words, brief as they are, Catholics will see the necessity of being careful in the selection of histories, and not be lead astray by a specious show of impartiality, a position very often assumed as a cover to deceive the unwary, by writers who

wish to conceal the poison they desire to instil into the minds of their readers.

Every art has been employed to vilify and misrepresent the Catholic Church; painting, history and fiction have been powerful weapons in the hands of her enemies. In the English language, Sir Walter Scott reduced the writing of fiction to an art, and frequently, with that peculiar charm with which he was accustomed to clothe his narrative, made it a sharp instrument to traduce the loving mother, who called his fathers from paganism and civilized them, and who, down through the ages almost to his own day, nurtured them with holy doctrine, and sanctified them with the sacraments within her sacred bosom. But we must not throw all the blame on the great novelist in this matter; other writers in this domain of literature have misrepresented and attacked her with all the violence that passion could suggest. It appears that Sir Walter could not get entirely rid of the prejudices of his times, but he painted some beautiful Catholic characters with a master's hand, that none but a Divine Religion could form and sustain through the turmoils and frequently through the adverse circumstances of life. But to take fiction in itself, it may be used for good or evil; books of this kind to-day flood the world, and are pouring from the press yearly in astonishing numbers. The bad works among them are doubly dangerous, on account of the peculiar circumstances of the times, for we may say, without exaggeration, that the times are evil, or we may say what Cicero said of his own times, "O! Tempora, O! Mores: O! Times, O! Morals." But however that may be, we may lay down the general rule to be observed in such cases by all

Catholics, that any novel treating directly or indirectly against faith or morals is strictly prohibited by the Church, and must not be read by Catholics under any pretense whatever. Cheap literature in fiction, where children can procure the books for a nominal sum, shows how powerful such means are for evil. Books of this kind are doing their pestiferous work and have been doing it for many years. They have corrupted the hearts of an incalculable number of youth, they have sowed the seeds of insubordination and immorality, they have encouraged and aroused the worst passions known to human nature, that grew with their growth, that became their tormentors during life, and their companions in death.

Some persons make the great mistake in choosing what they call Catholic novels, or, in other words, they think that because the novel was written by a Catholic it is fit to be read. But it is well to consider that there are Catholics in every department of life who are unworthy of the name, and who are a disgrace to the religion they profess, and in the department of fiction their works are a fair sample of those who wrote them. A bad tree cannot produce good fruit, a corrupted heart cannot teach high morality, and low and groveling instincts cannot infuse into the hearts of others high and holy aspirations. Such productions as these should never be read, for they are calculated to do untold injury to the reader. The Church is not to be blamed for all the acts of her wayward children, though some unreasonable people endeavor to hold her accountable. There are Catholic societies in the Church which she loves and controls, but a Catholic society is entirely a different thing

from a society of Catholics. The former as a body is affiliated to the interests of the Church, and is governed by ecclesiastical rules, whilst the latter as a body has nothing whatever to do with the Church, only that the individuals that compose the society are Catholics, and are only connected with the Church as individuals. In like manner we must draw a wide distinction between Catholic novelists, and Catholics who write novels. To define a Catholic novelist is, perhaps, not so easy, and there may be some who may make objections to the definition. But we must understand that the definition of a novelist will not be the same, if we qualify the term novelist by the word Catholic. What we understand by a Catholic novelist, whose works we could recommend to Catholics, is one whose object is to elevate his readers, to make them better men and better women, and more practical Catholics. And one who holds the integrity of this purpose so high that neither lucre nor the applause of the world can make him depart from it.

Outside of this class, Catholics who write novels have no right to be called Catholic novelists, and their works should receive no more consideration at the hands of Catholics than the works of those outside the Church.

Some novelists are not over-scrupulous in the choice they make of the leading character of their work. However, it appears to us that there are rules that should govern the choice of such character, that should not be slighted. These rules may not be written, but they hold a firm place in the minds of the public. If the leading character be taken from the community at large, without any reference to place, no matter how repulsive the

picture drawn by the artist may be, even though he should have labored to bring out in bold relief, and in strongest colors, the most selfish and unsightly features of a depraved soul, provided it did not trench on the limits of decency, no one would have a right to complain. But if such a character be located, the readers would look suspiciously on the town or community, which they would rightly or wrongly hold accountable for the formation of the morals of such an individual, and would probably make up their minds that the general conduct of such people was not entirely immaculate. If this be the case with towns and villages, it is much more so with particular institutions. Some novelists have taken advantage of this general sense of public interpretation with regard to novels. By this means Dickens reformed the nurses in the public hospitals of London, and the schools in Yorkshire. But lest he might do an injury to the latter institution by misrepresentation, before writing *Nicholas Nickleby*, he went down to Yorkshire, with a quasi government commission, to examine the schools. And if the nurses in the hospitals needed no reform, if only one or two were unreliable, we would have never heard of *Sarah Gamp*.

There is a Catholic who writes novels, who has injudiciously taken for the leading character of one of them, no less a personage than a nun, from one of the most strict religious orders in the Church. When called to task for his temerity, he declared that the character was taken from real life and that the facts narrated actually occurred. From what we have said above, this answer is not sufficient. Is he sure the facts are true? He may have heard them from rumor only

But let us take it for granted that she did fall. Is the writer sure that the community from which he selected her for publication is in any way accountable for her? Though the members of such a community may be, and we have no doubt are, angels on earth adorning it with their virtues, the chaste spouses of Christ, upon whom He looks with infinite love, nevertheless the readers of such a work will look upon them, in spite of themselves, if not with suspicion, at least with less reverence. That one should fall from a community of the highest virtue should not be wondered at. Have not the angels fallen from heaven, and were those that remained faithful, less sanctified or less pleasing to God? Did not their song of praise ring through the vaults of heaven with as joyous an air, and did not their countless ranks shine with as great brilliancy in the new celestial glory in which they had been confirmed? As though no angel fell from the lofty throne where the hand of his Creator had placed him. Did not a bishop of the Church fall from among the Apostles, and were the eleven less sanctified because of his wickedness? If the

Apostles were an obscure community, and not well known to the world at large, and a writer undertook to portray the character of Judas, as one of the twelve, his whole work would be misleading. There was an exhibition of everything that was mean, wicked and ungrateful, though he was three years and a half the companion of an incarnate God, the witness of His miracles, and His sanctity. But what of the eleven? Of their going forth without scrip or staff, of the prisons in which they were incarcerated, the stripes that they received, their miracles and their martyrdom? It is thus a wrecked fallen nun, the violater of the vows, which she swore to God to be faithful to, her fall, her shame and her infamy, are flaunted before the world. But what about the community from which she fell? The self-sacrifice, the annihilation of self, the exalted sanctity, the seraphic love! Behold them for hours wrapt in the gloom of the sanctuary, before the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, sending forth their heartfelt prayers for a sinful world, a world not worthy of them.

Shrine of the Scapular !

BEAUTIFUL Mother, we deck thy shrine ;
 All that is bright and best of ours,
 Found in our garden, we reckon thine—
 God thought of thee when He made the flowers.

Beautiful Mother, upon thy shrine,
 Picked and gathered in loving haste,
 See ! we arrange them in pleasing line—
 They who love thee will not want for taste !

—REV. KENELM D. BEST.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)



R. GREY had done a most unwise thing, toward the preservation of his peace of mind in looking between the pages of the book *Pedler Daly* had entrusted to his care for Mrs. Burns.

In an idle moment, the day following his conversation with Judith in the orchard, the little paper-bound volume lying on his table caught his attention. The day was threatening rain, a heavy midsummer rain. The desolation outside was intensified in the low old room, whose darkly papered walls, and furnishing of a generation back, were vibrating voices of days that were no more; for in the halcyon time ago, when the Blue Licks Springs was a resort famed throughout the country as the great rendezvous for Southern wealth and beauty, the Larue enjoyed a popularity above the other hotels. A narrow rubber band held the book in its paper wrapping, and as this was removed his eyes caught the title, "*The Faith of Our Fathers*,"—"By James Cardinal Gibbons." The high literary quality of the book delighted him and he read it from cover to cover, drawn on by the exquisite diction of the Prince of American writers, but without giving more than a passing minute's consideration to the arguments it contains, and the stubborn con-

clusion drawn therefrom. When he turned from the last page, he glanced up surprised to see that the afternoon was waning and he suddenly remembered he had had no dinner. He re-wrapped the book and went down stairs for a walk as the day had cleared. The guests were scattered over the grounds, some lying in hammocks, others seated on the piazza, or under the broad elm trees, and one young lady's bright eyes invited him to her, while she drew in her billowy summer skirts, offering him a place on her rustic bench. He went to her and as she playfully rebuked him for his lack of sociability and dilated on the pleasure she had had that day in their boat ride down the river, he found himself recalling striking passages from the book he had just finished, or assertions would come back, dimly, making him anxious to again seek the pages to see again just what the writer had said. After supper, he again unbound the book, to look up the half forgotten words, and again began to read but this time thinkingly. The soundness of the logic it contained stood up like a wall before him, neither surmountable nor destructible, and finally he sprang from his chair and went to bed. But he could not rest. His mind would keep running back to the passages he had read, arguing against their conclusions, so finally he arose to assure himself on a point discussed, and turning up the light, opened the book to find the passage.

But in turning the pages another statement caught his eye. Standing, he read on, and on, until physical weariness recalled him. With impatience he closed the book, blew out the light and returned to his bed; but it was long before he slept. On waking in the morning, turning his eyes toward the eastern window, for like Whittier he sought first the sunrise light, his eyes fell on the book face down on the table; and he lay until roused by the breakfast bell, thinking. After that meal, impelled by a force that seemed irresistible, he sought his room and picked up the volume. Against each conclusion reached by the Catholic writer, which is the destruction of the whole fabric of Protestantism, the minister put forth his own arguments, but he found them not so entirely satisfactory as he wished. With the first whispering of a doubt, he flung the volume from him across the room. As he was passing out into the sunshine with his bicycle, it suddenly struck him that his treatment of property to which he had no claim was, to say the least, scarcely in accord with the ethics of good taste; but he did not, however, return and replace Mrs. Burns' book in its wrapping. He half turned to Judith's house, for there were some subjects his reading had brought onto his mind, about which he had liked to ask her; but he remembered it is not military wisdom to go to an enemy to inquire about the strength of one's own army! So he turned from the rocky road into a narrow smoothe lane. The day was warm, with the breath of a breeze caressing the overhanging leafiness. Above him the cardinal and mocking birds, the blue birds and thrushes were holding high carnival of song. The wild rose made sweet the way side

with its fragile beauty and from some quiet valley the warm east air brought the smell of freshly mown meadows. It was impossible to remain unmoved to such influences, so gradually, Silas Grey found his mind spring back to its customary quiet, and as he progressed the tormenting questions of the past hours were forgotten.

In one place the lane runs over a steep hill, half way down which, the rider suddenly became aware of a strange object on the road ahead. As he drew near on his noiseless steed, he saw it was a woman bent under a long well-filled sack, which she carried on her back. As he was on the point of passing her, a sharp piece of flint came in contact with his tire, and at the sudden report of the escaping air, the woman dropped her burden, and turning, cried, as she clasped her hands over her heart, "God save us!"

The pale face, whiter for the spotless frill of a white cap, looking out at him from under the black sunbonnet, showed every day of its five-and-sixty years, yet it was the sweetest face he thought he had ever seen.

"Ah, Madam!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat, "I am sorry I startled you like thus. It was this sharp rock which pierced my tire."

It had been said of Silas Gray that he had only to smile and straightway confidence was awakened; nor was the old woman invulnerable. That peaceful gentle tender light Time, when he deals harshly with us and we meet him with valiant, steadfast hearts, leaves on the face, became more radiant as she gave him an answering smile.

"Arrah, then, young man," she said, the soft mellow accent instantly proclaiming her nationality, "what sort of a machine is that you're carrying with you, any way? And what in the world was that that broke in it? I thought some one had fired a gun in my ear."

"This is a bicycle," said he, "and I don't carry it; instead, it carries me."

"Well, I wonder!" she exclaimed, advancing to examine the wheel, while Mr. Gray looked on half amused at her curiosity, half annoyed at his own mishap. "It's wonderful what the mind of man can invent," she said, after a minute, lifting her sweet old face to him. "Do you think there any of those things in Ireland yet?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "and when folks go over there they take their wheels along. They say they have fine roads in Ireland."

"Indeed, then, they have, the finest in the world! How funny it would be to see one of the bouchals coming down a Wicklow road on a machine like that!" and she laughed softly at the thought.

"Did you injure it?" she then questioned.

"Yes," he replied, "and now I shall have to walk back to the Springs."

"Sure that's only a step for a young fellow like you!" she said. See what an old woman I am, yet I walk over every Saturday to the store, and on a Church Sunday, too, when I think there's a chance for me to get a seat in somebody's wagon going to Carlisle," but she lifted a slight sigh for her lost strength and youth. "Well, I'm sorry for your accident. Couldn't you fix it up? My little house is down there in the hollow, if there's anything you think I'm likely to have to help you."

"My tools are all over at the hotel," he said, "though I'm much obliged to you for your good offer."

"Oh, that's nothing, my son!" she said, with her smile, and his heart felt a fierce short stab. Ah! how long had it been since he had heard that last "My son!" He warmed instantly to this little old woman.

"That's a big load you have there," he said, approaching the sack where it lay on the road. I am going to carry it home for you."

"Indeed, then, you needn't," she said, "for it isn't at all heavy. It's only bark and chips I gathered in the woods."

"Well, I'll see it home for you, anyway," he said, slinging the sack over his strong young shoulders and holding it there with one hand while the other helped forward his disabled wheel.

"Now, who'd think such a fine young man would do that!" exclaimed the old woman as she walked by his side, her steps singularly free from the feebleness of her years.

"I had a mother once," he said, softly in reply.

"And she must have been a good one," said the old woman. "Is she dead?"

"Yes," he answered, "she is dead."

"God rest her soul!" said the woman, and her sharp eyes detected a something on the young man's face as he heard her words, and she asked, "Are you a Catholic?"

"No," he answered, looking at her, "I am a Baptist minister."

"Well, now," she said, "I took you for a Catholic from the first moment my eyes set themselves on you."

At other times Silas Grey would have laughed at the simple expression of thought. But just now he felt it irritate him.

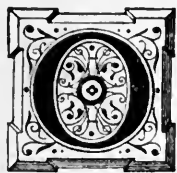
"My good woman," he said, stopping and looking her full in the clear eyes, "that is very amusing. Will you tell me in what possible way Catholics differ from the rest of the human race, that they can be picked out even before they open their lips to announce their religious views?"

"I'm not a learned woman, my son," she returned, "to answer your fine words. But there's something different in them from other people, if you take notice. I suppose it is the faith in their souls that shines on their faces."

Silas Grey went forward, moodily. Was his faith, his strong white faith in God and Christ and all those sacred names implied, nothing? Then there recurred to him the solemn words the old pedler had spoken, "When you believe thus, you are no longer a Protestant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY INFANCY.



Of all the wonders of the hidden life of our Lord at Nazareth until his thirtieth year, the mysteries of the Holy Infancy are alone revealed to us in the Gospel narrative. Silent as to the rest, the Holy Spirit would seem to concentrate our attention upon the simplicity and meekness of the Holy Child, in the sweet abasement of His tender Infancy. The mysteries of His early life have always been dear to Christians, but it has been reserved to these latter days for the Church to consecrate to them a particular devotion. The revelations concerning this devotion were made to a humble Religious at the Carmelite Convent of Beaune (France), Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, who was born at Beaune in 1619. She was favored with heavenly graces from her earliest youth, and by a most extraordinary privilege, was permitted to enter Carmel in her twelfth year on the day of her first communion. Her entire life was devoted to honoring the mysteries of the Infant Jesus, and inculcating this her favorite devotion. The Arch-Confraternity was instituted by no other than the Divine Infant Himself, for He appeared to Sister Margaret and said: "I wish you to institute an association of which I will inspire the rules. I will regard it as my treasure and my portion. This Association will be my family—the Family of the Infant Jesus—this is the title you shall give it." The Divine Infant then promised many favors to those who joined this Association.

Sister Margaret lived to see the ac-

complishment of her work, and the Association established. M. de Renty was the chosen guardian of the devotion and helped to propagate it until his death.

M. Olier was intimately connected with it, and established it at St. Sulpice. Fenelon composed the Litany for it. Its progress was checked for a time by the terrible trials in France, but later it spread anew, and in 1855 was raised to the rank of an Arch-Confraternity, and still has its centre at Beaune.

The History of the Miraculous Infant of Prague is too well known to need recital. Within a few short years, the Little King has made a triumphant tour of the world. He has been received with honor in the Carmels of Europe; in Brazil, Chili, China, Japan, Canada, Australia He is known; far in the interior of Africa amid the hostile Cannibals He has established his reign, and in America devotion to Him has spread with marvellous rapidity. Not only in Carmel the world over, but among Religious of every Order, even to the deserts of La Trappe He has found His way. In private houses, in chapels and in Churches we find Him, and everywhere He carries the little Chaplet of the humble Margaret of Beaune. It would seem that the Holy Child with His smile of innocence and simplicity, would wish to soften all hearts and melt the icy band of intellectual pride that holds captive so many a noble soul. May He succeed, may the sweet Jesus, the Infant King, reign with unchallenged sway over the near-approaching twentieth century.—*From "Carmel,—Its History and Spirit."*

DEVOTION TO THE INFANT OF PRAGUE :

And Installation of the Holy Infant at Louvain, Belgium.

"It had been for many months the greatest desire of our hearts to have the sweet image of the Infant of Prague in our chapel, and at last this happiness was granted us. Some ardent, generous souls procured the precious treasure for us, and the solemn installation took place on the eighteenth day of July. O! thrice blessed day!

Every effort was made to enhance the splendor of the decorations which were to surround, and give glory to the Little King. Lovely flowers adorned the altar, and fragrant garlands, together with innumerable waxen tapers united to beautify the royal shrine.

The statues of the different saints received their floral tributes, but naturally all eyes were directed to the exquisite representation of the divine Child. The shrine, at the right side of the chapel, assumed the form of an artistically carved throne, placed upon a pedestal, whereon magnificent offerings were placed. A vase of purest gold, baskets of rarest flowers, plants growing in their beauty before the image of Him who had created them. What a charming offering for the little King, who lovingly looked into the hearts of the donors, and beheld the devotion which instigated the gifts. Above all, was the consoling inscription, "The more you honor me, the more I will bless you."

The ceremonies opened at ten o'clock by the celebration of the adorable sacrifice of Mass. A favored number were present in the chapel, which was too small to accommodate all those whose faith and fervor had led them to

hasten thither. The singing, which was exquisite, was the voluntary offering of some fervent members of the congregation, who joyfully laid the homage of their great gift before the holy Infant of Prague. After Mass, Reverend Father Etienne, of the Carmel at Brussels, in a touching address, wherein he explained the meaning of the ceremony about to follow, made use of those words of our Lord: "Suffer little children to come unto me," words which he specially directed to the little ones. He dwelt upon the love and tenderness felt by the Saviour for children, and evidently made a deep impression on the tiny guard of honor surrounding the throne of the little King.

Then came the blessing of the statue by the Very Reverend Provincial, who did us the honor to preside on the occasion, and immediately after, the blessing of the children, a favor which caused every mother's heart to beat with joy. O! what happiness was theirs when they heard the good Father invoke the protection of the dear Infant upon those beings so precious in their sight! Then followed the act of consecration, read by a dear little girl, nine years of age, a niece of one of the Sisters, and the childish fervor evinced, as her clear young voice pronounced the words, affected many of those present to tears.

The ceremony concluded by the entoning of a charming canticle to the little King—Jesus—during which a general distribution of rosaries, tiny statues, and medals of the Infant of Prague took place. Truly, nothing was omitted to make the occasion one

that could never be forgotten by the favored participants.

The afternoon witnessed again the same assemblage of devout worshippers. The Provincial held, for the second time, the congregation enchained by his eloquence, and the rapt attention they gave to his every word, proved that they understood and appreciated his discourse, the text of which was as follows: "Unless you become as a little child, you will not enter the kingdom of heaven."

He demonstrated the humility of our Lord who, to teach us how to humble our pride, condescended to dwell upon earth as a little babe. Only through humility can we learn to tread the narrow path which leads to Paradise. It was the intention to terminate the afternoon ceremony by a canticle, but so deeply had the reading of the act of consecration touched every heart, that the request for its repetition was unanimous. At the very last, however, a magnificent hymn of praise to the holy Child Jesus was intoned, and the happy, joyous occasion had become one of the most delightful memories, to be cherished forever more."

* * * * *

Some months ago a splendid demonstration, in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, took place, by special favor of her devoted sons, the fathers of the Carmelite Monastery, to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful. For the first time they came forth, in procession from their beloved seclusion, and permitted us to view the most magnificent and soul-stirring ceremonial that could be imagined. What a privilege was ours, for those grand ceremonials, whilst rendering "homage due" to the God of the Eucharist cannot fail to awaken in every heart a more ardent devotion to our holy

faith. Encouraged by the expressions of appreciation, which awaited them from every side, and convinced that nothing could more readily bring to the foot of the altar the working classes, for whose spiritual welfare they were so anxious, the fathers completed the measure of their zeal on last Sunday by their great effort to win souls, through devotion to Mary.

This procession surpassed in beauty and grandeur even the one which had dazzled our vision on the feast of Corpus Christi.

At the head of the procession was borne a new and elaborate banner, representing the Holy Family of Nazareth, the model for Christian families. It took precedence of the statue of St. Albert, that illustrious son of Carmel's widely spread house. But see! the cortege suddenly changes. Do you see those pretty children? How proud are they to have been chosen as escorts to their little King, the divine Infant of Prague! See! His miraculous statue appears, resplendent and majestic, the throne adorned with verdure, intermingled with roses. Kings vie with pages in striving for the honor to be nearest Him, at whose feet they wish to place the tributes of their love. Indeed, this part of the procession reflects infinite credit upon the children who performed their parts admirably, and with infinite grace.

After this happy band, came two monks, vested in dalmatics. They were entrusted with a beautiful reliquary, whose contents were, however, far more precious. It contained an authenticated relic of the crib where our divine Saviour was born, and the poor linen which, on that cold winter morn, covered His adorable body. These relics they presented for the veneration of the faithful.

The Mother of God, under the name of "MARY, MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE," closely followed her beloved Son. Under that dear epithet, let us invoke her fervently to solicit His compassion for the suffering souls. And what an admirable proof of the confidence reposed in the Blessed Virgin's power is the fact that every banner borne aloft by the many bands in the long cortege held an invocation to her under one or another of her beautiful and glorious titles.

However, it was as OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL that the divine Mother was specially honored to-day, the demonstration being a splendid climax to the novena just closed in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers. But *every one* was eager to participate.

Several distinguished clergymen from a distance were present. Even from Anvers came the Rector to represent Monsignor Solvyns. The music and singing on this beautiful feast day were exquisite and will not be readily forgotten by the favored ones who listened to the sacred sounds.

And, then, what devotion and love towards our Lady of the Scapular shone forth as the throng venerated her statue. To impress upon the children the importance of the precious treasure which she had herself brought from heaven—the holy Scapular—her formal promises were displayed to their view. "The Scapular will ever be a pledge of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, an assurance of peace and a perpetual covenant."

Then, to show that it was her favored sons of Mount Carmel to whom she had confided the treasure, it was under the shadow of their banner that the statue was borne, and so exquisitely beautiful was it that more than one tribute such as this came

from childish lips : "O ! mamma, how lovely is our Lady of Mount Carmel !"

"Angels" formed a guard of honor for the Queen of Angels, and maidens, with lilies of dazzling whiteness and robes of snowy hue, followed so closely that one would say they were eager to appropriate all her benedictions.

But, fear not, from the throne prepared by love and zeal MARY will answer everyone ; by announcing the passage of Jesus, she will point out the way to heaven.

And, verily, the celestial court seemed revealed to our enraptured gaze. Faith, Hope and Charity open the portals, and, wondering, we see THE NINE CHOIRS OF ANGELS gliding noiselessly by. From Paradise, where this beautiful pageant transported us, we are brought back to earth, but the sight of the lovely baskets of fragrant flowers, the golden wheat, the purple grape, the Chalice, emblems of the Holy Eucharist, the silvery voices of the children chanting the praises of the Lord. All these tend to console us, and to prepare our hearts worthily to receive the favors of our Lord.

Finally, the reverend Carmelite Fathers, with their white mantles, immediately preceding the Blessed Sacrament ; the guard of honor—Catholics proud to bear torches, whose steady light was so typical of their ardent faith, made an impression that could not easily be effaced.

Two repositories were erected along the route, and we had the happiness of receiving Benediction.

As to the decorations of the buildings too much praise cannot be given to their occupants. Evidences of good will appeared on every side. The national colors, statues, flowers, and wax lights lent their aid for the occasion, and every heart beat in unison beneath the standard of the Cross. We know that our dear Lord will bless the efforts of all who thus labored to promote His glory, and that if, amongst their ranks, there are some who have strayed from the fold the good Shepherd will lovingly seek, and gently lead them home.—*From Chroniques du Carmel, by S. X. Blakely.*

TIMELY THOUGHTS.

BY A BENEDICTINE.



NOTHER Christmas has glided by. The all too short, happy day, when the great and mighty heart of the world throbs with joyous and happy feeling, when souls estranged, in all else, meet within the bonds of holiest and purest sympathy.

Let us hope that each of our readers felt the full and perfect meaning of the "peace on earth to men of good will."

A bright and happy "New Year!" The "Angel of Time" has wrought one more link in the chain of the years of life. The "old year" has gone, and in its train have passed the trials, sorrows, disappointments, and fruitless efforts—if we may call them such—that have been our portion. St. Bernard says, "the glory which follows these pains passes not, it is eternal." Honest effort to realize a lofty purpose is not fruitless, even though the aspiration fail wholly in its fulfilment.

How many changes! Winter, bleak and hoary, has come and gone, gentle spring has greeted us, and summer with its halcyon days has smiled upon us and passed away, since last we welcomed the glad "New Year."

The face of nature has been changed by each season in its turn, and left upon each brow its mark. We are not exempt from this law of change—it is imperative. Every hour sees some change, either a new thought developed, or an old idea eradicated. We

cannot stand still. Onward and upward, or backward and downward the course must be. Life leads to death, but not more surely than change leads to higher existence, or to enduring misery. This passing of time is a beautiful encouragement to serve God. All passes away save what we do for God alone—it will not only remain untarnished, but last forever. Though we grow old with the passing of the years, we may keep our mind, heart, and soul fresh and bright by ever turning to the Heavenly Father for draughts of Faith, Hope and Charity.

As we pause at the close of the "old year" to take a look backward, does the path seem more strewn with failure than success? What holds more of promise than the "New Year" just dawning? To feel the throb of a new determination to rise to higher things, mistakes made, disappointments, and defeated plans but "stepping stones" in life's new beginning.

The good of the past is the beacon-light of the present. The great lesson of life is always open to us, and it is upon the pages of the past, we read its most useful instructions. Rejoice then that the "New Year" is here, for it brings us new life. Hope, opportunity and new power are the promises of every "New Year." Let us begin well. Life is too short for aught but high endeavor. And, now, at the beginning of this New Year, what return, what offerings can we make the Child Jesus for all His love and mercy?

The costly gifts of the Kings of East we have not, but we have gifts which

are very precious in His eyes—love and gratitude. Let these be our first offerings. The “Babe of Bethlehem” longs to be loved, and is pleased when we are grateful for His gifts. Each year He acquires new claims upon our gratitude and generosity. It will delight His heart if we endeavor to make others happy, and He will bless our efforts. Every word we utter may have an influence upon the eternal welfare of others. How well we should weigh the little messengers, that are so powerful for good or evil.

Michael Angelo, as he stood before a block of marble, said, “There is an angel in this marble; I am come to set it free.” In vision he already saw the thing of beauty which his hands were about to fashion. Let us pause a moment and think what grand possibilities lie concealed in the material on which we are to work—those with whom we come in daily contact. What may not they become under the awakening power of kindness?

Kind words may prove pearls of the highest price. Let us cherish, then, a kind heart full of love and sympathy, and loving words will spring to our lips, to bless and comfort

all around us. “That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.”

Each year may bring us fresh trials. If we cultivate a contented spirit, a habit of looking for the “silver lining” to clouds, the “sunny side” of all the events of life, and learn to receive all that happens, as from the hands of God, we will enjoy even in this life the hundredfold of heavenly consolation. Our Blessed Mother will help us in all difficulties. She will be the guiding “star” that points the way which leads to God. “Look up to the star; invoke Mary! Call on her in the needs of life. Call on her in the straits of death!”

A holy and peaceful “New Year!” May it be one of fervor and progress. It will quickly pass, as that which has just ended. If God permits us to see its end, how glad and happy we shall be to have done even a little to spread the “peace on earth to men of good will,” to have secured a link, which will draw us from earth to Heaven, where after “a little while” we shall rest in His Bosom, who is the Fulness of peace.

Surgam !

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

BECAUSE I have slipped in the Slough of Sin,

I need not dwell in that vile estate ;

My soul can arise and nobly win

A lovelier lot and a fairer fate.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

A glad New Year to you, one and all, with the brightest hopes for that future which is safe in the providence of God. I know of no better sermon which you could hear as a guide for all the years of your life than these words of God's sweet saint and truest gentleman, St. Francis of Sales, "God is your Father, for otherwise He would not have commanded you to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' And what have you to fear, you who are the child of such a Father, without whose permission not a hair of your head can fall?"

Yes, dear children, it is not too early to learn the one lesson which can make the saddest life a joyous one. God loves me better than I love myself; therefore He is not willing to lose me, and nothing can befall me which is not His will. Now, here is a New Year, and so many people are turning over new leaves and making good resolutions. Suppose we make one. To trust Almighty God. It is the great fault of so many good people, to have no confidence in God. They trust everyone else and believe in their friends with an unshaken confidence; but they are shy of Him who is really their best friend, and act as if He were constantly setting traps for them, and therefore they must be fearful of Him.

Is that talk only fit for grown people? No—you will be the men and women of the future, and, therefore, it is well to teach you early, this most

important lesson, which our forefathers in the faith knew so well. To trust ourselves *in* all things, and *for* all things to the fatherly providence of God. That is really what faith means. No wonder our Blessed Lord said it would move mountains—mountains of trouble, of worry, of discontent, to trust Him, feeling sure that in His own good time He will make everything straight. Crooked is the word which best expresses the things that worry us all, big and little people.

Things are crooked, and the work we have to do goes crooked, and of course we in turn must get crooked.

Well, one of the first messages sent over the newly invented telegraph was: "A patient waiter is no loser." That's a text for the year 1899. St. Francis de Sales will preach us a delightful sermon on it. He who was so sweet and so lovable that St. Vincent de Paul exclaimed, "How good must *God* be, when the Bishop of Geneva is so amiable!" It would be a very wise choice which would make him the patron of the New Year.

Who could say a cheerier or more encouraging thing than this: "God is satisfied with little, because He knows we have not much to give."

It is a beautiful devotion, that to the Providence of God; and there are some who say the Litany of Divine Providence, when things go "crooked" with them. There are certain things which only God *can* straighten. Perhaps my little friends will say "this is for older heads than ours." Very good. *You* read it and tell it—you can

do it very much better than the Secretary—in your own sweet way to the older people, who know what “things going crooked” means.

I doubt if any girl or boy who reads this does not also know its meaning. The school room is the very place where things go *beautifully* “crooked.” No one knows that better than a teacher. O! yes. I agree with you, *she* too gets crooked. Of course, you don't expect her to be the only straight member of the school.

Well, let us all set to work and do our share in trying to set things straight, and surely the world will be happier because of our efforts. Take St. Francis of Sales into the secret. He has such a winning way of settling things. Isn't it a pity that he couldn't live forever. God can do all things surely. Some one said, “He might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but undoubtedly He never did.”

So the Secretary feels like saying of the charming St. Francis of Sales. Read the Life of St. Jane de Chantal, by Emily Bowles, and see if you will not grow to have the same opinion of him. It is through the daughters of the Visitation that he is best known to the world. *His* velvet was always worn outside—but his own “doves,” as he called them, knew better than any others what their “Blessed Father” was.

Again, a happy New Year to you all, dear children, and may the sweet spirit of St. Francis of Sales fill every day of it with joy.

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. God is my gift; Himself He freely gave me,
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.
—Southwell.
2. Tranquillity is purchased by patience. —Nieremberg.
3. Plain and clear our words be spoke,

And our thoughts without a cloak.

—Newman.

4. First he wrought and afterwards he taught.—Chaucer.
5. Thou can'st not go where God is not.—Louisa J. Hall.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is nimble, my second innumerable, my whole fatal.
2. Taken from a mine, shut up in a wooden case, never released, yet used by everybody.
3. What word contains twenty-six letters?
4. I live in a study, yet I know not a letter.
5. A word of one syllable, easy and short, reads backward and forward the same.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. By whom were bells invented?
2. Who invented the magnifying glass?
3. When was trial by jury introduced?
4. Who invented the notes of the gamut?
5. Who was the first commodore in the U. S. service?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Grace—race—ace.
2. An old salt, with a peppery temper, who has just been mustered out.
3. Support.
4. Conundrum.
5. Discount.

ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

1. St. Bonaventure, in 13th century.
2. In Constantinople, A.D. 379.
3. Because of the legend which says the juniper sheltered the Holy Family when flying from Herod.
4. Because the Blessed Virgin dried the clothing of her Child on the branches of a rosemary bush—according to a Spanish tradition.
5. With the English Waits. The earliest carol was printed in 1521 by Winkin de Worde.

Editorial Notes.

Apostolic Approbation.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
201 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
December 15, 1898.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I have received the copies of THE CARMELITE REVIEW kindly sent by you.

It affords great pleasure and consolation to me that you, by this magazine, are trying to propagate and increase the honor of our celestial Mother under the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

I, therefore, with all my heart bless you and all those who help you in this excellent work.

With esteem, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

SEBASTIAN, ABP. OF EPHES,
Ap. Del.

Picture of the Pontiff.

The living picture of our Holy Father, in the act of bestowing the Apostolic Benediction, which appears this month as our frontispiece, vividly recalls the fact that His Holiness, through our reverend Father General, grants that same blessing to all our readers, and to those who aid us in our work at Niagara. We are indebted to our friend Dr. Walsh, editor of *The American Herald*, through whose kindness we are enabled to bring this picture to the view of our readers. The Pontiff consented to allow the picture to be taken in order to gratify the many Catholics in America who are prevented by circumstances from making a pilgrimage to Rome. *The Church Progress*, of St. Louis, understands that the Apostolic Blessing "was intended to be imparted to all before whom the views may ever be presented." As the same esteemed

contemporary says, these mutoscopic views should be always given under ecclesiastical auspices and never be allowed as an incidental feature of a vaudeville show. It is here, also, a pleasure to remark that THE CARMELITE REVIEW commences its seventh year of existence with the blessing and approbation of the Pope's worthy representative in the United States—Most Reverend Archbishop Martinelli.

An Answer.

Replying to critics who find fault with methods made use of to raise means to build and adorn divers Catholic shrines, the editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph* puts things neatly by saying that such works are either right or wrong. If right, why criticise them? If wrong, *videant consules!* This paragraph would be incomplete if we did not say right here that our Scapular Shrine, placed at Niagara under Mary's auspices, can show plenty of credentials if ecclesiastical approbation is in question. Let the *Annals of St. Joseph*, (published with Bishop Messmer's approbation) have the last word: (the italics are ours.)

"From the early centuries, there have been in the Church, cherished places of worship, where Popes, Bishops and people have paid special honor to some saint, places where the gifts of princes, the mites of the poor have built beautiful temples, which even to-day show the devotion and lively faith of the early Christians, who sent their offering even 'at long range' to gain the same graces, to obtain the same favors, as those who were living near enough to make pilgrimages. We do not need 'iconoclasts,' now; *there are not too many shrines among us*, where the glories of our religion and fervor of the people may be shown."

Monk and Martyr.

The Carmelite, Saint Anastasius, whose festival holy Church commemorates on the 22nd of this month, was born in Persia, in the midst of idolatry. After his conversion, he became a monk on Mount Carmel in Palestine. When visiting the Holy Land, he met persons given to magic, and because of his efforts to save them from their errors he was arrested and martyred. After suffering cruel torments and being compelled to witness the death of seventy Christians, his head was cut off and brought to the King in proof of his death on January 22nd, 628. The miracles following his death were so numerous, that the Second Council of Nice paid him the following eulogy: "At the sight of the relics, or the image of St. Anastasius, the demons are put to flight, and the sick are cured. After this testimony, the pious custom was established of wearing a picture of the head of the Saint, as a preservation from sickness and the snares of the devil, and of placing it in houses and on the breasts of the dying, to sustain them during their last conflict."

Seamen and the Scapular.

That good priest and patriot, Father Chidwick, former chaplain of the ill-fated "Maine," bears his honors gracefully. During a well-deserved, but too brief, furlough, he hastened across the Canadian border to bring solace to his venerable sister, and at the same time seek rest and quiet away from the crowd which makes and breaks an idol in a day. But those who fly honors usually find them, hence it was but natural that the good priest received an ovation from warm-hearted Canadians, irrespective of creed. Father Chidwick has a deep-seated devotion to our blessed Lady of Mount

Carmel and a warm spot in his heart for his old friends the Carmelites, and hence remained some hours with our Fathers at Niagara Falls. We heard again from his lips the oft-repeated and consoling fact that the gallant marines consider their outfit incomplete without their Scapular. It was also a pleasure to hear that *THE CARMELITE REVIEW* is a favorite in the American navy.

Weigh Well!

If you wish to know "What should we read" during the new year, carefully read elsewhere a seasonable article on the subject by the Prior of our Canadian Carmel. Books are mostly referred to therein—it can also be applied to the newspapers, which daily reek with morbid details of crime—the publication of which is illegal in Germany. Children's faith and morals are ruined by such vile stuff, dear parents! Think well on it! When will the Catholic conscience awaken in such matters? The up-to-date young person, who rules in the little brick school house, (in districts where you have, alas! no parochial school), tells your boys and girls to be in touch with current history(?) and to read the papers! Stop it! Get a good Catholic paper in your house at once. (We may be pardoned if we say in parenthesis that now is the time to subscribe for *THE CARMELITE REVIEW*). Finally, weigh well these words of a Catholic journalist in far-off New Zealand, the editor of *The Tablet*, who says:

"How many of the general run of Catholics have a deep knowledge of theology and philosophy? Practically none. And yet they set themselves daily to read articles touching upon the highest and deepest religious subjects, written by agnostics, material-

ists, anti-Catholics, bristling all over with wily sophistries and couched oftentimes in charms of style and quips of fancy that captivate any reader who is not a master of the subject. And how many of them have the opportunity or the will to read or hear the other side of the question? Again, practically none. Those to whom I speak take no Catholic paper. A deep practical faith may and often does preserve our youth from the full natural consequences of such reading."

If you wish to promote the interest of this magazine, send us five new subscriptions. You will get a free copy for yourself.

A few volumes of THE CARMELITE REVIEW," neatly bound in cloth, can be had from this office for the price—one dollar and fifty cents.

More power to our good Catholics, and readers, down in Cape Breton, who made short work of such a calumniator as that vile creature Fulton.

Clients of our Blessed Lady wishing, during the coming year, to have lamps or tapers burning at the Scapular Shrine at Niagara Falls, are requested to notify the Carmelite Fathers at their earliest convenience.

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., specially blesses all readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. We have, also, many letters of approbation from Cardinals, Bishops and priests.

Any information concerning the popular Carmelite devotions to the Miraculous Infant of Prague, Holy Face, etc., will be cheerfully given on request. If future demands warrant it, we shall print some useful little leaflets, which can be carried in the prayer-book.

The Scapular Shrine at Niagara Falls is dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Peace. It deserves to be preserved and made more beautiful. Will our Lady's clients help us?

The *Catholic Almanac* for Ontario can be had at the office of the *Catholic Record* (address Mr. Thomas Coffey, London, Ont.) The *Record* itself also deserves a wider circle of readers.

We want you to start right in at the beginning of the year to increase the number of our readers. It will cost you nothing. It is all for the glory of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Hundreds of our friends gladdened our hearts during the Christmastide by words of cheer, and we would have gladly responded to each of these letters which reached us from Alaska to Alabama. In very many cases we did reply through the mails, but we regret the fact that it is impossible to reach all in this way. The editor, therefore, anticipates any thought of our dear readers, which might accuse us of any neglect.

Here is something for philanthropists (?) to ponder over in their cosy homes during these hard winter days. Father Karmagh (according to *St. Joseph's Bluff*) quotes Gladstone as saying that Oxford and Cambridge (where St. Simon received the Scapular) saw their golden days under Monastic rule. And Lord Salisbury (according to the same authority) said at a meeting in London: "I wish we had still with us the friars of the good old days, who indeed *gathered alms, not for themselves but for their fellow men.*" No wonder the poor love the monks!

A Papal letter of Oct. 2, 1898, referring to the grand old Order of St. Dominic, and the Rosary, says that the Dominican Order "holds as its inheritance, all that belongs to this devotion."

Speaking of the Scapular Shrine of the Carmelites at Niagara Falls, the late saintly Archbishop Lynch said—and we love to quote and re-quote his words. He said: "*Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church Plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the Old World.*"

A Happy New Year to all our friends near and far! It is our earnest prayer that

"God with special care will keep
The dear ones while they wake or sleep,
And give their guardian angels power
To guide and keep them hour by hour!
For He who hears and answers prayer
Can see the absent everywhere,
Can tell them all we think and say,
And make them hear us while we pray.
For those who are far away,
Yet live in our hearts night and day,
we pray."

It does not follow from the fact you wear the Scapular, that you gain the Sabbatine Indulgence. It is a different matter. This Sabbatine privilege means that the Blessed Virgin promises to deliver *those wearing the Scapular* from purgatory if they observe two things, namely: Observe chastity according as their state allows, and to daily recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. In case you cannot say this office, you may, instead of it, abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If you cannot conveniently abstain, your Director will change it to some other pious work.

"What is a Scapular? Who wears it?" some one asks the *New York Sun*. Millions wear it. If any more information is required, subscribe at once for THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Referring to the Ohio State Secretary's statement that the increase of criminal tendencies among children is attributable to defective home influence, *The New World* remarks truly, that so long as religious and moral training are excluded from the schools, the evil of child crime must be expected to continue, even when the conditions of home life are the best.

Mr. Henry Coyle, the poet, has brought the *Weekly Bouquet*, of Boston, up to the ideal youths' and Sunday-school paper. Some large Eastern publishing houses, before getting out their stories for boys and girls, give the manuscript to a certain bright boy who is a good judge of the reading appetite of his comrades. When read, this boy's dictum makes or kills the book. By a late experience of his own, the editor of THE CARMELITE REVIEW was glad to find the *Weekly Bouquet* receiving just such a favorable verdict.

To correct any absurd notions concerning a mutoscopic "Papal Blessing" it is well to re-print these words sent to the press by Mgr. Martinelli: "The Pope very frequently sends his Apostolic Benediction through mail or by wire, but no one dreams that the letter or cabled message has any virtue except to record the fact that the blessing has been given. The mutoscopic picture is exactly of this nature; it shows the Pope in the act of bestowing his Benediction on the American people."

You ought to make your friends acquainted with all Carmelite devotions. To save you the burden, we shall be pleased to give them all information, if you kindly send in their full addresses.

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The Cincinnati diocesan commission is doing good work in sifting good from bad church music. Some is accepted—some is only tolerated. The commission put one "Requiem" where it belonged, by labelling it "concert" music.

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Aut Catholicus, aut nihil! Catholic or nothing, is the cry of these modern pagan days. Her enemies predict that the Church *will* and *must* triumph, and that there will be one faith—one fold—one Shepherd. But it will be through blood—open persecution of the spotless Spouse of Christ—but martyrs' blood has the quality of cementing together divided brethren.

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The reader will note in our Carmelite Calendar for January 25, on the second page of the cover, that a Plenary Indulgence may be gained on that day. Pope Pius VII., on November 23rd, 1819, decreed that a Plenary Indulgence can be gained on the 25th day of each month by all who, having with due dispositions made their Confession and Communion, shall assist at any church or public oratory in which the Carmelite Devotion of the Holy Infancy is practised, and shall there venerate the Twelve Mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, reciting the approved prayers, and praying for the intentions of the Holy Father; also an Indulgence of 300 days, once in each day, to all who shall devoutly practise this devotion in private. All these Indulgences are applicable to the poor souls in purgatory.

Certain religious periodicals, founded single-handed by zealous clergymen in America, are now being published under the auspices of some religious Order. It is the best way to perpetuate a magazine. The man dies—but the Order lives.

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Again we write to satisfy many enquirers, and say that no particular prayers are prescribed for mere wearers of the Brown Scapular. The only conditions required are: 1, to wear the Scapular—and *wear it always*. 2, to be enrolled by a Carmelite—or a priest delegated to do so, on whom rests the obligation of registering the names of persons invested, in order that they be not deprived of precious Indulgences. If you are doubtful, write to us and we shall be pleased to set you right. Scapulars made under our own direction are daily sent to all parts of the world. It brings no pecuniary gain to us. However, our friends cannot expect us to bear the expense of carriage.

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The Holy Family is held up to us as a model and for veneration by holy Church during January. No family is, nor can be holy where authority is not respected. This is an age of independence and disregard for authority. The Holy Father asks the millions of Sacred Heart Associates to pray this month for more respect for those in power, which comes from God. The holy Infant of Prague inculcates the virtue of obedience—for was not Jesus subject to Joseph and Mary—the Creator submissive to His creatures. Here is the place to learn obedience and humility—to quote that sweet poetess, Eleanor C. Donnelly—"here in the heart of Mary's Blessed Boy."

The published accounts of savage and satanical cruelty, inflicted on innocent monks and nuns in the Philippines by the insurgents, show us what manner of men these masonic murderers are. By their fruits you shall know them. It means crowns for many martyrs, whose blood will invoke, let us hope, a blessing on the new American empire and be the seed of many twentieth-century candidates for canonization.

During the past year a great deal of history was made—and many changes drawn in the geographies. Alas! the "United States of America" do not exist at present. And what a jump upwards the Catholic census made! The good old monk, who gave us powder, little dreamed of all the great things his unruly chemical child would do. Let us not boast, though. Providence plays the greatest part. Little, puny, short-lived man is only the figure on the playing-board. It *was* a great century—with its electricity, Roentgen rays, big guns, and all that. We made a big noise. But, has crime disappeared? Are people happier? Are there no poor people? After all, what then? Vanity of vanities!

We have been requested by some readers to explain the meaning of "O.C.C.," which is usually affixed to the name of our religious. Want of knowledge in such matters causes curious mistakes, as in the case of a postmaster, who, being ignorant of the significance of "O.P." (Order of Preachers) behind the name of a worthy Dominican friar, forwarded the letter to the Ohio Penitentiary. Therefore, to avoid embarrassing events, we beg to say that "Order of Calced Carmelites" is the full meaning of "O.C.C." "Calced" is another word for "shod," to distinguish our religious from the stricter—or barefooted—

Carmelites—the *Discalced*. Our fathers in America are all calced, including those at Niagara Falls, provided our friends promptly send in their subscriptions.

The official title of the Carmelites is not "Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Mount Carmel," but "*The Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.*" The Church grants an Indulgence to those of the faithful who address us by this latter title, handed down to us by our forefathers, disputed by some, defended by the holy See, and used by us for centuries.

During the coming months we shall treat our readers to some fascinating historical sketches, with photographs, prepared for these pages, by the well-known and learned English Carmelite, the Reverend Father Zimmerman, of the London Carmel. These papers will be descriptive of the old English Carmelite convents and churches in Coventry and London, edifices immortalized by Dickens in his "Old Curiosity Shop."

Properly speaking, there are three branches in the Order of Mount Carmel. The first order includes the male portion, (who may be priests or lay-brothers). The second embraces our nuns, and the third—the tertians, or third order—the members of the latter being those who, living in the world, follow, as far as practicable, the rules and observances of the first and second orders. We might call all those wearing the Scapular, in a way, the fourth order. Their number is legion—in fact, the largest society in the world after the Church. By wearing the small Scapular, they enjoy (by a privilege from Rome) the same rights as if wearing the full habit. To an enquiring reader in Idaho, we beg to say that we know of no "Sisters of the Blessed Virgin at Niagara Falls," except members of our Third Order living piously in the world.

GOOD LUCK.



AT the beginning of a new year, when we wish our neighbor good luck and happiness, one is forcibly reminded of some common emblems of good luck. Take for instance the horse-shoe—or, as the Germans call it, the *Glueck's-Hufeisen*. It is, perhaps, a matter of mere bagatelle, you say, nevertheless, it has an unsavory and un-Christian origin.

Since the death of our Redeemer, the Cross, which before had been a sign of infamy, became a mark of distinction, a sign of triumph, a sign which promises us prosperity and salvation. "In Cruce Salus"—"In the Cross is Salvation." "Hail, holy Cross, our only hope." These were the words with which the first Christians greeted the holy Cross, and on the eve of a decisive battle a Cross appeared to the Emperor Constantine the Great with this inscription, "In this sign thou shall conquer." When, through the efforts of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the holy Cross, on which the God-Man had died, was recovered, the veneration of this precious token of our redemption became general throughout the whole Christian world. Churches were built in the form of the Cross; the Cross was to be seen on the top of towers and other edifices; on the summit of mountains, along the dusty highway, as well as in the peaceful cemetery, and wheresoever Christians dwelled or passed.

Even in the wilderness, amidst pagans and cannibals, the missionary planted the holy sign of our Redemption. Christian architects employed the Cross in decorating doors or windows. Without exaggeration, we can say that in the Ages of Faith, which our own faithless time delights in calling the Dark Ages, there was scarcely a house to be found where the sign of the Cross, in one form or another, was not prominent. In Catholic countries the custom prevails among the faithful to put the holy sign over the entrances of their houses, over the doors of their barns and stables. By this means they intend to keep off the devil and all calamity and disaster which accompany him; for, as everybody knows, the devil is put to flight by the sign of the Cross.

When, in long winter nights, as children we sat around the fire places, grandma used to tell us many stories and legends of olden times; there passed before our eyes the kind fairy and the mischievous goblin, the bold mannikin and the terrible man-eater; but we listened full of awe when the devil was introduced. Though the hellish beast assumed a human form, he could always be recognized. Looking closer, the hero of the story could see a horse's hoof instead of a human foot, so in various countries the horse-hoof is in a certain way the sign or arms of the devil. Now, to a horse-hoof belongs also a horseshoe.

Thus, as the Cross is the sign of our Lord Jesus Christ, so is the horseshoe, in a certain respect, the sign of the devil.

A horseshoe is perfectly in its place at the foot of a horse, or a donkey,

but over the housedoor, or in the room where there should be a Cross, it is out of place.

Our faithless and immoral age, rejecting the sign of our salvation, reveres the horseshoe, as a sign which will bring welfare and prosperity.

If others follow this spirit of the age, let them do so, but Catholics should not. And, yet, how often do we not find in the houses of Catholics a dismal horseshoe hanging over the door. Often you see it adorned with gay ribbons and other decorations, and hanging in a place where your eye expects to meet with a Crucifix. I am shocked when, in the house of a Catholic, I see the place which the sign of our salvation ought to take, by right, occupied by the horseshoe, which, to

say the least, signifies nothing at all. If you ask such a Catholic why that horseshoe is hanging there, you will get the answer, "A horseshoe brings good-luck into our house." What a superstition! Answer yourself, dear reader, what ought to bring more luck and blessing, the sign of our redemption, or the sign of the horsehoof, and you certainly will say the sign of the Cross.

If you have such a thing as a horseshoe over your door or elsewhere in your house, take it away and sell it as old iron. Then add a few cents to the money you make out of it, and buy a Crucifix, or a blessed medal, and hang it over the door of your house, or in some other prominent spot, for "In the Cross is Salvation!"—REV. ELISEUS RICK, O.C.C.

The First Song of the Year

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THERE are mystic echoes stealing
O so gently! to and fro,
Of most sweet angelic music
In the star-light long ago.

And another year is dawning,
Welcomed by that melody.
Wilt thou listen, dearest Jesus,
To these lowly notes from me?

Ah! forgive, with tender mercy
Coldness in those days now flown.
May thy Heart this year inflame us;
Thou dost claim it as thine own.

Mother, "Ornament of Carmel!"
Star of beauty far above!
Shine o'er every joy and sorrow
With the mild rays of thy love

Image of the Eternal Father!
Guardian of the Holy Child!
Humbly do we seek thy guidance,
Keep us ever undefiled.

Onward, though our way is weary,
Lead us to the land of light,
Upward—through life's darksome shadows,
To God's restful, pure delight.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph! sweetly
Sound those names so blest, so dear.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph! listen
To my first song of this year.

PUBLICATIONS.

Received from Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont St., Boston Mass., *The Secret of Fougereuse*, a Romance of the 15th century, from the French, by Louise Imogen Guiney.

The *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is growing in interest every month. In the last number many clients of the Miraculous Infant of Prague render thanks for many cures and favors.

The *Canadian*, the official organ of the C.M.B.A. in Canada, has profitable reading for the fraternity. The sermon published in the December number should teach the brethren to cherish a deep respect for the priest and all those in authority.

Maria Corolla, a wreath for our Lady, by Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C.P., comes from the press ready for the holidays. It is just the book to send to your best friend. Retail, \$1.25. Write to Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York. This same firm has just the right kind of a boys' and girls' paper. Ask them for a sample copy.

The press of our Spanish namesake, the *Revista Carmelitana*, published at Barcelona, is getting out some choice books and pictures. Since the war, some of our high schools are teaching young America to talk Spanish. If from this the future governors of Cuba and the Philippines are moved to taste of the rich literature of St. Theresa's beautiful land—the presses of the *Revista Carmelitana* will (we hope) be working day and night to supply the demand.

It will surely be a favored one who gets from his New Year's mail Miss Donnelly's beautiful new book of verses on *Prince Ragnal*. The verses are exquisite and the typographical get-up very handsome. Messrs. Kilner, 824 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., are the publishers and printers. The same company has some other good holiday books, the best being *The Leopard of Lancianus* and *In a Brazilian Forest*, two very clever and interesting works of Dr. Maurice F. Egan.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Miss G. G. O'F., Stratford, Ont.; J. M., Monk's Head, N.S.; J. G., Dundas, Ont.; Miss M. McP., Joliet, Ill.; Miss A. B. E., Port Credit, Ont.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss B. L., New York City;

Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss M. W., Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss F. R., Green Bay, Wis.; Mrs. M. D., London, Ont.; Miss E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; The Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; Rev. D. L. M., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mrs. M. M., Louisburg, Kas.; J. D., St. Clements, Ont.; Mrs. F. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. T. B., Petrolia, Ont.; Miss J. G., St. Louis, Mo.; M. A. K., St. Thomas, Ont.; Mrs. M. A. G., Renfrew, Ont.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job xix, 21.*

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

For deceased friends.

MISS MARY WAGER, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MRS. JOHN GUENTHER, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MISS PAULINA MURA, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MARGARET LAUGHTON, who died at South Boston, Oct 16th, 1898.

MARGARET CROTTY, who went to her well-earned reward on December 1st, mourned by all who knew her. Deceased was a model mother and womanly woman, whose virtues shone far beyond the walls of a well-ordered Christian household.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, V, 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Spiritual favors for four persons. Temporal favors, four. Vocations, one. Conversions, seven. Special, eight. A father's recovery, employment. A brother's return to the sacraments, means to pay debts. Deceased parents. Conversion of a brother. Success in obtaining a situation. Return of a husband. For all our readers. All those who have asked prayers. Those for whom we promised to pray and all, living and dead, for whom we ought to pray. For all intentions possibly omitted.

A reader thanks our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for a very special favor obtained through her intercession.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Scipio (Kansas). Monastery from Dardenne, Missouri.

Names for registry received at Carmel Convent, Niagara Falls. From St. Joseph's convent, Washington, Georgia.

Carmelite Priory at New Baltimore, Penn., has received names for Scapular album from Richton, Ill.; Media, Ill., and San Andreas, California.

St. Joseph's Carmelite Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas, is in receipt of names for registration from: La Salle, Ill.; Cluny, Ill.; St. Isidore's Church, Bethany, Ill.; St. Benedict's Church, Dentonville, Kas.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Kas.; St. Leander's Priory, Canon City, Col.

At Englewood, N. J., Priory, received secular names from the following places: Everett, Mass.; Our Lady of Lodes, Paterson, N.J.; St. Joseph's Church, Mendham, N.J.; St. Mary's Church, Rondont, N.Y.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Mary's Rectory, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N.J.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: Church of St. Rose, Carbondale, Pa.; St. Mary's, Grace Bay, N.S.; Alliston, Ont.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Holy Angel's, Buffalo, N.Y.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N.Y.; St. Francis Xavier's, Rochester, N.Y.; St. Agatha's, Ont.; Jesuit Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; St. Mary's, Fancher, Wis.

Names for registration received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Louis; St. Augustine, Mo.; Phoenixville, Pa.; St. Titus, Ch.; Titusville, Pa.; Dodon P. O., Ind.; (2); Caledonia, Wis.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud, South Dakota; Newmaket, Scott Co., Minn.; Buffalo, Minn.; St. Henry, Le Sueur Co., Minn.; St. John, Lake Co., Ind.; Uniontown P.O., Perry Co., Md.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.; Immaculate Heart Church, Reble St., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.; St. Peter and Paul's Church, Manakate, Minn.; St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart Church, L'Ance Barage Co., Mich.; St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Ridgely, Maryland; St. George Church S.S., Pittsburg, Pa.

Thanksgiving.

NEW BALTIMORE, PA., Dec. 8, 1898.

REV. FATHER,—I promised our good Lady of Mount Carmel if she would help me with a

difficult undertaking, I would have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. The undertaking proved successful, and I ask you to publish it.

Wishing you success with your work, I am,

Yours truly,
"W."

Carmel's Child.

[The following is an extract from a letter lately received from the Maritime Provinces.]

Nov. 27, 1898.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—

We have been taking THE CARMELITE REVIEW for about six years, and, since I've been able to read, I have read it. I like it very well. I am thirteen years old. I am in the sixth grade, and I go to Mass every morning. I have been wishing to go to Mount Carmel ever since I started to read THE REVIEW. Mamma tells me to keep going to Mass and to pray to the Blessed Virgin. * * * * *

Your little reader,

BEATRICE ———.

[Thank God, Beatrice, for His best gift—a good mother. Keep on loving your heavenly Mother, too, and some day she will bring you to the real, beautiful and everlasting Mount Carmel in heaven. Daily prayer to Our Blessed Lady will bring you up that mountain swiftly and surely. A holy and happy Christmas to you, and all of your age, Beatrice, is the wish and prayer of—THE EDITOR.]

Cure of a Client.

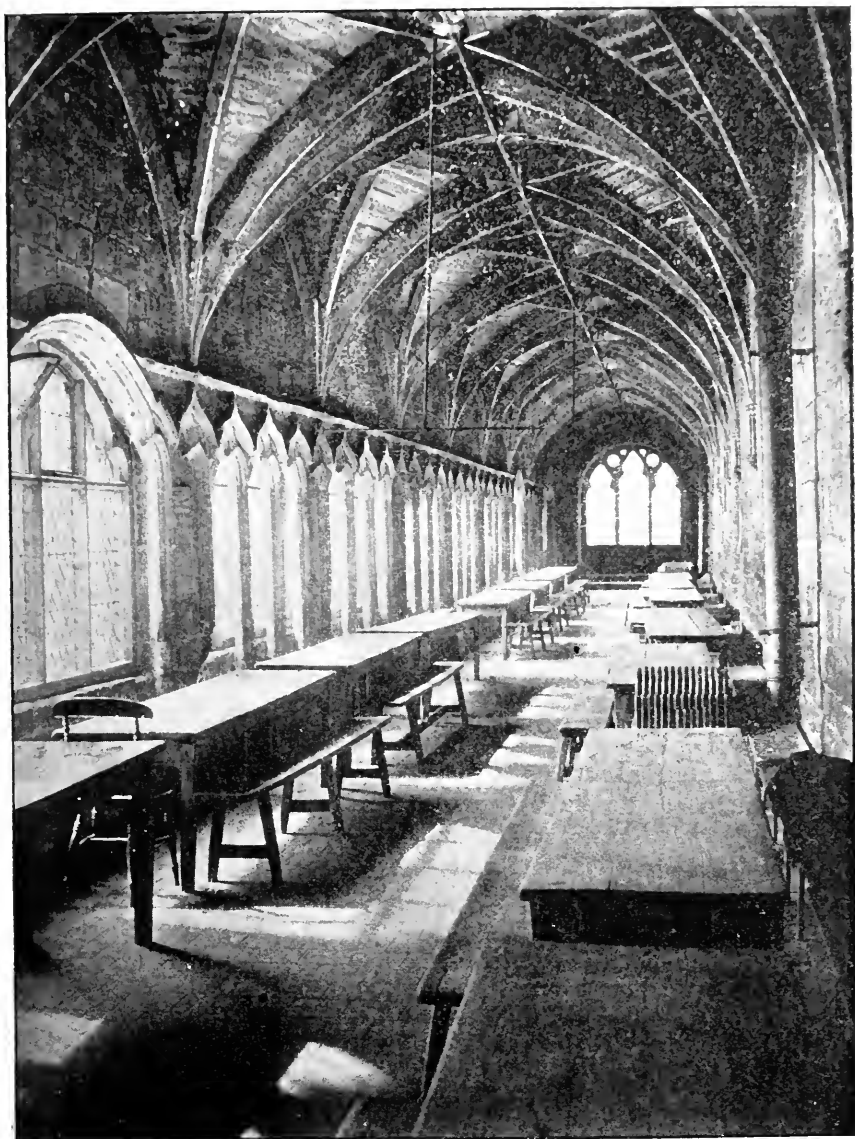
———, ONT., Dec. 20, 1898.

DEAR FATHER,—I am pleased to inform you of the miracle performed through the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Mother in the cure of a goitre. Having made two novenas, it began to decrease and now it is completely cured. Many thanks to our Blessed Mother, and you, dear Father, for the application of Saint Albert's Water.

H E. MERY.

Falls View.

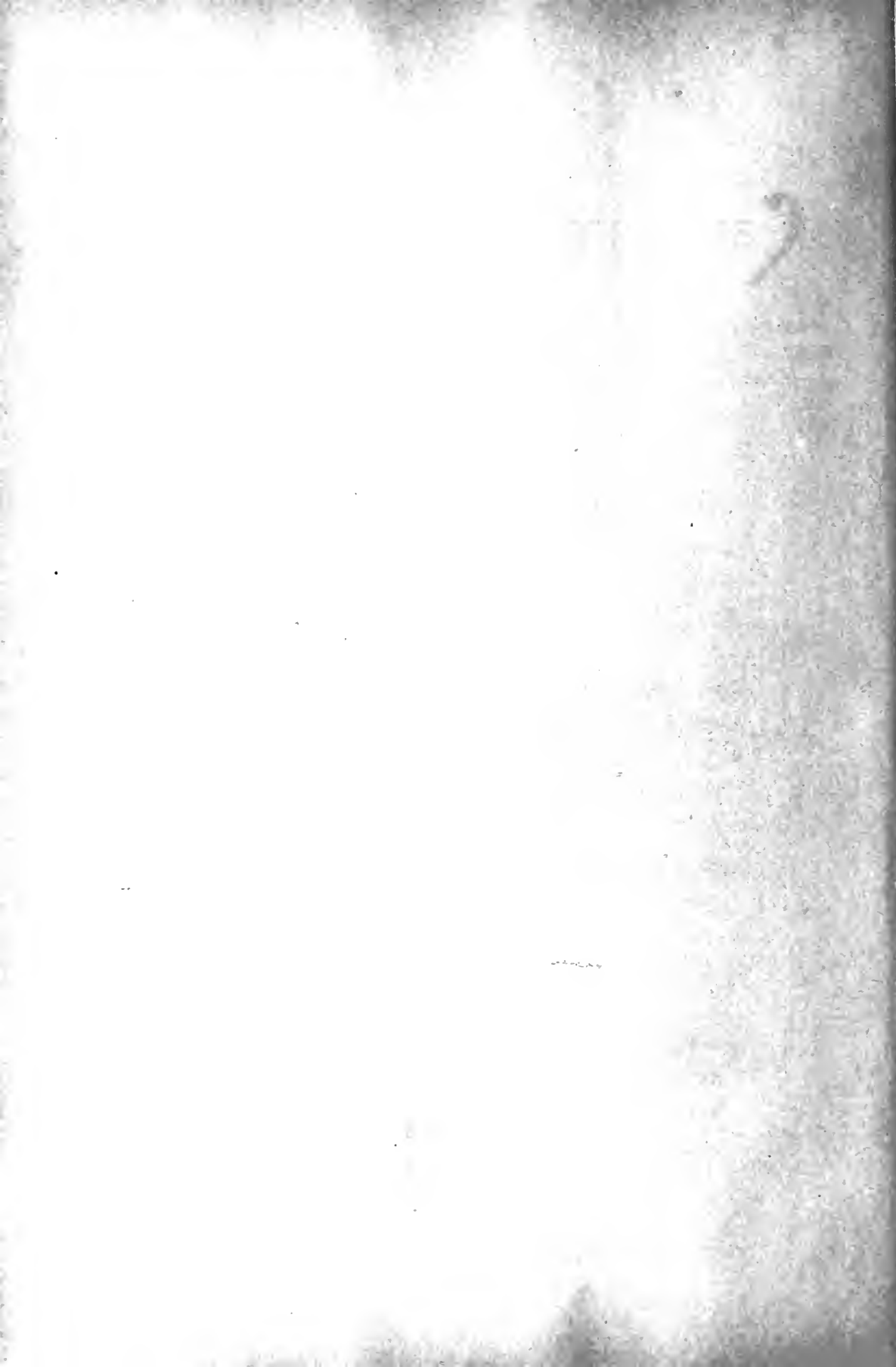
Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



THE CLOISTER.

WHITEFRIARS, COVENTRY.—(NOW THE UNION, MUCH PARK ROAD.)

Founded 1342 by Sir John Poultney (four times Lord Mayor of London). Suppressed 1539 by Henry VIII.



Carmelite



Review.

VOL. VII.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1899.

NO. 2.

Our Lady, as Queen of the Seasons.

"QUAE EST ISTA?" Like the dawn of morning
Shining o'er the Spring-time of our year.
See thy children's eyes to thee uplifted
Bless their onward pathway, Mother dear!

Fair as the moon-beams in the night of sorrow,
Radiant as the sun in days of light;
Softly do we twine the fragrant flow'rets
Round Mount Carmel's shrine in summer bright.

Queen of Autumn! for thy mourning shadows
Like the pensive twilights o'er us steal;
And thy words, so plaintive in their sweetness,
To our love and sympathy appeal.*

Queen Immaculate! the wintry snow-drifts
Robe the earth in spotless garb for thee.
Thus the year's first promise and its crowning
Seem as emblems of thy purity.

—E. DE M.

* "O vos omnes qui transitis per viam," etc.

“Dignare me Laudare te, Virgo Sacrata!”



I.

SILENT is the inward music
That like wavelets ebb and flow,
Whispered softly to my spirit
In the twilight long ago.
Soothing me as angel-voices
From the bright land far away ;
And, in tones of wondrous sweetness,
Luring me to watch and pray.
Oft those zephyrs of the night-time
Gently swept each silvery chord
Waking melodies most touching
For the Mother of my Lord.

II.

Now I gaze upon the starlight,
(Emblem of her radiance mild)
But I cannot sing the old songs
Of her beauty undefiled.
Blessed Mother, Queen of Carmel !
O could I conceive of thee
Canticles of praise and rapture
Beautiful in imagery !
Like the poet's aspirations *
To a songster of the sky,
Longing for those notes melodious
In his own poetic sigh.

III.

So my spirit now is pining
For some lofty poesy ;
Not to have the world listening,
But for love and praise of thee.
Holy Spirit ! thine the heart-strings ;
And if silent now they seem
Thou canst touch with blessed finger
Some soft chord and holy theme :
Some high thoughts and tender feelings
For the Mother—Queen above,
Breathing in low inspirations
From thee, Spirit of God's love !

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

*Shelley—"To a Skylark."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD—VISIT TO THE DIOCESE OF CORON—FRUITFUL BENEDICTION—ANCHOR OF SALVATION—ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE GARRISON
OF SATOLIA—HELP FOR THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN SUFFERERS OF
CYPRUS—FRIENDSHIP OF BLESSED PETER THOMAS
AND MEZZIERES—1361.



NOT having been enabled to visit his people in person since he had been transferred to the See of Coron, Blessed Peter was naturally most desirous of enjoying that con-

solation.

But, henceforth, special perils menaced him whenever he would venture within the radius of the Hellenic region, since by performing the ceremony of consecration for King Pierre I., he had incurred the enmity of that monarch's rival, and indeed of the entire family. The mother of this disappointed rival was Princess of Achai, and was possessed of several places of some importance in the vicinity of Coron. Far from concurring in the opinions of able counsellors, or listening to the voice of the people, she did all in her power to encourage the process at Rome, and pursued with bitter

hate the promoters of the "spoliation," as she called it. A mother's love disappointed—a woman's pride wounded—what would she not have in reserve for the prelate who had presumed to act in opposition to her will, should he, unfortunately, fall into her power?

Thus, when his intention to make the visitation was announced, many of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from doing so—but zeal pointed out the path of duty and invited him to walk therein. When was he known to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal? Confidence in God was his strength. *Deo confisus*; according to the familiar expression settled the point with Coron. Legitimate confidence! Not another word was said about the redoubtable princess. His courage became contagious, and joy filled the hearts of all. The clergy, the nobles and the masses were delighted at the prospect of the episcopal visitation. The Legate, who never neglected an opportunity to announce the divine word, began to preach to the faithful as soon as he arrived. The attendance

grew larger every day, and the hearers more interested and reverential. His duties as bishop alternated with his obligations as a preacher. Every moment was devoted to his spiritual children. No one was refused admittance and all who presented themselves went away satisfied, strengthened, and deeply impressed. Various abuses, hitherto considered incorrigible, were corrected, and the different parishes placed under the care of good and fervent priests. By such measures the morals of the people soon evinced a decided improvement. The apostle of the holy Roman faith hastened thus to prepare the way for the return of those innocently erring children, who so numerous dwelt in these regions as well as in the Orient, and who so willingly listened to his words.

Many of them, enriched as they were with the priceless treasure of holy baptism, and evidently "men of good will," might readily draw down upon themselves the blessing of heaven, and be led into the fold of Christ. When Blessed Peter came, a great number joyfully yielded to the mild and convincing arguments set forth by him, and responded to the grace so providentially granted them.

The city attended to, the rest of the diocese did not manifest itself any the less sensible to the call of divine grace. The example of a superior dignitary reaches the heart of those subject to his authority and never fails to make an impression upon the people. The austere life of the Bishop was a constant reproach to the relaxed mode of living adopted by some of the priests. His generous and chivalrous character re-awakened in the breasts of the nobles the germ of the virtues which had adorned their ancestors, and wherever he went light and consola-

tion marked his path. Respect and confidence met him at every step.

One of the nobles, in the barony of Arcadia, and his wife were among those who experienced the efficacy of Blessed Peter's prayers. Apparently they were the happiest of the happy. Wealth procured for them all that goes to make life pleasant, and their own goodness impelled them to brighten the pathways of their less favored fellow creatures. And yet to one who looked beneath the surface, it was evident that "there is no rose without a thorn," and that day after day some hidden sorrow weighed down their hearts and grew heavier as time went on. Their union had been blessed by the gift of some lovely and beloved little daughters, but no son having been given to them, it seemed as if the noble name and feudal rights of the family would have to "descend to the distaff."

To avert what they considered a misfortune, they had prayed with fervor and perseverance, but no answer having been granted, the pious count and his estimable wife began to resign themselves to the disappointment. Meanwhile, the tidings that the Thaumaturgus, Blessed Peter, was soon to visit them, enkindled a ray of hope in the breast of the lady. A firm conviction impelled her to solicit his blessing and his prayers. Animated with the same sentiments, her husband, the baron went to the saint, and courteously invited him to honor the castle with his presence. The invitation was accepted, for the recipient rightfully decided that the visit would lead to something conducive to the glory of God, and as soon as possible he went to the castle. His noble host soon revealed to Blessed Peter their desires, and told him what they hoped for

through his intercession. The visitor recognizing their faith, exhorted them to renew their confidence in the divine Master, who alone is the source of every good, and recommended them specially to meditate upon the promise: "*Whatsoever you ask the Father in my name will be granted unto you.*" Before leaving, in presence of the entire family, whilst all knelt in deepest devotion, he recited a prayer composed of various touching passages of the Holy Scripture, and implored our Lord to lend a propitious ear to his petition. Then he solemnly pronounced a benediction upon the baroness and, through prophetic vision, assured her that she would become the happy mother of a son. And in truth the following year beheld the verification of his words, the faith of the parents and the prayer of a saint having produced the desired effect.

From many a family hearthstone do similar wishes and sighs go forth! Encouraged by what had been narrated, Christian women might with equal confidence invoke the aid of Blessed Peter Thomas.

The sojourn of this good and loving shepherd could not, alas! be prolonged in proportion to his wishes. The duties of his universal legation, necessitating an activity scarcely to be imagined, imposed upon him perpetual traveling. From Coron he went to Rhodes.

A large vessel, driven by storms into this port, was now preparing to set sail for Cyprus, Blessed Peter took passage therein.

Ordinarily speaking, the passage between Rhodes and Cyprus occupies only two or three days—but this time, owing to the sudden return of the tempest, it was much longer, and extremely perilous. So much so, that

eventually, dismantled by the storm, the vessel ran against some dangerous reefs in the region of Paphos, although they had made every effort to cast anchor and avert the fatal shock. For a few moments the wind seemed inclined to subside, but a sudden and far fiercer gale threatened them with immediate destruction. In the struggle with the waves, *seventeen* anchors had been broken and lost. Nothing but a miracle now could save the sailors who, docile to the counsels of religion, had confessed and received holy Communion.

Whilst, simply as a matter of duty, they, perhaps for the last time, battled with the fury of the elements, the holy Bishop was suddenly enlightened to the fact that heaven was inclined to relent in their behalf. Inspired with the thought, he stood erect and fastening to a slender cord a little crucifix which he constantly wore, he cast it, like an anchor, amidst the turbulent billows. Conquered thus supernaturally, the sea acknowledged its Master and, the waves receding, it became placid and smooth as a mirror. The sailors, overwhelmed with joy, knew not how to testify their gratitude. But the saint, humble in the midst of praise, as he had been brave when the most imminent peril threatened, admonished them to give thanks to God alone, whose divine hand is always ready to help those who call upon Him with faith and confidence. Upon an ocean more perilous by far during the journey to our heavenly home from this land of exile, the frail bark of our perseverance is often in danger of shipwreck, and tossed about by the waves of temptation. What will be its safe and secure anchor? The emblem of our salvation, the sacred and powerful sign of the cross.

* * * * *

Glad tidings awaited the Legate upon his arrival in Cyprus. Pierre I., the chivalrous Lusignan, since his early youth, had cherished the desire of going forth in glorious warfare against the infidel. His ardent longing had received new impetus when, at the time of his coronation, the saint had discoursed upon his favorite theme and depicted the benefits which would result from that holy war in such vivid colors that the young monarch could scarcely resist setting out at once. A short time after the holy oil had been poured upon his brow, which he hoped would be for him the unction of an athlete and a hero, the king determined upon a crusade. In this decision he was stimulated by a recent Bull of Innocent VI. Taking the command of an expedition, composed of noble and ardent spirits like his own, one of whom was the nephew of the reigning Pontiff, the king made a descent upon Pamphilia, and by a brilliant sortie took Gorhigos and Satalia, the latter being one of the most important places upon the southern coast of Asia Minor. Its situation was most favorable, its means of defense had hitherto been ample, and its commerce extensive and lucrative, hence the enemy lost possession of it with regret.

On August 24, 1361, the King of Cyprus marched upon Satalia at day dawn, passed the trenches, seized the ramparts, forced the castles and beheld himself master of this city which had always been considered impregnable before the emir Tacca, who was lying in ambush with a body of troops to surprise the Christians from the rear, could have had time to prepare for action.

At the first news of the attack, the emir hastened to the rescue with what re-inforcements he could gather, and

entered the city by a subterraneous passage. But, seeing the ramparts embellished with the helmets of the Christians, and the royal standards floating triumphantly from every tower, he hastily retreated, and made his way to Steno, where the greater part of his army was garrisoned. Two centuries before—in the year 1148—a great portion of the troops of Louis VII. had been massacred at this very place. This sad and dolorous memory which, since then, had cried out to France for vengeance was thus most gloriously effaced.

After having supplied the conquered city with provisions, and with an able garrison as well, and after having appointed Jacques Nores as its governor, the king again took to the field. Almost all the petty chiefs of the country were subjugated by his audacity. The emir of Lajazzo and the Count de Candelore offered to pay an annual tribute to the king, and promised besides to respect the territories dependent upon Gorhigos and Satalia.

Hearing of these stirring events, the Bishop of Coron had scarcely landed at Paphos than he re-embarked for Satalia. He could scarcely wait to congratulate the valiant victors upon the theatre of their brave actions, to encourage them in their care of the city, and to remind them of the duty of gratitude to God. To provide for their spiritual wants he consecrated a church at Satalia, and placed there priests of the Latin rite, as also religious, that nothing might be left undone.

After a sojourn of several weeks, seeing that the recent conquest was not merely an ephemeral glory, but that the city had no reason to dread any attacks from Tacca, the Legate went to Cyprus, there to rejoin Pierre de Lusignan, who had returned thither

after his brilliant, though rapid expedition.

It did not require much urging on the part of the Legate to induce the happy monarch to render public testimony of his gratitude for the signal triumph which the Almighty had vouchsafed to his arms. Solemn masses were celebrated in the principal churches, and the grandest ceremonies gave evidence of the universal joy. So propitious a beginning could not fail to call forth the bravest of brave and noble deeds. The sacred fire burned ever with renewed ardor in the ardent heart of Pierre de Lusignan, and was not long in diffusing itself throughout the kingdom. But a terrible trial, and one which greatly retarded this universal enthusiasm, was sent to Rhodes, Asia Minor and Syria, nothing else than the cruel and death dealing pestilence. The approach of danger beheld Blessed Peter, solicitous as the most tender mother when her children are in peril, raise his suppliant hands to heaven, and exhort the Cyprians to reform still more their morals, as yet too much like those of the other Orientals. But he entered into the views of divine Providence in regard to the scourge accentuating itself still more perceptibly, and did not murmur when the black pestilence broke out at Famagouste. The entire island, especially the city of Nicosia, with its immense population, gave way to the wildest terror. To derive some spiritual benefit both the poor stricken ones as well as for those as yet spared from its ravages, the Saint sought an interview with the king. He exhorted him to lay aside his royal robes, to suspend for a time the luxuries and pleasures of the court, and to give testimony before the world that he had repented of conduct that frequently

had been more than frivolous. These kindly remonstrances were taken in good part, and received in that spirit of lively faith which characterized the king. The people thronged to listen to the voice which so effectively preached penance, and hearts which had formerly been deaf to all the inspirations of grace, now became contrite and willing to repent. Expiatory exercises were agreed upon. The entire city was placed under a fast of one day upon bread and water. This was faithfully observed. The next morning so vast a throng repaired to the Cathedral, that immense as the edifice was, many could not gain admission, but remained patiently kneeling outside where the image of the crucified Savior from the cross seemed to extend his loving arms to the stricken people. All were clad in penitential garb. Five times did the holy Legate, in plaintive, imploring tones send forth the ancient chant in honor of the five sacred wounds. "O ! Holy God ! Powerful God ! Eternal God ! Have mercy on us !" And five times did the waiting throng with one voice cry out, "O ! Jesus crucified ; Have mercy on us !" An immense procession was then organized, and walked devoutly through Nicosia. All the participants went bare-foot, even the queen and her royal spouse. Peter Thomas led the assemblage ; he was clad in "sack cloth and ashes," and round his neck was a cord, as if he were a criminal deserving of the greatest punishment.

Arrived at the largest cemetery of the place he took his stand upon a slight elevation and began his sermon.

The people had need of consolation rather than reproaches. The orator, having at first congratulated them upon the readiness with which they had learned how to conquer the divine

mercy exhorted them now to be grateful to God and His blessed Mother, for, by prophetic inspiration he formally promised that the pestilence would not come to Nicosia. Lastly, by the authority which this new benefit conferred upon him, he solemnly enjoined all those thus awakened to a better life never to fall back into their evil—or careless ways.

His words were few, for his hearers were already convinced—but O! what rich fruit they produced! “He was so eloquent,” cries out Philip de Mezieres, who was present, “that if St. Augustine or any one of the great doctors of the Church spoken in his place he could not have surpassed blessed Peter Thomas.” “The tears of those devout thousands, as they publicly asked pardon from God, the fervor of my sovereigns and their subjects, but *above all* the devotion of my beloved spiritual father will never be effaced from my memory.” Such is the testimony of the Chancellor of Cypress, who was present during the whole of the impressive scene.

Delivered from the panic which had seized upon them the citizens of Nicosia went in a body to assist at the pontifical mass of thanksgiving, chanted by the Legate in thanksgiving. The long ceremony, the rigid fast, the fatiguing exercise of the morning, and the painful walk to the cemetery had so exhausted the “penitent” that he was pale as death, and seemed as if indeed life were about to depart, yet all the nourishment he would take was a little bread and water. Nicosia saved, the good shepherd went to combat the scourge at Famagouste, where from twenty to thirty victims were daily taken off by its ravages. At the sight of the desolation and misery which met his eye, the Saint cast himself un-

reservedly within the infinite depths of divine mercy. He prayed with a fervor which no words could describe, he multiplied his deeds of penance, his charities, already numerous, were ten fold greater now. A thousand times during the day he offered up the sacrifice of his life. Twelve years before, during the reign of the pestilence at Avignon, this devoted servant of God had learned well how to minister to the afflicted ones. Now he was perfect in the eminently Christian art. Infirmarian-priest, he was seen every day and at all hours going through streets where the atmosphere was reeking with the foul breath of contagion, and caring spiritually and physically for the poor abandoned creatures who could look to him alone.

Well might those unworthy ministers of Christ, who feared to come near their suffering flock, blush before this example of devotion, and well might those hard hearted relatives who shrank from giving them aid feel bitter remorse at leaving a stranger priest to perform the duties which belonged to *them*. As fearless upon the battle field of the plague as he had been when the fortress of Lampsaque had been the point at issue, he finally succeeded in rallying the poor weak cowards. His watchword “*In Deo Confisus*,” “Hope in God,” gradually gained him some assistance. His bravery, and utter forgetfulness of self, not less than his sermons, finally put some spirit into this despairing city.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Remember that one day we shall be only dust; our forefathers were in life as we are; but now they are dead, as we, too, shall be; this is why we ought to love God.—ST. ELIZABETH.

THE CARMELITE MONASTERY AT COVENTRY,

(WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND).

Historical Sketch, with Illustrations, by Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., London.



COVENTRY, a town of considerable importance in Warwickshire, the "Town of the Convents," not far from Birmingham, is probably known to some of our readers through

its connection with the cycle trade. Modern factories on the largest possible scale make up the Coventry of the nineteenth, or shall we say of the twentieth, century? Coventry cycles are ridden through the length and breadth of the world. Yet side by side with enormous red-brick buildings with glass roofs, there is the old Coventry of yore, the town of powerful bishops, the town of monks, the prison of the Royalist captives during the great Civil War, and "to be sent to Coventry" is even now the threat held out to naughty schoolboys and, what is more, the threat respected by them. Imagination is not vivid enough to transplant the casual visitor to the old town such as it was in the times of the early English monarchs who had to reckon with the power that wealth gave even to a second-rate town. Nor can it conjure up the gorgeous pageants when long processions headed by the monks of five or six flourishing monasteries moved through narrow, crooked streets, wending their way to the Collegiate church of St. Michael, where they were received by

the Bishop in Mitre and Cope and with all the pomp of medieval ceremonial. Where at the present day the tram-car swiftly glides along, where the hansom and the fourwheeler rattle over the stones, where the cyclist, serpent-like, moves through crowded lanes, where the "Blindborn" sings his mournful and not over veracious story, and the French-piano kills the air of the latest comic opera, solemn litanies and psalms were once heard, and the pious burgess knelt at the door of his house, signing himself and thanking God for the blessing that fell upon him by the passing of the Blessed Sacrament. Such was Coventry in times gone by. Blackfriars of the Order of St. Dominic, Greyfriars following the Rule of the Saint of Assisi, Black monks under the patronage of St. Benedict, Austin friars, not to speak of Canons, Prebendaries, Parish priests, Curates, held a distinguished place in the civic life of Coventry and occupied considerable room in the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of the town. Nor was the clergy, secular and regular, restricted to the Orders and dignitaries already mentioned. A walk of five minutes outside the gate of the town, at the south-eastern corner, brings one to a solemn and silent building, the Charterhouse, whence uninterrupted prayer rose to the heavenly throne by day and night, where the sins of the town and her population were expiated by continual fasts, unbroken silence and works of penance. The Charterhouse is still in existence, as are the Convents

of Greyfriars and Blackfriars and many other ecclesiastical institutions. It is now a private dwelling house, the former common-room, with its magnificent oak-panelling, has been converted into a drawing room where the hostess does the honors of the evening. The old oratory, where the Holy Sacrifice used to be offered by angels in human form, has been turned into bedrooms for the servants. The cloister is neither more nor less than a nursery, with rocking-horse and hoops and miniature wheel-barrows. Yet, there is nothing intentionally profane about it. Even now a cloud of incense seems to hover around the gabled roof, and sweet psalm-tones linger in the walls. The present owner, though not a Catholic, has left nothing undone to ensure the preservation "in statu quo" of the ancient monastery. One cannot help thinking that such piety will draw down upon him the blessing of the former occupants of what is a "fleet-ing" city in more than one sense.

Not far from the Charterhouse, yet nearer the ancient City gate, is the Union Workhouse, or Almhouse, for male paupers. Entering from Much-Park Road, the visitor would find nothing to distinguish this Union from any other Union in the United Kingdom. He will probably meet a few men, with grey beards and short clay pipes, who have chosen the workhouse for their most pleasant residence because they are either not able or, more likely, not willing to work. Then, there are officials of different rank, making a fat living out of a work of charity, supported by the taxes and rates of the real workers of the town. So far, I say, there is no difference between the Union of Coventry and any other up and down the country. But, please, step this way, mind the pave-

ment, now through this door, down a couple of steps and—where are you? In a magnificent cloister, 14th century perpendicular style, groined roof, mulioned windows, soft, subdued light. What is this? It is the old Carmelite monastery, such as it was when Lord Basset of Drayton, in the 7th year of Richard II. (1384) bequeathed to the Prior and brethren a legacy of three hundred pounds sterling, and when William Botener, of Whitbroke, in the year 1413, in the time and with the license of Henry V., bestowed upon the same a piece of ground, one hundred and forty feet by forty-five, for the enlargement of the monastery. The monks were thankful for this most welcome addition to the monastic property, for they pledged themselves to celebrate year by year the anniversaries of one John Percy and Alice, his wife, deceased. In the course of these thirty years, 1384 to 1413, the monastery was erected in its present form with cloister, dormitory, guest-house, church and appurtenances. Half a millenium has passed by, the monks are driven out, but the building remains just as if at the ringing of the bell the brethren were to assemble for Vespers. But, no, it is only the paupers, who are going to get their afternoon tea, which they have not earned by hard labor. Neither are they likely to say even the first letter of a prayer for John Percy or for anybody else, not excepting the Corporation of Coventry which provides them with such a lovely and time-honored home.

Let us leave the paupers to their tea, and think only of the rightful and saintly owners of Whitefriars. They were not strangers when in 1342 Sir John Poultney, "four times Lord Mayor of London," offered them a site

for a monastery at Coventry. For nearly a hundred years they had lived and prayed in England, and the fame of their virtues and holiness had founded for them more than thirty monasteries. Their great saint, Simon Stock, had won for them the esteem of their fellow-countrymen, in spite of opposition and persecution. Nay, the Queen of Carmel herself, had taken them under her protection, and given them and all their friends a pledge of her motherly affection in the holy Scapular. What wonder if the citizens of Coventry thought they could do nothing more deserving of reward than to allow them to open a shrine in their city, where the Mother of God should be honored more than anywhere else for fifty miles around? And not content with giving them a house, they even offered to them the best among their fellow-citizens to become members of their Order. Thus, shortly after the foundation of this religious house, writes the historian of Coventry, one of its friars became very famous for his learning and was commonly spoken of as "William of Coventry." We have it on the same authority that "the Carmelites, or, as they used to be called, the Whitefriars were held in high esteem for the strictness of their rule and the austerity of their lives."

The old saying that the best praise that can be given to a wife is that she is little spoken of, may be applied to a monastery. Evidently the life led by the Whitefriars at Coventry was regularity itself, for the chronicle of Coventry never mentions the monastery again until the year 1507, when Sir Thomas Poultney of Miserton, a descendant of the founder, "by will bequeathed his body to be buried in the chancel of the Whitefriars' church,

ordering that at his funeral twenty-four torches, each having his arms upon them, should be borne by as many poor men wearing gowns with the 'libberds' (leopards) behind and before."

Soon after this date, sad times befell the venerable community. Upon the survey taken in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Henry VIII., (1535) it was found that there were certain burgages in Coventry, belonging to friars, which yielded £3. 6-8 p. a. rent and that the oblations in the chapel of Our Lady did, one year with another, amount to £5. 18, out of which the friars paid twenty shillings unto Mereton's Chantry in the church of St. Michael, and to the heir of Robert Norwood two shillings as rent for the land on which the monastery stood, together with some other small expenses which brought down the net income to £7. 13-8 p. a. So poor a monastery did not excite the covetousness of the King for several years, and it was only in 1539 that the friars received orders to "voluntarily" surrender their house to the royal thief. Like the other Mendicants, they had undergone for many years the most degrading humiliations until at last the very thought of resistance was driven out of their minds. One of the means of coercion was that all the four great Mendicant Orders were placed under one Provincial, a creature of the King, who received instructions from the latter to prepare the way for the total suppression of religious houses. On the 1st of October, 1539, the Carmelites of Coventry were called upon to sign a deed, written beforehand in virtue whereof they "freely" handed over to the King their church and monastery without any reserve, no pension being allowed them. The

names of the unhappy men who were thus turned out into the street, without the smallest compensation for the home they left, were as follows: Hugh Burnby (or Huntley), Thomas Fyscher, Richard Woodcooke, Thomas Vicars, William Walker, William Harryson, John Pasty, John Hurst, Richard Cowper, another Richard Cowper, probably nephew of the preceding, William Maddar, John Newbold, John Elyson and William Kyngs.

What became of them after their expulsion? Nothing definite being known, we are left to conjecture. Certain continental writers have spoken of the numerous martyrs from amongst the members of the Order. But, as far as is known, only two Carmelites were put to death by Henry VIII. for their staunch adherence to the Roman See, neither of them belonging to the monastery at Coventry. Some fathers, we are sorry to say, allowed themselves to be led

into error and, upon their secularisation, as we should call it nowadays, left the Church altogether. Yet their number was far from large. The great majority of the monks remained faithful to their Church, but history has not troubled itself very much about their subsequent fate. It is, however, not difficult to form a plausible idea of their experiences after the monastic gate was closed forever behind them. Most of them must have been already aged. In fact, the number of novices had been steadily diminishing ever since the end of the 15th century, to such a degree that many of the thirty-nine English monasteries were inhabited by but a few religious. In large towns, such as London, York, Norwich and Coventry, the monastic communities were more considerable not only with regard to numbers but also in respect of the learning of the fathers there concentrated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'TIS not he who parades
His deeds before the world,
Holding aloft their worth,
Whose memory lives impearled
In the hearts of a people when
The years have died away,
But rather the man who toils
On quietly day by day.

'Tis he who, at his task—
Be it high or be it lowly—
Strives with never a thought
Of self and praise, but wholly
Lost in the love of Duty,
Who deems no man his debtor,
And quietly toils each day
To make the world ever better.

As a Stream flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)



HE woman's house stood a few yards back from the lane, a square, one-roomed log house, with a moss-covered rough, clapboard roof, and fitting in harmoniously with the steep hill, cedar-clad, rising immediately behind it. To the right was a well-cultivated garden patch; wild morning-glory vines clamored over the door and window, while a round bed of hardy phlox shook its aerial coloring from tall slender spikes of green.

"Throw it down there, anywhere," she said, referring to the bag of chips, "and come in and rest awhile. It'll be hot going back on you."

She brought forward her best chair for her guest, and then removed her sun-bonnet. The tight-fitting black cap she wore had a white frill of finest linen around the face, and was tied with silk ribbons under her still pretty chin. Her dress also was black and, though old, was neat, as was also her one-roomed house, with its humble appointments. In the wide-mouthed fireplace a wood fire burned, and over it hung a steaming kettle.

"I know you must be hungry, young man," she said, her mother heart making the old face to beam. "If you will wait, I'll get you a snack that will keep up your strength until you get to the Springs."

Silas Grey made a demur, a very faint one, for he was fast losing his heart to this charming little old woman, but she assured him he would not put her to any trouble, as she would have to prepare her own mid-day meal. "And it's such a comfort to have one to eat a bite with one," she added, wistfully. "I'm all alone here, now."

Smothering a sigh she set to work, and her visitor interestingly watched her. The contents of the kettle proved to be potatoes, boiled in their skins, as he perceived when she lifted one with a fork to see if it were done. "They'll be through by the time I have the biscuits made," she remarked as she went to the flour barrel. When the biscuits were prepared she placed them in a large iron oven that had been heating on coals and replacing the lid, covered it with hot ashes. Then from the corner she brought forth an iron trivet, and setting it on the hearth drew under it a bed of coals. On this she placed a frying pan, laying on it generous slices of ham. She then drew out the little table from its place under the window and spread on it a coarse but spotless cloth. When the dishes were set, from the spring-house near by, she brought a pitcher of cold milk and hard yellow butter. The potatoes were now cooked as was the meat, and the lifting of the oven revealed biscuits that would make an epicure's mouth water.

"Mrs. O'Hagan," said Mr. Grey, in the course of the conversation, "I

have not seen such cooking since I was a little bit of a boy. I remember just such an oven as that one, and how good the biscuits and cakes cooked in it used to taste."

"But it's mighty slow, my son," she made answer, as they took their places around the little table; "and hard for an old woman, too."

"Would you like a cooking stove?" asked the preacher.

"Indeed, then, I would!" she exclaimed. "But what's the use of liking what I can't get. You see, it's this way: when my husband died, may the Heavens be his bed! he had just bought a patch of ground over beyond the hill. But it wasn't paid for, and what with the burying expenses and doctor bills, everything had to go. But Bryan Lacey—God rest his soul!—got a lot of the neighbors together and they put up this little house for me. Then Bryan gave me one of his cows, and so I found myself well enough fixed. My Luke was a little fellow then, and as he grew older, whenever the neighbors could throw a job in his way, they would. I might have, after a while, gotten enough together to buy me a better place, if—if Luke hadn't left me."

The sympathetic face opposite hers seemed to invite the recital of the trouble that lay on the lonely heart.

"Luke was a good boy, none better," she began, "industrious and kind-hearted, but he had a quick temper. He was a very good-looking boy, though it is his mother says it, and when he was grown up he began to keep company with Lucy Sharkley."

At mention of that name, the minister set down the glass of milk he was raising to his lips, and sat motionless as she continued:

"I had rather he had taken to one

of his own creed, but Lucy was a good girl, and I knew Luke loved her, but her father would not allow her to have any company like young people wants. He was better off than any of the neighbors and they said he wanted a rich man for his girl. I never knew what happened, but one Sunday night Luke came home in a great passion. He sat up the entire night, and that morning he scarcely eat any breakfast. When I asked him what was the matter, he said very short-like, 'Nothing,' so I did not press him to tell me. He was going to hoe tobacco for one of the neighbors, and as he was half-way down the yard, he turned around and said: 'Mother, this is the matter: Jake Sharkley told me last night he wanted no beggar coming to see his girl.' I can almost see him now as he stood there in the sun," she continued, lifting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "in his blue cottonade overalls and clean shirt, his coat on his arm, and big straw hat on his curly head. It was a new hat and I had lined it with calico, for I had it in the house, and didn't have any money to buy black like the others wear. I never saw him look more handsome, my proud boy! I don't know what made me do it, but I ran out and threw my arms around him, and kissed him, and told him he would not always be poor. 'Mother,' he said, 'I am going away sometime, and I'll not come home till I'm a rich man.' He turned off and went up the lane, and just then Judith Evans came in and I forgot all what he had said, for the time. But, my boy, he never came back, and that was three long years ago. That same day Jakey Sharkley was murdered by his nigger boy, and so if Luke had only been less hasty he would have gotten the girl he loved, and been now

happy with her, for she thought more of Luke than she did of the man she married. I know that, for the day before the wedding she came down here to me, and said to me, with that hard, dry look that is now in her eyes: 'My heart is dead like in my breast, Mrs. O'Hagan. I wish the man that shot my father, had killed me, too.'"

The face of Silas Grey was a study, and had not the woman been so engrossed with her own thoughts, she had not failed to notice its changing, intense expression. Things seemed to swim around him and a noise as of the surge of an ocean sounded in his ears.

"He never wrote me nor sent me any message," she continued, more to herself than to her listener, "and yet," her beautiful faith shining in her sunken eyes, "I know he is well, for every day, and a hundred times a day, I ask the Blessed Virgin to throw the protecting mantle of her love around him to shield him from every danger, and bring him back to me again. And she will, for when he was a little boy I had him enrolled in the Scapular, and he always wore it. She has promised her special protection to those who wear the Scapular, and she will keep it to my boy."

A wave of unutterable pity swept over her listener's soul, for this woman's unquestioning faith, which the knowledge she had so unconsciously given him must soon be so rudely shattered. She had suffered so much, she was a woman, old, poor and a mother. Could he heap the last crowning sorrow on her over-burdened heart? As he asked himself that question, Pete's thin black face rose up before him and there echoed in his ear the terrible cry he had heard that long past June night on the bridge, "I

never done it, Boss, I never done it!" And then Silas Grey knew if the murderer were his own son, he would still hand him over to justice, that the innocent might go free. As soon as he could, without appearing to abruptly break from her recital of sorrow, Mr. Grey rose from the table and announced his intention of returning home, and though she urged him to wait a little while, for the heat of the day had become intense, he clung to his determination, for he felt afraid of his strength to follow his duty before that mellow-voiced, gentle featured little woman. As he was leaving, she said to him, holding his hand between both of hers:

"You will go away from here, back to the great world. Perhaps you may sometimes meet my Luke; if he needed a friend, you'd be it to him, wouldn't you?"

The minister's sensitive face quivered under her words. After a moment, he said:

"I am your friend while I live," Mrs. O'Hagan," and he left before she could weigh his evasive answer.

CHAPTER XI.

Pursued by the memory of that mother-face, the minister hurried on through the noonday heat. As he climbed the hill, he met Bud Logan, his hands in his pockets, as he whistled a careless tune.

"Logan," said Mr. Grey, "I disabled my wheel; will you take it over to the hotel for me, I am almost exhausted?" and as the young country man threw the bicycle over his shoulder, and cut across the field in the direction of the Springs, still whistling, the minister felt a little pang of envy of the wiry muscles and health thus

displayed. He rested awhile, with his arms on the old rail fence, his straw hat pushed back from his moist brow, his eyes following the disappearing figure; then he, too, crossed into the clover field which lay between him and the road that led from Judith's house to the Springs. The sun poured down its fierce heat on the treeless field from an intensely blue and cloudless sky. The air was pulseless. The whistling had died away in the distance, and not a whisper broke the silence, which was so terrible it seemed to beat on his ears like the sound of a hundred drums. But the faces of the clover blossoms were as fresh as if the dew still bathed them. He reached down his hand and broke off one, and as he drew out two of its crimson spikes and set them between his teeth to extract their delicate sweetness, his memory went back to the days of boyhood. He thought of the clover field that lay beyond the orchard at his mother's country home, the home to which she had retired after the death of her husband, whose devotion to the Confederacy had left his only and unborn child fatherless. He thought of the day he had made a crown of its crimson blossoms for his cousin Lucy, reckless, laughing, frolicsome Lucy, whose delight was to ride the wildest horse in the stables, over hill and hollow, who loved the mad sport of a "possum hunt" by moonlight, and followed the hounds with the zest of a man, but who, when the little animal was finally located, would plank her determined little form against the bole of the tree, and defy the dog or man who would attempt to bring the trapped creature to its death. Many a night's fine sport had she spoiled, that fragile bit of inconsistency, who had taken, and worn as her right, the first

love of his heart. But one day they had brought her back dead from one of her wild rides, and the horror and anguish that followed, had hurled him into his course of wild dissipation. He had torn himself from his mother's house, and dear as was that spot to her, she forsook it to follow him. How different his life had been had Lucy lived. His mother's days had not been shortened, and he and Lucy, with their children growing up around them, had, perchance, been living happily and peacefully in the old homestead. As it was!— His steps grew weaker as he came back to his present, the clover bloom dropped from his loosened grasp, and his head sank on his breast. The sweet old mother-face, framed with its frill of spotless linen, rose before him, and again her mellow tones, pleading with him to befriend her son, fell on his ear. Yet circumstantial evidence strong enough to bring twenty men to their doom pointed out that son to be the very criminal for whom he had been searching for years, the one he had sworn should feel the right of justice. He should do it, but could he? Another year of prison life and Pete would be dead. He was dying daily, but not of consumption, as the physician declared, but of home-sickness. No caged wild lion ever longed more madly for the freedom of its jungle than that negro for the poverty and love he knew awaited him in his mother's cabin, he never openly repined or spoke rebelliously; he only sung, and his one song was "Old Kentucky Home." Its heart-touching strains floated out from his gloomy cell at day-break, went with him to his work, and the guard, pacing the long corridor, nightly heard them as the boy waited for sleep to come.

"De moon shines bright on de old
Kentucky home,

It is summer an' de darkies are gay,
De corn top's ripe and de meadows' in
de bloom,

An' de birds make music all de day."

The minister thought he heard the words coming to him from the far away Frankfort penitentiary. Another year and it would all be over with the negro. Then the life that was precious to only one black woman's heart had paid the penalty for the crime another had committed; and there would be no need for his to be the hand to bring down the white mother's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Poor old loving, loyal heart that had tasted so much of life's bitterness, that had known poverty and death and living sorrow in all their unrelenting fierceness, yet bore up under them with a faith in God and a trust in man! Dared he shatter this faith, this trust? But beside her loving white face, edged with its frill of snowy linen, came the drawn, tragic black face of Pete's mother, framed with a red bandana kerchief, and the wild, sunken eyes demanded justice. Then he thought of Judith Sanders. Did she know that old woman's son was the murderer of Jake Sharkley? Was Luke O'Hagan's the face she had seen that evening peering from behind the quince tree, the sight of which, bringing with it grim, horrible knowledge, had left her on Lucy Sharkley's floor like one dead? Was it compassion for the old mother that had tied her tongue during these long years? He felt it was, and the pity of it drew him to the girl in a closer bond of sympathy. With her, mercy for the woman had been stronger than justice for the man, and now he must break down her silence, and force the truth from her reluctant lips, that justice, at

last should be done to the man. Could he do it? If Judith were to clasp her two clinging little brown hands over his, if she were to look at him with that heart-break in her eyes, and ask him in the name of her womanhood, to spare that mother as she had done, could he refuse? He thought of Lucy Sharkley, who loved the murderer of her father, and then, suddenly loosing grasp on the deep question of the moment, he thought how strange it was that the names of the first and last woman he had loved, should be borne by these two into whose lives he had been so strangely thrust. His mind went on helplessly from present to past and from past to present again, every sorrow was again experienced from that that beat on him as he gazed on his cousin Lucy's dead face to the mental anguish that rocked his soul as he had that morning hurled the book from his hand, knowing to go one step further would bring him to the realization that he was wrong, that his life had been spent in following the shadow of truth, his work in the building up of error. He had now reached the road, with its line of shrubby trees, and as he entered the grateful shade he threw himself on the ground, spent, exhausted, and burying his face in the deep clover, its scent recalling other days, he moaned once aloud,

"Mother!"

Do not tell me the love of a mother ceases to enfold her child when she slips this garment of the flesh! I had almost as soon doubt the providence of God. She came to him as he lay there, in his trance of grief. He felt her presence, knew the touch of her hand on his brow, heard her comforting voice.

"My son," she said, "you are consecrated by the hand of God to do His

work. Do not falter, do not lose heart. All is well that he ordains. You loved your cousin, but He loved her better. You know what life means to a woman; would you have had it strike down the joy of her young heart? Was the second love of your life snatched out to bloom apart? His purpose was in that too. Is there a task before you that is hard? He appoints it unto you. Is a new, harder, more painful way opening up before you? His hand led you toward it. A little while, a very little while, and your weary feet shall be set on the hills of joy, a little while and you, too, shall enter your land of promise."

The voice ceased and he lifted his head, half expecting to see her standing before him. But only the shadow lay on the grass while not a leaf overhead was stirring. Again he bowed his face and waited, thinking she would again speak; but her message had been delivered. Lying there he pondered it, and when he arose the sun was hours west of the meridian. He crossed the road—it was at the place where he and Judith Saunders had held their conversation on that memorable Sunday morning—and struck into the path that led through the fields to the Sharkley home. As he reached the narrow dell, through which a silvery rill, fringed with willow and edged with fragrant mint, wandered, he was surprised to see Judith coming toward him, swinging her white sun-bonnet in her hand. She stooped to gather a sprig of the mint, and, gaining her former position, she lifted her eyes, and blushed to see him almost beside her. She made a hasty movement to replace her bonnet, but he caught the lifted hand and laughingly held it in his strong tender grasp; and then, with her eyes, it seemed to him

the erect, supple young figure drooped. Something pulsed in his heart, whether knowledge or fear, or what, he could not tell so rapid was its passage; but he withdrew his hand, while a second's conscious silence, made fragrant by the sprig of mint, already wilting in her fingers, fell. She replaced her bonnet and waited for him to speak. The brook went by with a gurgle of baby laughter and save that other sound there was not in the dell; and listening to it for that one minute, the minister's thoughts went forward blindly, and all his physical weariness came back overpoweringly.

"Judith," he said, but she did not start that he thus addressed her, "let us rest here awhile. I have walked far and gone through much to-day," and as he spoke he took a seat on the trunk of a fallen willow tree and motioned her to a place beside him. The rivulet went on with the laugh in its song. Its depth was not two inches and the ray of sunlight here and there, resting on its pellucid surface, showed the tiny pebbles and yellow sands of its narrow channel. The minister sat silently looking at it. Sometimes the mind at a single bound finds itself in a situation to reach which, under other circumstances, it had taken years of slow and painful travel. In that moment Silas Grey realized that he should never again stand in a pulpit as a Baptist minister, and all the loneliness, the torturing pain that were his in the after-while crowding into his heart in that one moment, made him instinctively reach out helpless hands for womanly companionship and sympathy. With that dumb anguished instinct, he felt he might find these in the heart of the girl beside him, that she was the only human being to whom in such moments he could turn. He lifted his eyes from the water to her face, but it was screened from him by the white bonnet. He raised his left hand and gently removed the bonnet and looked steadily on her face, which first blushed, then paled, under his eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR THIRD ORDER IN INDIA.



CARMELITE nuns of the Third Order have been working for the last twenty-three years in the missions of the Malabar coast, southern India. In 1868 the Father General of the ancient order commissioned a sister—who years before, as the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in England, had been received into the Catholic Church—to found a community of the Third Order for the missions in India. At first failure seemed to threaten the entire project. After five years the little community had to be broken up. But out of apparent failure came great success. From the little mustard seed of only two European sisters who remained have sprung eight or nine religious communities, with over eight nuns who are educating more than 120 children, all classes, castes and religions.

But the most remarkable character of these noble workers for God's glory is an Irish religious whose name is held in veneration in Malabar. This is Mother Elias of Jesus, who, after laboring for ten years in the Mangalore mission, then belonging to Carmelites, was afterwards placed in charge of the Convent of the Holy Angels, Trivandrum. Concerning this admirable woman, whose name ought to be known and esteemed in Ireland, a Belgian periodical, *Chroniques du Carmel*, says :

“Rev. Mother Elias is an Irish-woman, a religious of pre-eminent merit, enjoying the highest consideration of the Maharajah and of all the authorities of Trivancorn. For twenty-

three years she has devoted her life with admirable generosity to the education of the young natives of the Carmelite missions.”

Two or three years ago Mother Elias returned for a short time to Europe to recruit her shattered health and strength, and also hoping to find some missionary vocations for her beloved Malabar. Unfortunately, she had to return alone as she came.

We shall now quote, from one eminently qualified to speak with authority, an account of this wonderful woman and her extraordinary activity, which will be read with interest and sympathy. Our correspondent writes :

“The establishment at Trivandrum is very flourishing, but depends entirely upon Mother Elias, and if anything happens to her there is no one to take her place. There are nearly 300 children, boarders, day scholars and orphans, who are separate, divided into fifteen classes. Each class has its teacher ; and as the whole community consists of only eight nuns, of whom only five are capable of teaching, the reverend mother is obliged to pay teachers, and some very highly, in order to maintain a standard equal to that established by the Protestant government school, otherwise as the Catholics of Trivandrum are very careless in religious matters, they will make no difficulty in removing their children from the convent school and sending them to the Protestant. This is, and has ever since its establishment, a perpetual struggle.

“Thanks to Mother Elias' zeal and educational talents, but above all to her Irish faith and trust in God, and

also to the esteem and unbounded affection she has gained from all, the schools are an honor to the missions of Quillon ; but as a missionary just come from thence told me the other day, 'I do not know how Mother Elias exists. She works hard all day, both in giving lessons, and with all her duties as superior, that she is obliged to sit up at night for her correspondence, and besides she eats scarcely anything, and this life has been going on for the last thirty years.'

"The pecuniary resources in this mission are extremely small, as you may see from the letters of the Propagation of the Faith. In the convent they have just enough to live, and all they gain by the pupils' fees goes to pay the teachers, and is not even sufficient.

"For this reason Mother Elias is obliged herself to take the first classes in English, French and music, which occupy at least six or seven hours every day ; but as she tells me she is gradually weakening down from over work, and the poor sisters with her, notwithstanding their good will and their heroic efforts. She needs if possible some good religious vocations, at least two or three young ladies with a good education, who can be found to help them in their arduous work, and who for the love of God and the salvation of souls will not fear to undertake

the long journey, and bear the tropical climate to lay up treasures in heaven. The harvest is very ripe and plentiful, but the laborers are few, and these few are almost falling under the burden which is above their strength.

"I see the prioress of the Dominican convent has succeeded in carrying away twelve postulants. If poor Mother Elias could obtain only two or three, how very thankful she would be !

"Oh, if God would inspire some one like Mlle. van Ypersele to devote herself to our Indian missions. Her touching history brought tears to my eyes, and I have not failed to pray for this dear soul. Would that her spirit might rest on many others !"

Were the dead permitted by God to return to this earth what would they often see and experience ! They would be pained beyond measure to see in what little respect their memory was held ; unconsolated, they would cry out ; "Ah, my loved ones, you think of me no longer ; I am completely forgotten. My name, too, is forgotten, for no one ever mentions it ; my tomb is forsaken, no one ever comes to visit it and recite a prayer over it for me. I am a stranger, an entire stranger ; there is no room for me any more in that house where they pledged themselves never to forget me.—I am completely forgotten." Poor soul !

WHEN thou goest forth to battle with the world,
O lion-hearted youth !
Catch all the poisoned arrows at thee hurled
Upon the shield of Truth.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

To a Priest.

[REPRINTED BY REQUEST.]

THY soul is a harp string
Melody riven,
Some angel's heart-beat
Fallen from Heaven!
Ev'ry touch thrills thee—
Responsive to all,
Gladness and sorrow
Hold thee in thrall.

Mystic, Eolian,
Sympathy's breath,
Thy harmony blendeth
Even with death.
Chord of sweet music,
Why art thou here?
Earth has no guerdon
For thee but a tear.

The cry of the human
Pierceth thy heart;
Love and compassion
Dwell where thou art.
Delicate, sensitive,
Quiv'ring with song
Yet in the strength of thee
Many grow strong!

Loving the sinner,
Reproving the sin,
Thy charm prevaieth
Where none enter in.

No heart rejects thee;
Ev'n the vile
Crave for the sunlight
Of thy sweet smile.

Lifting the feeble ones
Thy life is spent;
To what shall we liken thee,
God's instrument?
Did the saint's aureole
Gleam on thy brow,
Thou could'st not be to us
Dearer than now!

Like a white lily cup
In golden light
Standeth the heart of thee
In Heaven's sight.
Only the angels know
On earth's altar stairs
The fragrance and holiness
Of thy pure prayers!

Thou hast the martyr's palm
In thy frail hand:
More hast thou conquered here
Than we understand.
But in the light from thee
Thankful we rest;
The flock God hath given thee
Calloeth thee "Blessed!"

—MARION MILLER IN *Melbourne Catholic Advocate*.

"NOT understood; how many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy; ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away,
Not understood."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The month of February is an unsatisfactory sort of month—why? I wonder. It seems neither one thing nor the other, but always as if it were getting ready for that part of the year which brings a grimace to one's face as we speak the word *Lent*!

Now another question. Why should Lent bring wry faces? Because it means penance? Oh! no indeed—it *doesn't* mean anything of the kind for most of us. But it *is* a hard time for all the same. Never are cake and candy so inviting; never are we so hungry between meals, and never do we find it *so* hard to do without even a glass of water. "Pesky" is a funny sort of word used only in the United States. Well, it is the word that best suits the devil in Lent. He is bad enough at any time, we all know, but in Lent he makes us what some people call "contrary," wanting what we may not have, and altogether very crooked. How shall we outwit him? By being good natured. Good nature is such a help on the road to heaven, and it has the happy faculty of bringing a good part of heaven to earth. Even our blessed Lord hated a long-faced vinegar sort of piety. Didn't he tell His disciples when they fasted not to be as those who let the whole world know it, but to be bright and happy and to "wash their faces." Yes, "wash thy face," were His very words. So now, I think, we will all to get up early for that blessed action which He Himself prescribes for Lent.

Like the brook that goes on forever, the Secretary comes back every once in a while to preach the gospel of daily Mass, and in Lent particularly.

The best of us do very little nowadays in the way of penance; and our holy Mother, the Church, doesn't even *ask* us to do much, so considerate and indulgent is she to the weakness of her children.

But most of us *can* go to daily Mass and that *is* a penance which our Lord will accept as a very loving act of thanksgiving for His sacred passion.

Think of it, dear children—going to Mass means going to Calvary. Which one of us will *refuse* to go each morning in Lent? Not one, I am sure, and we will go lovingly and reverently and thoughtfully, not rushing back and forth like one little girl whom the Secretary knows, who felt very bad when told that if *she* went to Calvary when our blessed Lord was dying she would have gone on horseback—that, because *she* was always in a hurry.

Well, I think if the dear, warm-hearted, impulsive St. Peter had been *brave* enough to venture up Mt. Calvary, he *too* would have gone on horseback, so anxious would he have been to *get* there at any cost. So our little friend needn't have felt so bad—provided we *get* there it doesn't matter much how we go.

Let that be the one resolution for Lent then—daily Mass—all else will follow. Easy? No, not at all: it is never easy going up a hill. But on Easter morning we will be very happy to go with the blessed Magdalene to seek our risen Lord and our box of spices shall be daily Masses. Courage then, dear children, and a happy Lent to you all.

"Wash your faces" early each morning before Mass. You will then give your soul a bath as well.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Father! the sweetest, dearest name that men or angels know.
—Faber.
 2. God will bless the little you have, and he will content you.
—St. F. de Sales.
 3. Fear is the back-bone of love.
 4. We must seek God if we would find Him.
 5. Let one either suffer or die.
—St. Theresa.
-

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is the letter "E" the same as "death"?
 2. Why is the letter "L" in "military" like a nose?
 3. What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bomb shell?
 4. How much sand is there in a hole 3 feet deep and 3 feet wide?
 5. What is the difference between the North and the South pole?
-

ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

1. By Nola, Bishop of Campagne, about A.D. 400.
 2. Roger Bacon, a monk.
 3. In the time of Alfred the Great.
 4. Guido of Arezzo, an Italian monk, in 1124.
 5. John Barry, an Irish Catholic.
-

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Quicksand.
2. Lead pencil.
3. Alphabet.
4. A mouse in a library.
5. Eye.

Jacques Ferronnier and the Wolf.

(A TRUE STORY.)

Jacques, or Jack, as we will call him, lived in a small village near Vitry, in France. He was eleven years old, and small for his age, but full of courage.

It was the winter of 1700. The cold had been intense. The snow covered the ground for many weeks at a time, so that the wolves of the neighboring forests, not being able to find anything to eat, penetrated in full daylight into the interior of the farms, and even into the villages.

Jack had a great horror of cruel beasts, and animated by the bravery of his little heart, he wished to exterminate them all. One day he begged his father to tell him the best means of combating them, "for," added he, "if I should meet them, I should wish to kill them."

His father thinking that the question was dictated by curiosity, or perhaps a little vanity, replied laughingly, "I will tell you, Jack, the surest way of killing a wolf. As he does not fail to come upon you with his mouth wide open, thrust your arm adroitly into his throat, force it down as far as possible, even to the tail, then draw the tail towards you, and in this way you will turn the wolf inside out, as you would a stocking."

"Oh, but," said Jack, reflecting seriously on this singular manner of proceeding, "I should not be able, perhaps, to do this; my arm is not long enough to reach to the tail of the wolf."

"In that case," replied the father, "I think that forcing the fist strongly down the throat would suffocate him."

"Good! thank you," said the boy, going thoughtfully to one side of the room, while his father went laughing to the other.

It happened one morning that Jack's father and mother went out, and left in his care his little sister sleeping in the cradle. He sat quietly watching her, when suddenly the door was pushed open, and in the door-way appeared a large wolf, who, without ceremony, directed his steps to the little cradle. But the wolf, to his misfortune, had not counted upon the pleasant lesson Jack had received, and upon which he had often reflected very seriously.

Without hesitating, therefore, Jack threw himself upon the wolf, and closing his fist, thrust it into the throat of the animal. The wolf fought, but Jack grasped with his other hand the neck of his enemy, and forced his fist still more strongly down his throat. With great effort he then pushed him into an angle of the wall, where he held him tightly in the corner until the beast rolled suffocated on the floor. Overcome by the excitement and the efforts he had made, the brave little fellow fell fainting by the side of his enemy.

Soon the parents returned, and one can imagine their terror and surprise at seeing their child stretched upon the floor by the side of a wolf. They lifted him up anxiously, and the movement restored him partly to himself. "My little sister," said he, "she is not eaten, she is safe, is she not?"

They assured him of her safety, and when he was quite restored they listened to his story with breathless attention. "I could not succeed," said Jack, in reaching the tail of the wolf, father, but I did the best I could."

You may be sure the father and mother were satisfied of this, and felt not only thankful for the safety of their little one, but proud of the bravery of their son.

Lost and Found

A charming little anecdote is related in the life of Father John Bosco, the founder of many charitable institutions in Europe. One day a little boy belonging to his orphanage was found weeping bitterly. The lad was about to make a general confession, and had written his sins in a copy-book, either because he was scrupulous, or because he found them too numerous to remember readily. He lost this inventory of all he had, or rather of all he had not, for when we commit sin we lose virtue and gain vice. The child's grief was uncontrollable, and so he was brought to Father Bosco. The latter took the little fellow upon his knee and asked him what the trouble was. "I have lost all my sins!" he said amid his tears and sobs. "Happy boy, to lose your sins!" said the kind old man; "but still happier are you if you never find them, for being sinless you will be near to God." Then he consoled the little chap by telling him that he had found the copy-book containing his sins. "If I had known that," the little fellow said with a happy smile, "I would not have cried; and when I went to confession I would have said 'Father, I accuse myself of all the sins in your pocket.'"

There is for us a lesson to be learned from the child's simplicity and earnestness. There is no danger we will write down our sins and then lose them. No; the trouble is we won't lose them, but instead will lose ourselves in them. Nor have we need of a copy-book. All we have to do is to remember what we can, confess them and be sincerely sorry for them.

Frequently repeat the words of the psalmist: Create a clean heart in me, O God.

Editorial Notes.

Convent Culture.

The first solicitude of Mary and Joseph was to present the divine Child to the Lord in the temple. It is not always the first thought of parents in our age. They have an eye to the altar of mammon. With some noble exceptions, home influence has no efficacious effect on children. What will take its place? A *religious* school alone. There are tendencies nowadays to let the pupil rest on his own responsibility and false notions of freedom and independence. The maternal instinct of holy Church points out the safest methods that are sanctioned by centuries of experience. The religious school absorbs the cream of what is best in worldly halls of learning, but holds aloof from what is prejudicial. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the watchword of the Catholic teacher. A boy or girl without religion is an anomaly. We cannot subsist solely on the supernatural. Neither can we in our fallen condition always worship with impunity at the altar of Nature. The two must go hand in hand. As Archbishop Ryan once said, in speaking to some students :

"There is nothing in religion that is opposed to the natural. Whatever is strong, whatever is beautiful in the natural is made stronger and more beautiful by religion. Religion elevates, religion refines human nature. It is like the character of our Lord, which united within itself all the strength of the noblest manhood with the tender gentleness of a woman. He was the model gentleman, with a gentleness that could win the love of all, and yet the courage to denounce the Scribes and Pharisees, and drive the sellers out of the temple. So in you there must be that union of

strength and gentleness, that harmonious blending of the natural and supernatural."

Those wise men of immortal memory, who gave glory to the pallium, sought the educator's paradise and found it on the Niagara frontier. It is a consecrated spot. It is historical, its atmosphere is soul-raising—moves to piety, elevates the mind and rejuvenates the body. If not, then lay the blame at the door of human excess or neglect. Thank God, we have here educational establishments worthy of the place. Let mention of one suffice. Looming high over the cliffs circling the Cataract is a temple of learning and prayer, whose influence is felt from Gulf to Georgian Bay—Loretto Academy, whose walls enclose consecrated women whose fame as teachers *par excellence* is known in two hemispheres—we refer to the "SISTERS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY."

Friars to the Front.

The late war brought the friars to the front, and once more made them the objects of unjust calumny. Now that the smoke has blown away, the truth is again coming to the surface. One lie is first nailed, namely, the supposed wealth of the friars in the Philippines. As Father Alvarez, an Augustinian, just home from those islands, remarked: "It is simple falsehood to assert, as some have done, that any Philippine friar possesses a rod of land or a peso that he can call his own, except temporarily and by permission of his superiors. The Catholic Church in the archipelago is organized on the same basis as in other parts of the world, but the number of clergy is much less in proportion to the population than in any other Catholic country."

Pray for Your Parish Priest.

"The Parochial Clergy" is the general Sacred Heart League Intention for this month. The busy parish priest, daily absorbed in a multitude of care, should be ever the object of our fervent prayer. Alas, too often is the hard-working and self-sacrificing priest a most misjudged and misrepresented man. He needs our prayer and sympathy. Be he an angel he is not above criticism. Well may we say to him with the poet, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." After all his labor for a good cause and the salvation of his neighbor, the saddest moments in a priest's life are when he is misunderstood and misrepresented. The world is full of rash judgments. Sinners ourselves, we are severe judges of sin in others. God remembers the irreverence to His anointed one and, to avenge Himself, visits our children's children. On the other hand, He shows mercy to those who pray for, and show love towards His priests. Unfortunately, we have a stereotyped idea of what a man should be according to our little rules. If our parish priest does not exactly please us, we condemn him. Let us be charitable. Pray for your parish priest—for him who is at your service day and night, who is ready to sacrifice himself for you, and who will in turn be ever mindful of you at the altar.

The White Friars.

The editor of *The American Herald* reminds his readers that the Carmelite Fathers have special claims to the gratitude of the Irish people. He says: "During the long, dark night of religious persecution in Ireland, the Carmelites kept the lamp of learning burning, and ministered, as best they could, to the spiritual wants of the Irish

people. And when Catholic Ireland was permitted to worship in public the Carmelites were the foremost champions of civil and religious liberty. They took an active part in O'Connell's great campaign for freedom. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his story of Ireland, says: 'Owing to the attitude of the Bishops, the secular or parochial clergy for a time deemed it prudent to hold aloof from any very prominent participation in the movement, though their sentiments were never doubted. But the regular clergy—the religious orders—flung themselves ardently into the people's cause. When every other place of meeting, owing to one cause or another, was closed against the young Catholic leaders, the Carmelite Church in Clarendon street, became their rallying point and place of assembly in Dublin, freely given for the purpose by the community.'"

Carmelites in Cuba.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of the "penny dreadfuls" that certain religious orders own large blocks of real estate in every Cuban town of importance. The Carmelites are mentioned as large property holders. If they are such, they became so honestly, and it need not trouble the minds of rapacious preachers. But the chances are that the Carmelites in Cuba are poor as elsewhere. If by chance they did possess a decent monastery, they were soon robbed of it, witness the thirty-nine houses which they lost in England alone. Every Carmelite by profession is a mendicant, and no individual member can say the coat on his back is his own. Moreover, our Order as such does not exist in Cuba, as far as we know, but there are pious Catholics in the Island who belong to the Third Order, which does not interfere with personal proprietorship.

Train the Will.

In education the most important thing is the cultivation of the will. Men and women with wills are very few, and those without wills are many. In his late work on education that eminent Dominican, Father Didon, says that the man of no will power "is as inevitably weak as the man who can resolve effectually (who never lets his resolution shrink, who makes all things converge to the attainment of his aims), is unconquerably strong. Therefore the primary duty of him who wishes to form a man of action, is to inculcate in his pupils the desire, the will—the resolute will—to make a good use of their life."

The men we want to-day are men of strong wills and purposes—men who are able and resolved to serve God, obey the Church and help their fellow-creatures. The saints have been men of iron will. Submissive as children to the law of God and the wishes of His representatives, they looked on the world with an open eye—they were men of one idea, and they followed it out. So has it been with all men who have left a mark in the Church.

"To the training of the will should be added," says the learned Father Didon, "the cultivation of the initiative in the child, which is, as a rule, greatly neglected. As man is essentially of free initiative, it is of importance to teach him how to use his freedom; and since he is able to resolve of himself, it is imperative on educators to teach him by repeated acts far more than by words, to resolve with deliberation, and in clear and conscientious independence. Man's education consists in bringing out far more than in putting in. Some people wrongly think that they can put good habits in a boy as they might put his clothes on him.

They say man is a creature of habit, and therefore passive. So we will give him habits, and when he passes away from our cares, and is left to himself, he will fall perhaps, but still something will remain in the habits he contracted."

The Salt of the Earth.

A French writer in *La Croix* asks, "What are the religious of both sexes good for?" He then points out that the members of Orders, and especially those in France, helped in evangelizing three hundred millions out of the fifteen hundred millions inhabiting the globe, that the rest of the human race will be evangelized by their aid within fifty years through the new means of communication opened up, and that 7,000 nuns in this country are engaged in saving fallen women, thereby effecting a work which astonished and held in check the Communists in 1871, who could not and did not dare to attack the Good Shepherd Convents. As to the contemplative Orders of penitence and prayer, the writer truly considers them to be the intercessors for those who go out to do battle with the devil.

The Chair of Honor.

Speaking of the position held by the Catholic editor, Rev. Dr. Kiernan gives all honor to the men who enter this career, but says "it is generally a thankless one, though fruitful of lasting good. It is but too true that no man is tempted to take up Catholic journalism in order to make a fortune. There must be a higher, nobler ambition than money-making to attract a man to enter on such a career. It is often said that Catholics do not support their literature as well as members of other religious bodies support theirs. Scanty is the encouragement given to those who wish to promote Catholic truth with their pen. And yet there is no nobler field, if the cultivator looks not for his reward here, either in fame or money."

German Generosity.

Already the Catholics of Germany have collected a considerable sum for the purpose of building a handsome church on the spot of the "Dormitio Virginis," donated by the Emperor, the very mountain of Sion, plans for which are being prepared. Moreover, Father Schmidt, director of the German Hospice, has been commissioned by the Society of the Holy Land to commence immediate excavations for the purpose of discovering whether any part of the foundations or even of the walls of the original structure of the Coenaculum are still existing. In case, as is hoped, any such remains are found, the plan of the new church would be modified so as to correspond as nearly as possible to that of the ancient building. The excavations are naturally being watched with great curiosity and expectation.

The Devout Sex.

No more beautiful tribute from a non-Catholic can be found than this extract from a letter of Mr. R. F. Guernsey, writing from Mexico. He says amongst other things:

"The womenfolk are earnest believers, and they are almost invariably sweet and good, and all that true women should be. If the Catholic Church is that defiler of all things pure that the harsh critics of her faith and practice say, why are not the women of Latin America vile at heart, corrupt and degraded? Put all that sort of talk, and I have heard it from men who should be better informed, put it down to ignorance. Let Catholicism be what you will in the way of an over-decorated form of Christianity, seek for all the pagan rites carefully concealed about her premises if you care to, but admit that the essentials of the Christian faith are hers and that she communicates them to her daughters. If there is one thing above all others that the Catholic Church may

boast of, if boasting be the proper word, it is the lovable woman-character it produces."

"Mr. Guernsey, it will be noticed," says *The Catholic Columbian*, commenting on the above, "simply states a fact which has impressed him very strongly, without endeavoring to give an explanation of it. He declares that Catholicism makes womankind lovable because it renders women sweet and good and virtuous. Were he to look into the matter more closely this correspondent would readily discover that one of the chief causes why the Catholic Church thus influences womankind is because it proposes to all women as its exemplar and model that Immaculate Virgin, Maid and Mother, in whom all graces and virtues shone in so pre-eminent a degree."

Fact and Fiction.

For three hundred years the wells have been poisoned. Fable and fiction has gone down deep into the minds of the people. As *The Church Progress* says: "It will take another hundred years to sweat it out of the marrow of their bones." It is only now that we are getting at the true facts of the so-called "Reformation." Father Gasquet, the noted Benedictine, in our days is bringing to light documentary evidence which goes to make a true, black and ghastly picture of the great Revolt. The eyes of many have been opened. In his famous book on "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries"—now in its seventh edition—Father Gasquet gives us an insight into the monasteries which were veritable homes of learning and sanctity. Now that history is being re-written, it is a pleasure this month to listen to a genuine "Whitefriar" who tells the readers of *THE CARMELITE REVIEW* all about our Monastery at Coventry, so rich in historical reminiscences.

An Event of Yesterday.

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death: Amen."

The newspapers of last month recorded a sudden death in Buffalo, which was attended by consoling circumstances, that were probably not taken into account by the busy reporter.

On Thursday, Jan. 5, Mrs. Annie Smith, a well-known nurse, left her home in Buffalo, apparently in the best of health. She took a Main street car and went straight to Wm. Hengerer's Co's store to do a little shopping. Later she came to Adam, Meldrum & Anderson's store. Here she had a pleasant chat with some of her friends whom she met there. No one remarked anything unusual about Mrs. Smith, who left the store and slowly wended her way along Main street. As she turned down Court street, she was noticed to stumble and then quicken her pace. She hastened her steps until she reached the undertaking establishment of Mr. Jeremiah Donovan.

Entering the door, Mrs. Smith complained of feeling unwell and asked permission to rest awhile. Mr. Donovan gave her a chair, and went to get her a glass of water. Struggling for breath, the woman tore open the collar of her dress. After about three minutes it was seen that Mrs. Smith was in a dying condition, and the undertaker hastened to call Dr. Guess, whose office was upstairs. Nothing could be done to save the poor woman, who, fully conscious, saw her end was rapidly approaching.

In opening her dress she brought to view a Brown Scapular which Mr. Donovan at once caught sight of, and, seeing the woman was a Catholic, im-

mediately telephoned to the Cathedral Rectory for a priest. Unfortunately all the priests were engaged elsewhere and the Rector was confined to his bed with la grippe.

In the meantime there accidentally happened along Rev. Father Blakeney, of Akron, who had just arrived on business with Mr. Donovan. Taking in the situation at once, the priest hastened to give the dying woman the last rites of holy Church. Five minutes later she was a corpse.

Worldly-minded persons may only see herein a strange coincidence at our very door, but we agree with the "Niagara" of Buffalo in saying that first we have here a case of a client of Mary who found the "help of Christians" at her sudden but not unprovided death. Secondly, our Lady of Mt. Carmel sent a priest to her dying child. It is a consoling incident which should cheer the heart and strengthen confidence of all who wear the Brown Scapular.

All those columns of calumny against the monks, sent to their gullible customers by the clipping bureaus and "boiler plate" men, was rather stale news. Those same charges had been dished up long before the Olympia had trained her guns on Manila. The outrageous programme had been made up by anti-clericals. The charges were sent direct to Spain. The superiors of the houses in the Philippines replied at once and demanded names and dates. They said their convents were always open to inspection, and that their parishioners knew them too well to believe the false charges of wicked men. The enemy was silenced then and the matter dropped. But these evil reports were re-cooked by malicious preachers and dished up to a gullible public. As the famous showman remarked, "the world wishes to be humbugged."

An interesting and soul-inspiring ceremony took place in the Carmelite chapel, Boston, on January 25th last, when a large number of children were publicly consecrated to the Holy Infant of Prague.

An educational establishment in the East advertises itself as the "School of the Holy Infant of Prague." We are certain that the Divine Child will be honored in a special manner in that school, and a blessing must necessarily follow.

In its innocence *The Independent* wonders whether the secret societies had any hand in hastening the late war, or in aiding the American occupation. Next time that paper will be asking whether Satan was responsible for any disturbance in the Garden of Eden. *The Independent* is, moreover, anxious to know whether these same societies will prove a help or menace in the future. Ask the man who sees no harm in nurturing a viper in his breast.

Reputable persons have again and again given evidence that the Filipinos are a civilized and peaceful people. More than this, they owe their civilization to the friars, who, after years of labor, raised them from barbarism. In spite of all this, the sensational newspapers go on repeating lies. Thus is bigotry and ignorance nurtured in the minds of the people of this continent, who have already a native prejudice against the Latin races and the Church. We are right, but it is one of the hardest things to convince a people against its will.

In order to fix our attention on the details of our Lord's passion, the Church presents to us on the Fridays before Good Friday some one of the instruments of that passion, that it may speak to us and touch our heart. On one day she presents the sacred crown of thorns, on another the holy nails that pierced our Lord's hands and feet, and the spear with which Longinus opened His side; another day the holy

winding sheet in which His sacred body was wrapped. Again, she presents us the Five Wounds, another day the precious Blood, and, last of all, she bids us think of the Sorrows of our Lady, and in union with her to contemplate the sacred passion. By these partial commemorations she sets us thinking of our Lord's sufferings, and so prepares our minds and hearts for the solemn commemoration of Holy Week.

PUBLICATIONS.

A nicely bound volume of *Le Conteur's Leader* for 1898 has been gratefully added to our library. The *Leader* deserves everything that thousands say in praise of it.

Autumn Leaves—verse and story—by Mary Agnes Tincker, is published by Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay St., New York. Price, \$1.00. The same firm puts on the market, at \$1.50, a new translation of *The Four Gospels* by the famous Dominican, Fr. Aloysius Spencer.

"A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion; With a Retreat of Three Days," is a neatly printed and strongly bound little book. Pastors looking ahead to the spring days, with First Communion celebrations, will find it to their interest to make a mental note of this book, published by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, at the low price of seventy-five cents. Parents could not give a better book to their children anxiously awaiting the happiest day of their lives.

"Key to the Spiritual Treasures," a book for the Clergy, by Rev. Cosmas M. Seeberger, C.P.P.S., Missionary Priest of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. With the approbation of Most Rev. W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati. 560 pages; post paid \$1.50.

This book fills a long-felt want of the clergy and is the only book of its kind in the English language. It is a safe and reliable guide for the Rev. Rectors in erecting any of the many Confraternities in their respective parishes. The first edition of this work was given only to foreign missionary priests free

of charge; but as it was earnestly desired by many priests who became acquainted with this book, that it should be obtainable for all on account of its practical use and intrinsic value, it is now offered for sale in its second revised and enlarged edition. This book enjoys the approval and recommendation of three Cardinals, twelve Archbishops and seventeen Bishops. Numerous requests were received from missionaries of foreign countries for more copies, and this made a second edition necessary. The many favorable testimonials of high Church dignitaries show the great usefulness of this work for the clergy. The poor and indigent missionary priests all over the world will receive the work gratis as before. The net proceeds of the sale of this book will be used to distribute more copies among the missionary priests. The book contains its own best recommendation, as it is a concise and reliable guide in erecting Confraternities. All approved and authentic authorities have been carefully consulted and the whole *modus agendi* is laid down. Part First treats explicitly on the History or Origin, the Excellence, Object, Advantages, Conditions, Obligations and Indulgences of the Confraternities. Part Second gives the correct knowledge and method of establishing the Confraternities. Part Third contains the formulas and prayers to be used for the enrollment into the Confraternities, and the blessings for the different religious articles connected with the respective Confraternity, such as cords, beads, medals, scapulars, etc. This book can be obtained by addressing *The Messenger*, Collegeville, Ind.

Mariae Corolla, by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. Benziger Bros., New York Cincinnati, Chicago.

The cultured reader will find much pleasure in these poems. They seem to harmonize with the rich paper of their pages and their delicate covers in pallid blue and gold. For, in point of finish, Fr. Edmund's work deserves praise. His lines glide on acceptably to the ear, in rhyme and rhythm most musical, while his choice of words shows nice command of English.

But what impresses the reader, beyond and above all this, is the peculiar simplicity of his thought. We see the poet himself in and through every one of these verses. They are subjective, in a most attractive way. The pathos of the lines to his sister, those entitled, "A Corde Mariae," and the longer production, "A Poet's Quest," is felt at once, and the whole volume becomes a miniature biography. We sympathize with the author, whatever our own mood at the outset;—drawn on by his evident sincerity and the exquisite transparency of his self-revealing. It is that touch of nature which "makes all men kin."

These beautiful stanzas, apparently written at Lake George, and entitled "Pulchra ut Luna," will serve to show the daintiness to which we allude:

The moon behind her pilot-star
Came up in orbid gold;
And slowly neared a fleecy bar
O'erfloating lone and cold.

I looked again and saw an isle
Of amber on the blue:
So changed the cloudlet by the smile
That softly lit it through.

Another look, the isle was gone—
As though dissolved away.
And could it be so warmly shone
That chaste and tender ray?

I said: "O Star, the Faith art thou
That brought my life its Queen,—
In her sweet light no longer now
The vapor it has been.

"Shine on, my Queen: and so possess
My being to its core,
That self may show from less to less,
Thy love from more to more."

A touch of the oars and on we slid,
My cedar boat and I.
The dreaming water faintly chid
Our rudeness with a sigh.

The reviewer can safely recommend this volume; for all poetry-lovers, Catholic or Protestant, will surely rejoice therein. Its clearness and tenderness befit its subject and make it truly "a crown of Mary."

—C. D. S.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Miss B. M., London, Ont.; Miss J. J., Arichat, C. B.; Miss K. A. C., Saxonville, Mass.; Mrs. M. D., Providence, R. I.; Mrs. H. C. D., Latrobe, Pa.; Miss M. H., Bornholm, Ont.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass. (2); W. W., St Marys, Pa.; Sr. M. C., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss M. N., Eagle Centre, Ia.; Mrs. M. & H., East London, Ont.; Mrs. J. D., St. John, N. B.; Miss A. M. N., Sagole, Wis., A Friend, Rochester, N. Y.; A. T. K., Lindsay, Ont.; L. H. D., Washington, D. C.; J. S., Findlay, O.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Out.; M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

HENRY BLAKE.

PATRICK F. HARRIGAN.

MR. and MRS. JOHN BURKE.

MRS. MURRAY, Syracuse, N. Y.

MR. and MRS. PETER O'CONNELL.

PATRICK BURKE, who died at Cincinnati, O.

PHILIP MOODY, who died in San Francisco, Jan. 4.

EDMUND MOODY, who died suddenly at San Francisco.

MRS. JAMES BURKE, who died last year at Sudbury, Ont.

MRS. BRIDGET O'BRIEN, who died Jan. 3, in Pittsburg, Pa.

REGINA TOPPER, who died on Dec. 15, 1898, at Camden, N.J.

CHARLES MOHAN, who died on Epiphany, at Paducah, Kentucky. Deceased was a model Christian, devout Catholic, ardent devotee of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and upright citizen, loved by all who knew him.

All deceased readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

MRS. ELIZABETHA STRAUSS who died at Buffalo, N.Y., January 4th. Deceased was a truly Christian woman, kind to all and generously aided every charitable object.

REV. FATHER SERAPION J. MENZL, O.C.C., founder and first editor of the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*, who died in his eighty-third year on December 15th, 1898, in the Carmelite Convent of Our Lady of the Snow, at Graz, Austria.

On January 11th, the angel of death took from the Community of St. Joseph, Peterborough, their beloved SISTER M. GERALDINE. This good religious had been an invalid for some years, especially for the last year. Her name in the world was Joice Chidwick. She was born in New York City in 1862, and was the only daughter of Mrs. J. Chidwick. She entered the Convent of St. Joseph's, Toronto, 16 years ago. The deceased religious was of a most beautiful disposition, having been blessed by God with excellent gifts of nature and grace. Among all her virtues, her patient, cheerful endurance of her sufferings was most remarkable. Though a sufferer for years, never once was there a murmur on her lips, nor frown to be seen, but ever a sweet smile. In disposition she was indeed like her noble brother, "The Chaplain of the Maine." So beautiful a life had a most consoling death. The Sister was perfectly conscious till the last. Her last word was thanksgiving for her religious vocation, and with aspirations of praise, and thanks to our Divine Lord, she breathed her pure soul to God an hour after receiving Holy Viaticum.

Rev. Father Chidwick came from Washington to attend the funeral, having paid a visit to Sister Geraldine only two months previous. Her brother, William, also came from New City to attend the funeral, the two sons of a widowed mother, who was with our beloved Sister till the last.

SR. M. V.

Peterborough, Ont., January 16th, 1899.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

An Efficacious Prayer.

Efficacious prayers in honor of St. Peter-Thomas, Bishop and Martyr of the Carmelite Order, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, to be protected from contagious diseases and epidemics. Feast, February 15 :

O Glorious St. Peter-Thomas, who hadst the happiness to hear from the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel that her chosen order would last unto the end of time, turn thy loving gaze upon it, protect and defend it from all its enemies, and obtain from the Most Blessed Virgin that thy religious brethren may ever increase in virtue and aspire to more sublime perfection.

V.—*Pray for us St. Peter Thomas.*

R.—*That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

Prayer of the Mass and Office: We beseech Thee, O Lord! that being appeased by the intercession and merits of St. Peter-Thomas, Thy Martyr and Bishop, Thou wilt grant us pardon of our sins, and keep us free from the ravages of pestilence. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Carmel Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from: St. Mary's, New Albany, Indiana; St. Thomas, Bedford, Pa., and Lohrville, Iowa.

Names for registry received at Carmel Convent, Niagara Falls, from: St. Louis', Gervait, Oregon; Holy Cross, Pomquet, N.S.; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H.I.; St. Joseph's, New Almelo, Kans.; Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Leo Military College, St. Leo, Fla.; St. Andrew's, Guysboro, N.S.; St. Patrick's, Queenston, Ont.; St. Louis', St. Louis, Ore.; St. Ann's, Nieponser, Mass.; St. Boniface, Rochester, N.Y.; St. Francis',

Traverse City, Mich.; St. Mary Immaculate, Crysler, Ont.; St. Patrick's, Mainadieu, N.S.; St. Catherine's, King, Iowa.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, c. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

That a very sick cousin may have his health restored. For the conversion of five persons. Cure of eczema. For an absent brother. For an intemperate husband. For an invalid mother. For a woman in a critical condition. For success in building a house. For recovery of health. For perseverance. For a careless brother. For the spiritual good of two children. For a father's cure. Recovery of health. For two conversions. For information of absent friend. For spiritual and temporal blessings. For a brother's restoration to health. For the conversion of a friend. That a father may attend to his religious duty. That a subscriber may find a virtuous husband. For all our readers and all their intentions. For spiritual and temporal needs of two children. Means, 1. Perseverance, 1. Three persons neglectful of religious duty. Conversion of a son, of a wife, of a son-in-law. A favor from the Infant of Prague for an urgent case.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

A reader wishes to return sincere thanks to the Divine Infant of Prague and St. Joseph for a temporal favor received and promised to have published in the REVIEW.

Dec. 30, '98.

L. G. METUCHEN.

A reader thanks our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for the conversion of a non-Catholic.

From Staffa, Ont.

"We could not do without THE REVIEW now."

From Arichat, N.S.

"As long as I live I trust I may be able to take it (THE REVIEW) for it is a source of great pleasure to all."—E. DE M.

From Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET, R.I., Dec. 27, 1898.

REV. DEAR SIRS,—I wish to continue taking THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and mean to (if God gives me means) while I live.

Your humble servant,
C. C.

From a Well-Known Editor.

"There are many sweet things in your little monthly (THE CARMELITE REVIEW) and it is a nice thing to have a bound volume to pick up once in a while so that one may drink in a little fresh information from Holy Church's treasury."

From the Pacific Coast.

A zealous priest in Oregon, in sending us names for registration in the Scapular album last month, said at the close of his letter to the editor: "I must say before closing that I am very much pleased with THE REVIEW, and feel much encouraged in the holy service of Mary by the perusal of its pages. Thanks for your recent kind letter and your present kindness in accepting our list for registration. I should add a word of thanks at the same time for the salutary influence extended to us through your fervent publication. Wishing the work of your Order every success, and recommending myself and flock to its pious suffrages, I remain, with the wishes of the season, etc."

From a Child of Mary.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 29, 1899.

The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,—I write this to you, to ask you to grant a request, and that is to be so kind as to send me a Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

My reason for requesting this favor is, on account of a miracle that took place in the years 1861-63.

When the great Civil War broke out, my father, who was then a young man and a Southerner by birth, enlisted in a Southern regiment, and at the battle of Gettysburg he

had on a Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and being stationed at the front of his regiment, was within range of the enemy's guns. One man standing two feet from him was shot through the heart and instantly killed, and my father received a rifle bullet in his left side, which had been aimed for his heart, and which passed through his thick overcoat and all of his other clothes, and when it struck the little Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel it stopped. Father ever after said it was a miracle, and he never would leave the house without he had on that little Brown Scapular, and I am happy to say he had it on when he died, and that he died a good and happy death, calling on the names of Jesus and Mary.

Dear fathers, I wish to ask another favor of you, and that is that you and all of your community and the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will pray that I may be faithful to my vocation, and that is, that I may become a good, holy and zealous priest, and that I may serve my God, the Infant Jesus and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel faithfully unto death as a good and holy priest should.

I will close now with love and prayers for the success of your little paper which is doing so much good, and I hope it may continue so. ●

I remain,

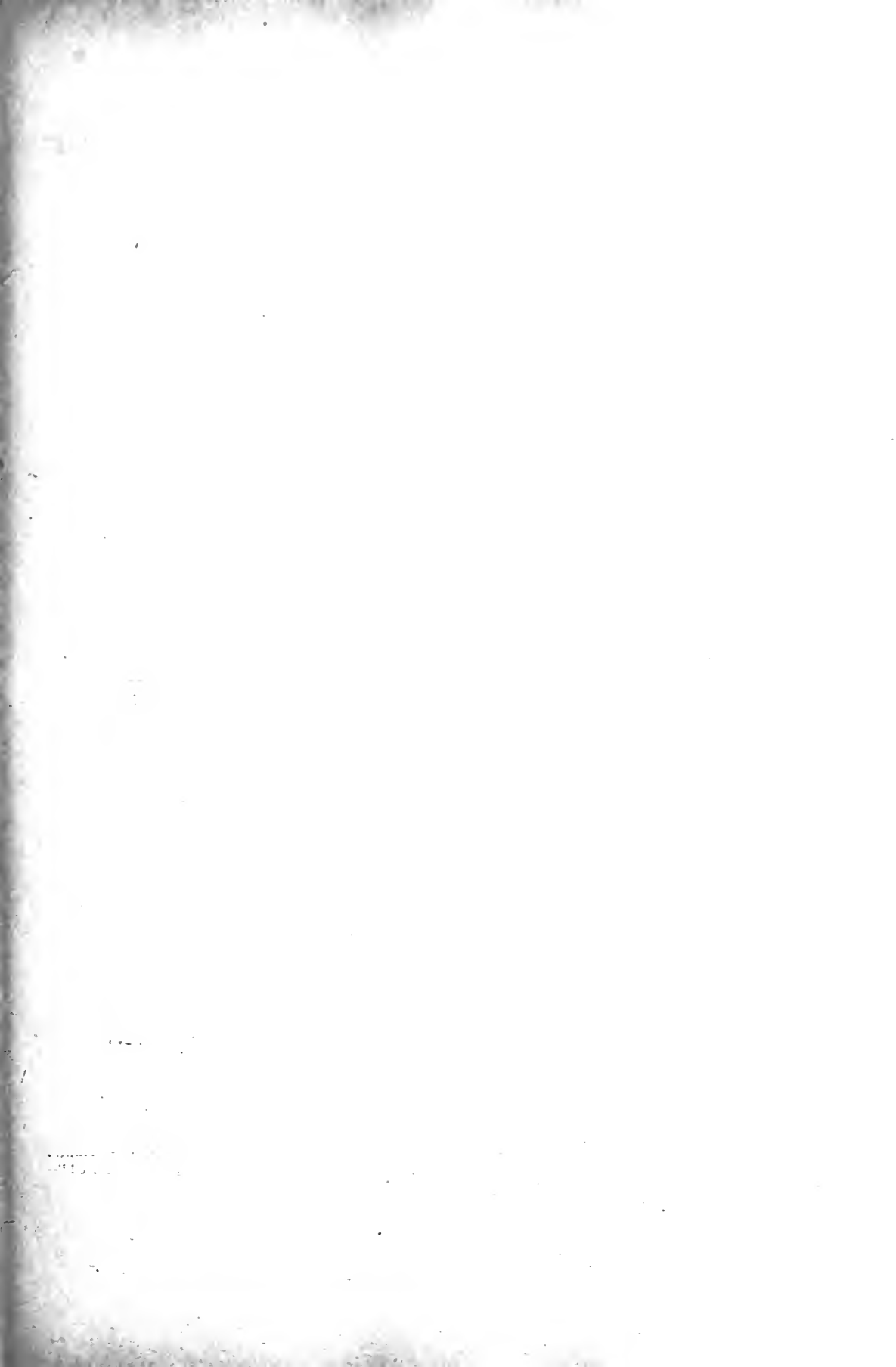
In prayer,

F. McC.

Statues and prayers of the Holy Infant of Prague can be had from Joseph Schaefer, No. 9 Barclay street, New York, and also from The Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





CARMELITE CONVENT AT COVENTRY.

"THE GATEWAY."

"It was a very aged, ghostly place, the church had been built many hundred years ago, and once had a convent or monastery attached." "The gate is open. We will sit in the church porch," said little Nell"—*Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," Chap. 46.*



The Voice of Jesus Crucified.



ARKLY the shades of death had gathered round Him,
Murmured the trembling lips of ashen hue ;
"Father, forgive them—these for whom I'm dying,
Father, forgive—they know not what they do!"

Like to the incense from a golden censer,
Wafted the fragrance of that touching prayer,
Softly the dew of grace and tender mercy,
Fell on a dying heart beside Him there.

Brightly the star of hope with silvery gleaming,
Shone through the clouds with gentle guiding ray,
Breathes forth his humble prayer to be remembered
By Jesus in His Kingdom far away.

Oh ! gentle answer from our living Saviour !
Oh ! words divine ! "Amen, I say to thee,
This day, for ever free from pain and sorrow,
In Paradise thou shalt rejoice with Me !"

The fading eyes are gazing on His Mother,
Who stands beneath the cross in bitter pain :
Then on the loved Disciple, and the music
Of His sweet words gives forth this plaintive strain

"Behold thy Son !" again, "Behold thy Mother !"
Oh ! wondrous love ! Oh ! pity all divine !
What shall we render, O my sweetest Jesus,
For this most precious parting gift of thine ?

Deepen the shadows round the dying Saviour,
 And o'er His spirit like the stormy sea,*
 Rush the deep waves—oh! hear that moan of anguish,
 "My God! why hast Thou thus forsaken Me?"

Trembling the Mother gazes on her loved One,
 Sees the parched lips she cannot moisten now,
 "I thirst, I thirst!" His Sacred Head is drooping,
 And blood is flowing from His thorn-pierced Brow.

Now, "All is finished!" Like the golden sunset,
 Is fading fast that life of love divine,
 And to the eyes of faith bright rays of glory
 E'en now around that holy Cross entwine.

Once more He speaks, it is the last sweet sighing
 Of those dear lips whose thrilling melody
 Is murmured now in tones of deepest sadness,
 "My Father, I commend my spirit unto Thee."

Now in the lonely depths of Mary's spirit,
 Sink the last echoes of those words divine.
 Like to the boundless ocean is thy sorrow,
 What can comfort thee, O Mother mine?

Soon in her loving arms they gently laid Him,
 Ah! 'twas his first and latest place of rest:
 Sad are the waves of memory round her flowing
 Of a fair Infant on her tender breast.†

Now in the garden tomb her Son is lying;
 Slowly the mourning Mother turns away
 Waiting in faith, and hope, and patient longing
 For the glad dawning of the Easter-day.

* "Salvum me fac Deus, quoniam intraverunt
 aquae usque ad animam meam." Ps. iv., 18.

† "Has Bethlehem come back to thee, my Mother, and the days of His beautiful
 childhood?"—Faber "Foot of the Cross."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)



THE same means which had saved Nicosia were renewed at Famagouste. One day's fast upon bread and water was observed by the entire city, and a general conference was held

in the Cathedral of St. Sophia. Every rank and every age—from the old man, trembling upon the verge of the grave, to the little infant, sheltered in its mother's arms—every condition, from the wealthy merchant to the mendicant asking for alms, responded to the call of the Apostle. Not only the Latins and the United Greeks were there, but even adherents of the different heresies prevailing in the Orient came in great numbers, and *all* agreed to the fast as directed by the Legate. All took part in the procession, barefoot, and with torch in hand, with an air of the deepest penitence and humility. Each nation advanced, according to the rank prescribed, and each chanted hymns, canticles and lamentations, as enjoined by its own special rite. The solemnity of the scene was appreciated even by the Jews and Turks, many of whom, inspired by the example of the Christians, fell into rank, were pro-

foundly affected, and remained with the procession until the end. The crowning point of this memorable demonstration was the sermon preached by Blessed Peter. His intense earnestness, his graceful and impressive gestures, his very look, glance—all combined had such an effect that even those who were ignorant of the language in which he spoke seemed to understand and were moved to penitence.

Private mortifications united to public prayer never fails to disarm the wrath of heaven. St. Gregory, during a procession which he had ordered, hoping to obtain the cessation of a terrible pestilence, beheld an angel putting back into its scabbard the sword of divine justice. At Famagouste the Lord, in like manner, permitted Himself to be touched by the supplications of another of his servants and by the penitence of the guilty city. There were at the time of the devotions, at least two hundred poor creatures writhing in the agonies of the plague. According to the dictum of the physicians there was hope of life for very few, and even they had but a slender chance. Then the astrologers, both at that period and subsequently, held in such esteem by the ignorant and superstitious, proclaimed that not one stricken by the pestilence would recover. "The age of the moon and the conjunction of the stars was so unfavorable!" And yet from the time of those pious exercises there was *not one death from the plague either at Famagouste or at any other part of the*

Isle of Cyprus. The scourge disappeared miraculously. All these statements are authentic—Philip de Mezzieres who relates them was an eye-witness to all. It is time to give some biographical details of this noble chevalier who, from this time on, will be found to be intimately associated with the diplomatic, military and oratorical campaigns of the holy Legate.

Philip de Mezzieres was born in the year 1312, in a castle, in the village, which bears the family name, situated in Picardy. Possessed of an adventurous spirit, he left the paternal mansion—which was fast falling into decay—at an early age, and set off, as he intended, upon a tour of the whole world. After a rapid transit through Lombardy, and a similar course through Sicily his ardent and pious soul felt attracted towards the noble cause of the holy places, and their attempted rescue. Compatriot of Peter the Hermit, it is said that he thought Palestine was to be delivered by an inhabitant of Picardy, and forthwith set out for the Orient. With the Dauphin of Viennois, with Geoffry de Charny and the first Boucicant he made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return stopped at Cyprus. There he placed his great eloquence at the service of the most noble cause, thus gaining him the favor of the brave and chivalrous spirits of whom the Count de Tripoli, heir presumptive to the throne, was the soul and hope. The latter, during the comparatively peaceful reign of his father, found his chief pleasure in entertaining the nobles of the court with projects of future conquest. He had quietly affiliated his young friends to a military organization. Mezzieres had most probably drawn up the statutes for this special detachment.

To assure himself beforehand of the concurrence of the French, the Count de Tripoli had sent Mezzieres to Pope Clement VI., to Philip of Valois, and to John, Duke of Normandy. Upon his accession to the throne, under the name of Pierre I., he appointed Mezzieres chancellor of the kingdom.

The education of this cultured gentleman was far more thorough than that of the greater part of the laity, and even surpassed that of many amongst the clergy. "He seemed, therefore," to use the language of a modern author from whom we have borrowed these details, "most specially destined for that office."

During the first visits of Peter Thomas to Cyprus, Philip de Mezzieres had begun to know and appreciate him, but from the date of the second legation of the Bishop to the Orient they were in constant and intimate communication. Their mutual esteem, their perfect concurrence upon all questions of political—or ecclesiastical nature, had drawn together these two illustrious men in the bonds of a sincere and lasting friendship. Holy souls—generous disciples of the gospel—in a word, the saints of God—present the most favorable field for friendship, which they feel alike and inspire in an eminent degree.

To this friendship was added, on the part of Mezzieres the most profound and enthusiastic veneration for the humble religious. One cannot peruse, without being deeply touched, the page whereon after having summed up the marvels wrought by Blessed Peter at Cyprus, and depicting the influence which such virtue gives its possessor over the human heart, the historian proceeds to dilate upon their friendship in the most candid and affectionate manner.

"I have received from him," said he, "so many proofs of fatherly love and kindness that if I wished to relate them I never would have sufficient time. My pen, moreover, could not portray my feelings. I pass by many of the good deeds he has accomplished in my regard. I will merely say that from the hour of my first acquaintance with him I chose him for my beloved father, how much has my love increased since then! From now, and for all future time he will be my father, and, though I am most unworthy, he has chosen me for his most loving and devoted son.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CARMELITE MONASTERY AT COVENTRY,

(WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND).

Historical Sketch, with Illustrations, by Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., London.



UPON the ill-fated 1st of October, 1539, there remained three alternatives for the expelled monks: (1) to join the secular clergy by accepting a living somewhere in the kingdom. The greatest obstacle, however, to this plan consisted in the reluctance of bishops to grant "letters of quality" i.e. testimonials to prove that the bearer was lawfully ordained and otherwise qualified for the exercise of ecclesiastical functions. Moreover, the Crown was not in the least anxious to reinforce the "Ultramontane" clergy by those who had only just been driven from their monasteries for their adherence to the Pope. (2) They might leave the country altogether and go to some foreign place where religious Orders were free from persecution. We have no evidence that any Carmelite adopted this line. Not only was travelling at that time more difficult and expensive than nowadays, but most of the fathers had long since passed the age when one cares for such a radical change. (3) There still remained a third course to take, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, most of the expelled religious had recourse to it: viz. to return to their families or relations, lead a retired life, observe as many points of the Rule as circumstances would

allow, say Mass in the nearest chapel or church and wait until death freed them from the bonds of a wicked world. As already stated, we lose sight of the Coventry Fathers the moment they are forced to submit to the Royal will. Yet one Coventry man, though not at the time a member of the community, is known to have obtained an ecclesiastical benefit. This was John Byrde, who had held the dignity of Provincial from 1515 till 1518, again from 1521 till 1533, and, after an interval of two years during which the aforesaid Provincial of all the Mendicants, George Browne, did his nefarious work of destruction, he was re-elected to a charge which subsequently remained vacant for more than three hundred years. His last tenure of office expired naturally with the extinction of the Order in England in 1538-9, after which date we find Byrde at Dunmow in Essex.

Although the written records teach us nothing more of the fate of the Carmelites of Coventry, it seems to me that their position may have been a little more favorable than that of most other communities. The monasteries of Friars were far from rich, not to be compared with the great Abbeys of Benedictine or Cistercian monks. Nevertheless there were greedy people who would court the Royal favor and were ever ready to scramble for the crumbs falling from the Royal table. The buildings and the plate may have been of little or no value, but there

was the ground, all the more precious as it was situate within the narrow walls of fortified towns: Consequently corporations vied with private individuals in importuning the King for some small convent or monastery, no matter how poor. Every inch of ground was worth having. Thus it came to pass that most of these monasteries were disposed of almost as soon as they were evacuated by their lawful owners. It was different at Coventry; there six years were allowed to pass until, on August 17th, 1545, the King granted letters patent to Sir Ralph Sadler and his heirs to hold in burgage the house and all that belonged to it with the exception of twenty shillings p.a. due to Mereton's chantry. Probably the monks were allowed to remain in the monastery during these six years, and more than probably their numbers diminished considerably during this time. There remained, therefore, but very few to

"Gain their freedom with a sigh."

Sir Ralph Sadler sold the former monastery to John Hales, who made it his habitation and directed by his will, dated 17th Dec., 1572, that after his death it should be sold, which, however, was not done, for John Hales, nephew of the aforesaid, lived there until the middle of the 17th century. The church, having been omitted from the original grant, was pulled down during the reign of Elizabeth, the materials being used for the construction of Causton House.

In the first half of the present century, the corporation of Coventry acquired the property at considerable cost and utilized it as a workhouse for male paupers, at the same time carefully preserving it from damage and decay. The illustrations we are able to offer to our readers have been prepared

by a friend and will give a fair idea of the actual state of the ancient monastic buildings. "The outer gate," says the historian of Coventry, "and portions of the monastery which lead thereto from Much Park Road may still be seen there in some remains of massive stone walls and arches inlaid and overlaid with brick work and formed into a poor looking dwelling house." It is supposed that this gate house is the one alluded to by Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop (Chap. 44)." Of the monastery itself there remains but a magnificent Gothic archway half buried in the ground; the original entrance with a fine Gothic window; two cloisters, namely, an outer and an inner, running side by side, the former being now divided into two portions, one of which serves as chapel, the other as bathroom. The inner cloister, of which we have a fine illustration, runs parallel to the outer one. It now serves as a dining room for the paupers, who will hardly appreciate its architectural beauties. This cloister, the very stones of which one would like to kiss, was the scene of much that goes to constitute the religious life. Through it moved stately processions, here some of the fathers might be seen silently meditating on the last things, while others would sit in the cosy window recesses reading or chatting in a subdued voice. The two cloisters are connected by a large gate, on both sides whereof there are deep and dark recesses, which our guide tells us were used as dungeons. What strange ideas of religious life our 19th century romancers must possess! No monastic building would be complete without a dungeon and some gruesome stories attached it. Here, at any rate, the site would have been badly chosen, being close to the door. A little com-

mon-sense and some experience of religious life suggests that the recesses in question served the much less romantic purpose of sheltering such trivial things as mantles and boots, to be put on and taken off upon going out and coming in.

Above the inner cloister there is the dormitory, now made into one large room, but formerly partitioned off, as is evidenced by the position of the window-mullions. At present this room is exceedingly lofty and airy, but originally there may have been a granary between it and the roof. In the centre of the dormitory there is a large Oriel window, from which Queen Elizabeth addressed the people of Coventry assembled in the quadrangle below, on what subject history does not record. The dark red sand stone, which forms the material of the building, if somewhat sombre, adds to its beauty and impressiveness.

Besides this side of the cloister there is only a part of another left, with a

very handsome doorway leading probably into the refectory, now the scullery, above which there seems to have been a private oratory. All the rest of the building is modern, calling for no particular notice. As has already been stated, nothing is left of the church, but there are no indications that it was in any way remarkable. Some years ago, when its foundations were laid bare for building purposes, a number of skeletons were discovered, some of which were still clothed in the Carmelite habit. They were reverentially transferred to consecrated ground.

On leaving these hallowed precincts, I could not resist the temptation of entering my name in the visitors' book, with the qualification: "Whitefriar from London," considering myself as the lawful owner of this old monastery, and as such I did not omit to greet the Queen of Carmel with a *Salve Regina* in the place where in times past she had frequently been thus saluted by her own favorite children.

Lines on Receiving "The Beauties of Mary."

WHAT precious gems of holy thoughts

And graceful imagery,

Into this diadem are wrought,

O Mother Queen, for thee!

Thy beauties in poetic souls

Awake soft chords of love,

Like echoes from the Angel-choirs

In land of song above.

A gift, with kindly greeting, sent

Across the deep blue sea:

I love it for the donor's sake,

But more, my Queen, for Thee!

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.



HE Church celebrates the Feast of the Annunciation on the twenty-fifth of this month, and in Catholic countries binds all the faithful to observe it as a holy day of obligation,

that they may give glory to God by honoring His Blessed Mother. The festival is of very ancient date. It goes back to the early ages of the Church, and according to several ancient writers of great authority, it is of Apostolic origin. Benedict XIV. and also the Bollandists agree with this statement, on account of the authority that supports it, and the weight of tradition in its favor. Pope Gelesius I. makes mention of it in 492 and several councils at a little later date. At a very early period some churches in Europe celebrated the feast on the 18th of January, and some others on the 18th of December, but this was only for a short time, and was done to avoid the inconvenience of the festival falling within Holy Week, or the week after Easter, which might easily happen as Easter is a movable feast. During the former week, the Church is celebrating the sufferings of our Divine Lord in His passion and death, and during the latter she is celebrating His resurrection — His glorious triumph over death and the grave, and in her exultation is sending up her praise and thanksgiving, for the victory won for her by her divine Spouse. When this occurs, the feast of the Annunciation is transferred to

the first Monday after Low Sunday.

But the festival was celebrated from the earliest date on the 25th day of March, as that was the actual day on which the angel announced the happy tidings of our redemption and on which God, the Son, the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity became incarnate in the sacred womb of the Blessed Virgin. That this most wonderful event, the greatest that ever occurred in time, took place on the 25th day of March we are assured from ancient tradition for Saint Augustine informs us, in his work on the Blessed Trinity, that in his time there was an ancient tradition stating that the 25th day of March was the very day that the Son of God became incarnate. As the angel announced on that day the happy tidings of our redemption to our Virgin Mother, and as on the same day our Divine Lord became incarnate, this feast would appear to be the feast of our Lord as well as the feast of the Blessed Virgin. But Suarez remarks that the gift of Christ to man was not perfectly accomplished till the moment of His birth, and on that account Christmas is the feast of Christ, whilst the Annunciation is chiefly regarded as the feast of the Blessed Virgin.

When God was about to create man, He took counsel with the Divine Persons of the most Holy Trinity: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness." We can very easily understand from these words the importance of man's creation. In creating all other things, grand as they may seem, there was no counsel taken. The earth with all its beautiful productions, the trees, flowers, and plants that spring from its fertile surface; the

variety and beauty of the animals that repose and feed upon its bosom ; the grand luminaries that roll above us in illimitable space, were created by the simple expression of His will. He said, and it was done. But when He was about to create man He, as it were, paused and took counsel. "Let us make man to our image and likeness." What a mysterious being man is ! How astonishing his destiny ! The image of God, spiritual, rational, free, living in time and through the vast and endless ages of eternity. Oh ! angels of heaven be silent when you look upon his destiny. Oh ! bright luminary, when you look down upon him from the height of your noonday splendor, upon him for whom you are flooding the earth with your light, had you only reason you would, were it possible, have long since asked your Creator why He poured out such treasures of light and beauty on this being so forgetful of his destiny.

Although God promised a Redeemer to man, a short time after his fall, yet nearly four thousand years had elapsed before the promise was accomplished. During that long period, man, ever prone to evil, would do without God and be sufficient in himself. But he had a sad experience in his journey through life ; there was still remaining, though his understanding was much darkened, the light of natural reason, and through it he beheld the flight of time, the decay of fortune, and death victorious over life. In this sad plight he sought a being superior to himself to lean on, but in the pride of his heart he had turned away from the true and living God, refusing to adore Him, and as a punishment for his infidelity, God left him to follow his own devices and to bow to idols inferior to himself. Nor was he more fortunate

in governing nations and peoples. He tried all the schools of philosophy from age to age ; all kinds of isms were put to the test ; all systems of government were essayed, and political economy studied, but all failed, as nations and peoples will and must fail if they endeavor to throw off God and try to live without Him. As ages rolled by he not only erred in the first principles of justice in dealing with his fellow man, but he lost, through the utter corruption of his heart, light to discover the first principles of morality. He enslaved his fellow creatures and looked upon them as though they were mere animals, goods and chattels, and steeled his heart against their poverty and their helplessness. The loftiest heights of virtue did not stir a sympathetic chord within his heart, the most heroic deeds of charity were beneath his notice, whilst he clothed the gods of his own imagination with the most impure and degrading vices, and offered to them the incense of his devotion. Thus, man was degraded, a slave to his passions, brutal and cruel to his fellow man, doomed to drag out a miserable life here, and had no hope of a happy hereafter. How sad must have been his unhappy state ! Plunged into every species of vice, he frequently wallowed in the mire of unnatural crimes, so that the world was festering in its own corruption, when the plenitude of time arrived that God in the inscrutable decrees of His divine mercy determined to send a Redeemer.

A council is held in heaven, the redemption is decreed, and an archangel, one of the spirits that stand before the throne of God, is sent to earth to bear the happy tidings. But there is a mere human creature concerned in the redemption, without whose co-operation it could not be accomplished, as there

was no other creature conceived immaculate, and as no other had the transcendent sanctity required, which she possessed. She is the second Eve—our mother according to the spirit, as the first Eve is our mother according to the flesh. What a contrast between the two! If we look back to the cradle of the human race, we behold Eve in an earthly paradise, all bright and radiant in the splendor of her beauty, as she came forth from the hand of her Creator. An angel of darkness stands before her, her curiosity is aroused by his deceitful and seductive flattery, her pride and her vanity are stimulated, she is charmed and carried away by falsehood, the virus of the serpent insinuates itself into her bosom, consenting she puts forth her hand—taking, she eats; the deed is accomplished—she is lost. Saint John Chrysostom draws an antithesis between Christ and Adam, between Mary and Eve, and between the angel Gabriel and the serpent. "Death entered the world through Adam, life through Christ; the serpent seduced Eve, Mary gave her consent to the angel, but the seduction of Eve brought death, the consent of Mary gave a Redeemer to the world. What was lost through Eve is restored through Mary; what was lost through Adam is more than restored through Christ." Mary conceived immaculate, endowed with heavenly gifts beyond human comprehension, but insignificant in the eyes of the world, poor and unknown to the great ones of the earth, the wife of a poor artisan, resides in an unpretentious house away in an obscure valley in Judea. She is wrapt in contemplation, an angel of light stands before her, an ambassador sent by God and bearing the most important message that was ever announced to this

world since the omnipotent power of the Creator called it into existence. Her humility is alarmed at the salutation of the angel—those beautiful words so sweet and consoling to the human heart, and so frequently repeated by her children throughout the world: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." Who having heard was troubled at his saying and thought with herself, what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus." And Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, for I know not man." Here the angel explains, and tells her that no word is impossible with God, that by becoming a mother she will still remain a virgin. The fears of Mary are allayed. How sublime the virtue of humility and the love of virginity shone out in the attitude of Mary toward the angel. She trembles and asks what manner of salutation this might be, and demands an explanation, as she is troubled for her virginity. For although the most exalted position to which the omnipotent power of God could raise a creature, is to the dignity of being His Mother, nevertheless grand as that dignity stood out before her, she would renounce it forever, rather than her virginity should suffer the slightest taint. And both these virtues of humility and virginity were necessary for Mary that she might be chosen as the Mother of God, for if they did not shine before His all-searching eye, with such brilliancy down deep in her heart, He would have never chosen her for His Mother.

But this interview between Mary

and the angel was a moment of suspense, the fate of the human race hung in the balance; the consent of Mary was necessary; without it the Son of God would not take flesh in her womb, and no other was worthy to be His Mother. Let us here pause before the great mystery of the Incarnation. Who can fathom its depths? No man on earth can penetrate down to its unfathomable abyss, not even the highest angel in heaven, nor the Blessed Virgin herself, with her all but infinite knowledge and love. So it will ever remain an inscrutable mystery, the admiration, the joy and the rapture of the angels and the saints of God. And it is this great mystery that is to be accomplished. Mary gave her consent "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done with me according to thy word." And immediately the Son of God took flesh in her womb. "And the Word was made flesh." God by His omnipotent power created worlds, suns, and systems. His fiat went forth and a world was created. Mary's fiat went forth and a God became incarnate. In what words will we pronounce her praises! What tongue can proclaim the exalted dignity to which she is elevated! Here we must only bow down before the mysteries of God and unite with our Blessed Mother in praising Him for all that He hath done for her, repeating with her her glorious canticle of praise and prophecy. "And Mary said: my soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name."

From the dawn of Christianity, the

Church has been the defender of the honor and the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin. We find her in the Apostles' creed holding her position with the Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity, as she holds it now in heaven. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." If we go back to the year 431 we find the council of Ephesus—the third general council of the Church, convoked by the holy Pontiff Saint Celestin. We may remark here that it was this holy Pontiff who consecrated Saint Patrick Bishop, and sent him to Ireland to bear the glad tidings of salvation to the children of the Emerald Isle. As we have said above, the council being convoked, Saint Cyril of Alexandria was appointed Apostolic Legate to represent the Holy Father and to defend the Mother of God from the attacks of the heresiarch Nestorius, who endeavored to rob her of that title. He was patriarch of Constantinople, and the portrait that history draws of him is by no means flattering. The heresiarch was proud, superficial, with great pretensions to depth, and bombastic rather than eloquent. He declared that Jesus Christ had two persons: one the person of the man Jesus Christ, the other the person of God—the Word. Whence it followed, that Jesus was not God, but a man united to God in a more special and intimate manner than any other. Then, as a logical conclusion, the Blessed Virgin was not the Mother of God, but only the Mother of the man called the Christ, to whom the Word united Himself. This impious doctrine destroyed the mystery of the Incarnation, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and

the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin. It was solemnly condemned in the second session of the council, and the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin was vindicated. As we have here given the false doctrine of Nestorius condemned in the council, we deem it our duty to our readers to give the true Catholic doctrine taught by the Church on this subject. We consider that the creed of Saint Athanasius contains the clearest exposition of this grand dogma of the Church. "Furthermore it is necessary to everlasting salvation that we also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father begotten before all ages, and He is man of the substance of His Mother born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man, of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the Father according to His Godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood, Who although He be both God and man, yet He is not two but one Christ. One, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood into God. One altogether not by confusion of substance but by unity of person. For as the reasonable Soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ." And the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of that one Christ, God and man, and she is therefore the Mother of God.

It is a glorious thing for us to look back and go in spirit across the chasm of fifteen centuries, and view the piety and devotion of the inhabitants of Constantinople to the Blessed Virgin, when they indignantly left the Church on hearing the blasphemies of Nestorius uttered against the Mother of God. Nor were the inhabitants of Ephesus behind in their love for our Blessed

Lady. The streets of the ancient city, converted by Saint Paul, where the council was held, were thronged by the faithful awaiting the decision of the Fathers. And when the result was announced, that the honor of the Mother of God was vindicated, and that the heresy that sought to rob her of her glorious title was crushed, the night rang with their acclamations of joy and thanksgiving, the city was illuminated, and the air was redolent with perfumes burned in honor of the glorious victory of the Mother of God. After the decision, Saint Cyril rose in the council and addressed the Holy Virgin: "Hail, O Mother of God! O Mary! rich treasure of the universe, ever burning lamp, light of the Church, crown of virginity, sceptre of orthodoxy, imperishable temple, Mother and Virgin, through whom He is, that cometh blessed in the name of the Lord! We hail thee who didst, in thy virginal womb, contain Him Who is immense, incomprehensible! Thee, through whom the Holy Trinity is adored and glorified, the Cross honored and venerated throughout the universe, in whom heaven triumphs, the angels and archangels rejoice, the demons are put to flight; thee, through whom the fallen creature is raised up to heaven; thee, through whom the whole world, when crushed under the yoke of idolatry, was brought to the light of truth; through thee holy baptism and the unction of spiritual joy are imparted to the faithful; through thee all the Churches of the world were founded, and nations brought to penance. Through thee in fine, the only Son of God, the Orient from on high, hath visited us, to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death. By thee the prophets foretold, and the apostles preached salvation to the nations, through thee the dead rise again and Kings reign in the name of the Blessed Trinity."

We have nothing more to add to this glorious tribute of praise, delivered before the Fathers in a general council of the Church, by one of her most distinguished sons, a saint and doctor, but to place it before our readers.

As a Stream flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"Dear child, you have suffered, too!" he said, and he turned away his glance and laid her bonnet across his knees, while another silence, longer than the first, followed.

"Judith," he said, at last, "do you know who I am? You will say I am Silas Grey; but have you ever heard that name before?"

The wonder grew into her brown eyes, and he seeing it, said:

"Do you remember hearing of the minister who saved Pete, the negro they thought murdered Jake Sharkley, from being lynched? I am that minister."

At the announcement the face of the girl grew ghastly. She sprang to her feet, and clenching the brown fingers over the hand that held the mint, cried, in a sudden passion of fear:

"My God! what brought you here? Don't you know he has vowed to kill you?" Then, a quick return of consciousness that she half betrayed her secret, made her to sink back on the log beside him and throw a hand before her eyes. He leaned toward her, and withdrawing the hand held it gently, but firmly, in his, while, looking down into her scared eyes, asked softly,

"Who said he will kill me, Judith?"

She looked at him appealingly, then, gradually, the great love of her heart welled up into her eyes, and diffusing itself over face and figure made her grow radiant under his glance.

"It does not matter. He shall not harm you," she said, faintly.

"Dear child;" he said, smiling down on her, and in the silence that followed, he felt her fingers tremble in his grasp. "Yes, I am that minister," he continued, "and I came here to find the murderer of Jake Sharkley." At the words, her hand grew like marble against his, her face whitened, but these signs of her agitation did not prevent him from concluding: "And I found him to-day!"

Judith snatched her hand from him and again sprang to her feet. He rose also, and advanced to her, but she stepped backwards from him and he thought for a moment she was going to faint. They stood gazing into each others' eyes, across the narrow strip of mint-covered ground. The face of the woman lost all its softness. The old hard lines came back, the defiant light glanced into her eyes, the figure grew stone-like in its rigidity; and he realized the will behind was well nerved. She would not faint this time, she would not cry for mercy, but would brave it out; and that she should do this filled him with disappointment and indignation. He forgot the sentiments that had appealed to him a few hours ago when he had remembered her silence; he only thought of the great crime she had been accomplice to by that silence.

"How could you do it, Judith?" he asked. "How could you close your

eyes against your duty? How could your heart allow that poor negro to languish in a convict's cell for a crime you knew he never committed? You will say, mercy for that mother? Did you not know Pete has a mother, too? Do you not think the heart of the black woman can feel as well as that of the white, that mother-love is the same, whatever the race or color? And did you not believe," he continued, leaning slightly toward her, and allowing his eyes, now shining with their rare holy light, to bear down on hers until it seemed they reached her inmost soul, "that God rights the innocent? Did you not know that the murderer cannot be hidden?"

Her face never changed under his questioning, neither anger nor sorrow showed on it; but he thought once a reproachful light glanced from the yellowish brown eyes.

"Dear child," he said, after a pause, "you did wrong. Perhaps you thought you were doing right. I would not be your judge. But now you know you have done wrong; now I ask you to make atonement by helping me bring Luke O'Hagan to justice."

An expression he never forgot, passed over her face, and it seemed as if the hand of age smote it there and then.

"Luke O'Hagan?" she repeated, slowly, and even her voice appeared to have changed, in that awful moment; then a laugh, a hollow, mirthless laugh, that sent a quiver along his nerves, awoke the echoes of the silent dell. "Luke O'Hagan," she continued, "would not harm a dog that Lucy Sharkley loved, much less murder the father she idolized."

Silas Grey looked at her in surprise, half-doubting his sense of hearing.

He had condemned her sin for shielding the murderer by her silence, but he was not prepared to find her defending him by denial. For once in his life, the heart of Silas Grey grew hard against a woman.

Unconsciously the haughtiness that had marked him in the days previous to his conversion, came back to eyes and manner, and all the moving softness of face and voice disappeared.

"I would ask you a few questions, Miss Saunders," he said; "you will have to answer them in a witness box and may as well—"

"Then, when I am in a witness box, I shall answer them, Mr. Grey, but not before!" interrupted Judith in a voice so cold and cutting, one who had known him had half believed it was her dead uncle who had spoken. The quick light of the minister's blue eyes crossed the angry fire of her brown ones; but the next instant, her womanly helplessness, for all her defiant spirit, had made its swift, unerring appeal to him. He took a step to her side.

"What, dear child!" he said, with his familiar smile in his eyes, "were we about to get angry at each other? Was I harsh?" he added; "forgive me! But, Judith, can you imagine how close this lies to my heart? Before I was certain that negro was innocent, I risked, and all but lost my life to save him. Here" he continued, laying a finger on his breast, "I still carry the mark of the dastardly bullet meant for my death because I dared do my duty. I lay for long, long weeks on a bed of suffering, tended by strangers' hands, and rose from it with health impaired for all my future life. I have visited that boy, day after day, in his cell, and at his work. I know him as my own soul, and I know him to be innocent. He has revealed to me

a character more beautiful than I had ever supposed a negro could possess, for we Southerners know the negro thoroughly; and there has grown up in my heart for him a regard greater than I had ever deemed it possible for me to feel for one of his race. Do you marvel to see his innocence vindicated has become one of the dreams of my life? But if this were not so, if I believed it were better for him to be in prison than free, still, knowing he were innocent of the crime, I should be compelled to labor for his liberty or be false to the dictates of my conscience."

All the fire had died out of eyes and voice, and a calm more profound than usual showed on his face. As one weary in soul and body, he turned from her and took his seat on the fallen trunk of the tree. For a moment she looked at him, then the woman's heart beat down the stubborn will. The face lost all its defiance, while he caught the gleam of a tear trembling on her eyelash, to fall the next instant on her pale cheek. Ah! when had a tear been shed for him? Not since the one that had frozen on his dying mother's eye. He yearned to fold her to his heart, as if she were his sister, but the memory of that swift, complete and strange transformation as he caught her hand as they met that afternoon restrained him.

"Judith," he said, "will you help me?"

"I will answer your questions," she said, her eyes on the ground.

"Did you not pay Mrs. O'Hagan a visit on the morning of the day Sharkley was murdered?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"And did not Mrs. O'Hagan tell you that Sharkley had called Luke hard names the night before, and ordered

him to come no more to see his daughter? And did she not tell you that Luke was in a towering rage, that he had not slept the night before, and scarcely touched his breakfast?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"Did you not meet Luke as you were entering the yard that morning?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"And did he not wear a pair of blue cottonade overalls, carry a dark coat on his arm, and wasn't his straw hat lined with red?"

"Yes," said Judith, and her voice and eyes were steady.

"Lucy Sharkley admitted on the witness stand the man she saw running from the field wore a pair of blue overalls and a dark coat; Pete testified on the bridge in the presence of death the man he met, and who told him of Sharkley's death, was dressed thus and wore a straw hat lined with red, nor could the most unexpected questions of the lawyers, afterwards, nor mine, ever make him vary in his story. Did not Luke O'Hagan disappear on that very day, and has never since been heard of?"

"You are mistaken there," she said, calmly; "Luke O'Hagan came home to-day. He passed our house an hour ago on his way to his mother's, and stopped to ask me to go to see Lucy Sharkley and beg her to see him once again. I have just come from her house where I went to plead with her not to see him, for—for—her husband is, and has ever, been jealous of his wife's early sweetheart."

White as the face of the minister had been it grew ghastly under her words. Fate, indeed, had played the long desired moment into his hands, but he remembered the old mother. Merciful heavens! could he do it?

Could he shatter the joy of that mother's heart as she welcomed home her prodigal son? He buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Then he raised his head and the stillness, if not indifference, of the girl struck on his benumbed senses in all its strangeness.

"Judith, Judith," he cried, "do you not see that he has come back to slip his neck into the halter? Child, I saw his mother to-day, and she told me of her long waiting, of her hope and her faith. She asked me if ever I met her boy to be a friend to him. How shall I be his friend? by sending him to Pete's cell, if not to the scaffold. Judith, say to me but once it is my duty, that, though it blight all my future days to perform it, it is still my sacred duty. Say that once and I shall bless you all my life!"

His agony was so great it alarmed her.

"Mr. Grey," she said, moving a step toward him, then pausing, as if not daring to trust herself further, "I do not say it is not your duty to find and apprehend the murderer of Jakey Sharkley; but Luke O'Hagan is not the man."

"How can you say that in the face of such evidence, the truth of which you admit?" he asked, looking at her half-sternly.

"I cannot tell you," she said, and he noticed all her composure was gone.

He rose then deliberately and went to her side, and because she shrank from him he laid his hand on her arm. He was conscious perhaps of her weakness, but he would not use it against her.

"Judith," he said, "can you say this, you, my friend, when you know I have given my strength and labor to unravel this mystery; when, as you

yourself have said, I have imperiled my life by coming here? If it were wrong for you to reveal your knowledge, I should never ask you to speak; whereas your silence is criminal. Give me one reason."

Once or twice she made a move to shake off his hand, but though light was its touch it detained her. A sudden recollection came to her. It would answer him and yet implicate no one.

"Do you see that stone half way up the hill yonder, beside that elm bush?" she asked, her tone quiet and nervous. "The day of the murder I was coming from the Springs, where I went for the paper. Bluebell had stopped to crop some grass, and I was reading. I caught the smell of smoke and as I looked down the hill I saw a man, standing over a fire he had kindled of leaves and brambles. As I looked, he lifted a dark coat and dropped it into the fire, then, a pair of blue cottonade overalls. When the blaze died down he lifted that stone and placed it over the ashes. All Luke's clothes were at home, are still. There was no place nearer than Carlisle where he could have bought clothes to wear before burning those he left home in, and he could not have made the trip to that town and back walking, and if he had borrowed a horse it would have been known in the neighborhood. Luke O'Hagan was seen by no one that day, excepting his mother and me, that is as is known of," she corrected, hastily.

"Let us go and look under that rock," he said, "we may find a clue." She had not thought of this, and he noticed the dismay that came into her face; but she had the dauntless spirit of her father's people, and would not show the faint heart. He stooped and picked up her white bonnet, and as he gave it to her, the expression of her

eyes, the memory of the tear he had seen quivering on their lashes for him, touched his chivalrous soul. "Dear child," he said, "I would spare you all pain, but we are not our own."

"I do not blame you," she said, her brave soul flashing up, and she made the first step forward. They reached the stone, and not a muscle quivered as he stooped and lifted it. The fire had burned away even the roots of the grass, and the weight of the stone had pressed down the ashes into the earth; but the outline of a dark object showed on the soft mold, under the light of the slowly fading sun. The minister stooped and loosened the earth with his fingers, and lifted up a man's pocket knife. The blades were rusted, but on the narrow strip of steel imbedded on one side of the bone handle, that side which contact with the surface of the rock had preserved from decay, three letters were rudely cut. He looked at them, while the pallor again showed on his face; he then handed the knife to Judith, and as her eyes fell on the bit of steel she saw the initials, "L. O'H." He watched her keenly, and though she flinched not, he thought she would never lift her eyes. When she did, in silence they looked at each other across the place where the stone had been.

"The initials proclaim the knife to belong to Luke; hence, so were the clothes you saw burned?" he said, slowly.

"But it proves nothing," she replied to him.

"Why not?" he asked. But she was silent. "Judith, answer me! Why does it prove nothing?" he demanded, his voice taking on a pitch she had never yet heard, and which made her quiver in every nerve, for it was the voice the heart of every

woman who loves recognizes and fears, the voice of her master and the one who knows he is such.

"Because," she said, her trembling, vibrant tones striving to push him and his authority away, "the man who burned the clothes was not Luke O'Hagan."

"How do you know?" he asked, "the man's face was blackened. How do you know?" he repeated again, in his tone of command, as she failed at first to answer.

"Luke O'Hagan's hair is dark; that man's hair was yellow."

It was then the minister suddenly remembered Pete had said, as he stood on the bridge that awful night with the lynchers' rope around his neck: "Boss, he had a mighty black face, but he weren't no nigger, for his hair was yellow."

Silence fell. The heart of the woman was beating against her breast until she thought its noise ought to silence the blue bird which had now begun to sing in the tree a'near. Her eyes were on the man's before her, nor could she withdraw them, however hard she tried. He held her gaze, as he had made her speak, against her will.

"Judith," he said slowly, directly, voice nor eyes losing none of their command, "who was that man?"

Her answer was the helpless, wordless answer of her woman's soul in the reaching towards him of her clasped hands, the acknowledgment of her weakness and his strength, the pleading with him to be merciful when he was all-powerful, and then was explained to him the transformation he had witnessed as first they met that afternoon. He reached out his hands and clasping her two small brown ones drew her toward him across the place where the stone had been, and in silence they turned their faces toward her home. Her word might save Pete's life, he would never ask for it after that mute confession.

Roman Letter.

ROME, ITALY,

February 10, 1899.

DEAR FATHER,

To sum up all the events of importance in the Eternal City during the first part of 1899, my thoughts first revert to the great centre of attraction here and throughout Christendom—His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

It seems to be a miracle that the venerable Pontiff, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, and who for the last twenty years has lived a life of imprisonment and full of trials, should continue to do so much work. He gives audiences regularly to various persons, confers a long time daily with his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, and, what is most of all, he governs the whole Church in such a manner as to elicit the wonder and admiration of all. Neither is his little spare time spent in idleness, for in his leisure hours he applies himself to his favorite occupation of writing poetry. He is very abstemious in his diet, and inculcates this mode of living in some of his verses.

Whenever the sensational newspapers have nothing else to talk about, they spread a rumor about the ill health of the Pope; but these tales are always denied by the Catholic papers. According to his usual custom, which shows the goodness of his heart, His Holiness on the occasion of the late festivities distributed 33,000 lire (over \$6,000) among the poor people of the city. Last August the church of St. Joachim, built as a memorial of the Pope's Episcopal jubilee, was solemnly inaugurated. It is situated in the new part of the city called "Prati dei

Castello," in sight of the Vatican. His Holiness has entrusted the church to the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. Great excitement has been caused here in Rome lately by the unusual success of the new oratorio of Don Lorenzo Perosi, the Italian priest. This young musician and composer, who so completely fascinated the Romans, is only 26 years old. His family, composed of parents, brother and three sisters, are all musicians. His former oratorios have obtained such success in the different parts of Italy, that through the exertions of the Circolo di S. Pietro they induced him to come to Rome to perform his new oratorio for the first time. This new oratorio is entitled *La Risurrezione di Christo*, and the words are taken from the Gospel of St. John, the hymn *Pange Lingua* and the *Victimae Paschalis*. The choir was composed of 300 singers and the music was rendered by about 80 select musicians.

It was performed in the spacious church of the Holy Apostles. A few minutes before the time for it to begin, the singers and musicians were in their places, the church was crowded with people—only one was wanting, Perosi himself. All undoubtedly expected to see some large important man enter, when suddenly in walked a little priest in a simple clerical dress, so young and with such an appearance of modesty and simplicity that the whole audience began to cheer. The first part of the oratorio is taken up with the death and burial of our Lord. You would imagine you heard the real earthquake which took place at that time, the rending of the veil in the temple, the hideous yells of the Jews, and Mary

Magdalene mourning the death of her dear Master.

In the second part is represented the Resurrection of Christ, His appearance to Mary Magdalene and the Apostles. Then the joyful notes of the Alleluia, sung by the whole choir resounded through the immense building. It terminates finally with the prose "Victimæ Paschalis." The last part especially was very beautiful and pathetic.

At every interval there was tremendous applause. They had to repeat almost every piece. Perosi was always received with immense applause, which continued even when he made his appearance on the street afterwards.

They were compelled to repeat the oratorio five times and on the last day the church was crowded yet.

Don Perosi has also composed some Masses and other pieces of music, which like his oratorios are of a strictly religious character.

The profit obtained by the performance of the oratorio here in Rome was given to the poor people. Many other instances could be related to show how good Perosi is to the poor.

Our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., the protector of science and art, was so moved by the energetic efforts of Don Perosi to promote sacred music, that he appointed him master of the choir of the Sistine Chapel, and engaged him to compose a new oratorio with the words of his own poem, written as an act of homage of the nineteenth century to our most Holy Redeemer. Don Perosi will continue to reside at Venice, as he is master of the choir in that cathedral, and will only come to Rome on great occasions.

The Feast of the Epiphany with the octave was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Andrea

della Valle to commemorate the calling of the Gentiles in the persons of the three Kings. Every day the Mass was celebrated in a different rite, both Eastern and Western, and a sermon was delivered in the different languages.

In the Ecclesiastical College of the Propaganda, which has students from almost every part of the world, a literary entertainment was given for the same purpose. There were recitations in thirty-five different languages. What a beautiful proof for the Catholicity of our Church.

According to the wishes of the Holy Father, the bishops of the Latin American republics will hold a council here in Rome during the present year. It will be opened on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, 28th May. The Bishops chose this city for the council, first, because the access to this place is almost as easy as to some other American city; secondly, because it is the centre of Christendom.

On the Sundays of December and January, Bishop Keane attracted large crowds by his eloquent sermons in the church of St. Silvester in Capite.

Rev. Carmelus Testa has been appointed Prior of our college of St. Albert by a formal declaration of our most Rev. General.—A. W., O.C.C.

Take away piety and charity. What remedy is then left against the evils of the world? What protection? Vain and worse than vain are the amends sought in dissipation, and in the indulgence of all the disorderly inclinations. This is the road of perdition—that dreadful, easy road, against which our Lord warns us in the sermon of the mount.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Our Patron.



DEVOTION to St. Joseph in the Western Church, was greatly inflamed and augmented by the efforts of St. Theresa. She chose him for her master and guide in the spiritual life ; she dedicated thirteen of her monasteries to him, and she affirms, that she never made a request to him that he did not grant her. "Whoever does not believe me," she says, "I ask him for the love of God to make trial of the devotion for himself." The words of the Saint are well known and often quoted, but few know the extent of the zeal and love for her glorious patron, that she infused into the hearts of her children of Carmel. A few examples will be stronger than words. Everywhere, as they went on new foundations, the Carmelites spread the devotion. Three of the four provinces of Belgium before the French Revolution, were dedicated to St. Joseph. Of twenty monasteries, fifteen counted him their patron. At Liege, in the beginning of the XVIIth century, they built the first church in the principality of Liege, dedicated in his honor. Sept. 20, 1686, Innocent XI. permitted them to establish in this church a confraternity, under the title of the patronage of St. Joseph, and the Bishop of Liege approved it in 1688. It was enriched with numerous indulgences, and these favors so rejoiced the hearts of the faithful, that the Fathers were moved to inaugurate the confraternity with all possible splendor. The description of the solemnities surpasses anything that could be imagined in these days. The streets of the city

were a mass of garlands and mottoes, and two months were spent in ornamenting the church with chronograms, inscriptions and paintings representing the Saint on his knees before the Most Holy Trinity, or receiving the homage of the Emperor, etc. The confraternity increased day by day and the devotion of the fourteen Wednesdays, in honor of the seven sorrows and seven joys, took its rise. In 1669 there was a great pest, the Wednesdays were made in the church of the Carmelites and the plague ceased. Fr. Albert of the Saviour, in a recent work on the "Devotion to St. Joseph in the Order of Carmel," names the religious of Carmel who have written on this glorious patriarch, and if from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, then the foster father of Jesus fills to overflowing the hearts of his children of Carmel. Fr. Jerome Gratien, the friend of St. Theresa, opens the lists. In 1602 he published at Valence a beautiful and learned "Life of the Foster Father of the Infant God." Fr. Joseph of Jesus Mary wrote on the "Excellencies of St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Virgin Mary," published at Madrid in 1612. Fr. Cyprian of Holy Mary compiled a treatise on the best manner of honoring St. Joseph, conformably to the doctrine of St. Theresa, and to this he added a life of the Saint. He wrote the work for the Duke Charles of Lorraine, of whom he was the confessor, and it was published in 1603. Fr. Paul of All Saints edited at Vienna in 1653 a collection of prayers, with Office and Litany in honor of the Saint. There are many more, but the list is too long to give. The titles are sug-

gestive of deep meditation upon the prerogatives of the glorious Saint. His "Patronage" is spoken of in 1702, and in 1720 he is called the "Protector of the faithful in life and death."

The work of Fr. Alexis Louis, published at Lyons in 1860,—*"Manual of Devotions,"* went through four editions in a short time. Of late years Fr. Berthold Ignatius of St. Anne published a *"Manual of the Association of the Children of St. Joseph;"* then there is the *"Crown of St. Joseph,"* by Fr. Francis de Sales, and the *"Golden Room of St. Joseph,"* by Fr. Averton of St. Theresa, who re-edited the work of Fr. John of the Cross. It is to be regretted that none of these are in English, for surely they would help devout souls. "By their fruits ye shall know them" and the patient toil of so many works, speaks volumes for the love and devotedness of the children of Carmel for their glorious Protector. In America, all four convents of Carmelite Sisters have St. Joseph as Titular Patron. Baltimore is the Monastery of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus Mary and Joseph; St.

Louis is entitled St. Joseph's; New Orleans, St. Joseph and St. Theresa, and Boston, Our Lady and St. Joseph. May the new world vie with the old in homage to the loved Protector of the Holy Trinity, of Carmel, and of all Christian souls!

Palm Sunday.

Spread soft garments in His way,
Lay the green palm-branches down;
Christ rides forth as king to-day,
Hail Him with triumphant song.

Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Little children, join the crowd,
Who around His pathway press;
Offer Him your gifts, and He
Lovingly your lives will bless.

Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Let us lay before His feet,
All we have and all we are;
Let us join, with loving hearts,
To hail His one triumphant hour.

Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Munda Me, Domine!

PURGE from my soul all thoughts iniquitous,

Uplift my spirit far o'er worldly lures,

Inspire my hand to noble deeds, for thus

The striving soul eternal life secures.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Let us hope that the long trying winter is well nigh over and that the glad spring is on its way.

What a strange delight we all feel, young and old alike, in talking of the *Spring*. It means so much ; so much of hope, of promise, of gladness. It speaks of struggle that is over and of joy to come. What is the secret? This—that the spring time is the type of immortality ; of that inborn feeling which lives in every human breast ; the conviction that man will live forever, that after the long, dreary winter of life and the darkness of death are over, the true spring time of eternity will come and it will last forever. The spring is on its way. We could easily make a very good meditation on that simple sentence. Now, during the Lenten season, we are very likely to think some serious thoughts, and they need not always be dull or dreadful ones.

After Lent comes the Resurrection, and that is *our* Spring. Easter is always another name for Spring ; and for you, dear children, who are another type of the beautiful season, there is much reason to think about it as your very own.

You are young and full of hope, and your faces are always turned towards the rising sun. Life is very happy and bright for you, and it is quite certain that you have found out the secret of its brightness. Has it never occurred

to you to ask yourselves, "Why did God make *me* a Catholic?" For just in that, the fact that you *are* a Catholic, lies the secret of your bright, happy life. Are not other children happy? you ask. Certainly they are—our Lord did not say "Suffer little *Catholic* children to come unto Me," but "Suffer *little* children."

But other children are not happy in the same *way* that you are.

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see, and the ears which hear the things which you hear."

You are the spoiled children of the house of God. His mother is your mother, and that one gift alone which He made you when dying on the cross, is enough to make the saddest life a happy one. Mary our mother! Oh! what sweetness there is in the words. Is it any wonder that we love so much the beautiful *Salve Regina*? "Hail holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!" Yes after God, Mary is our hope, and even when by grievous sin we may cut ourselves loose from Him, yet she, who is the mother of mercy, holds us still by the hand, and brings us back to Him. No soul was ever lost who was faithful to Mary.

The Secretary heard a little story the other day which, as it was about the Scapular, will interest the children who read *THE CARMELITE REVIEW*.

It was told to her by a doctor of a Philadelphia hospital where a poor unfortunate woman was being treated for an awful wound in her throat made by her own hand. She was a poor

sinner who despaired of ever coming back to God, and in a moment of terrible temptation she cut her throat.

After the wound had been dressed, the nurse who was attending her complained to the doctor that she could not force the woman to let her take off "a dirty rag," as she called it, which she wore around her neck.

The doctor (who was a Catholic) knew at once what she meant, and told her to send to the nearest Catholic Church for a Scapular. "When you bring her a clean one," he said, "she will let you take off the old one."

And so it turned out. Now, dear children, we who know and love the Scapular can easily see the hand of our Lady of Mt. Carmel here. The nurse was disgusted at the woman's "superstition," the doctor annoyed, even though he was a Catholic. As for us, it is only another proof added to the many gone before, that those who cling to the Scapular will not be lost.

That poor creature was saved from hell—from a death in sin, by our Blessed Lady's prayer, who never forgets even the greatest sinner who wears her Scapular.

Dear children, make a fresh start to become apostles of the Scapular. Learn to make plain, cheap ones, and send them to those who will take them to hospitals, to prisons, to the poor who cannot buy them. Be faithful to your own. Don't throw it off because the string bothers you. Wear a silk or a linen string. Make yourselves comfortable, by all means, but don't give up the Scapular. It is the hand of our Blessed Lady resting lovingly on your shoulder. Surely you would not shake it off.

The nineteenth of March brings dear St. Joseph's day, and the very beautiful piece on St. Joseph's Workshop,

which follows on the next page, will teach you all you want to know about the gentle saint.

March 25 will gladden us with Lady Day in Spring, our Blessed Mother's beautiful feast of the Annunciation. Go to her altar on that day, dear children, and promise to be faithful to her even to the end. Through sin and sorrow to hold fast to her and to her Scapular, and be sure she will see to it that you come back, come home a prodigal child to your father's house. But, better still, she will hold you so fast that you will never stray away—play truant you will, of course, once in a while; we all do, but you will not go far away—not too far to hear the sound of your mother's voice. May she be to you in life and death a real mother, is the wish of your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Let to-morrow take care of itself, and meet only the evil of to-day.—Bishop Ullathorne.
2. St. Joseph sanctified his work by carrying God with him into his workshop.
3. God alone is holy enough to forgive always.—De Ravignan.
4. O tree of beauty! tree of light!
O tree of royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find
their rest.
—Hymn from the Breviary.
5. Not my will, but thine be done!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Because it is the end of "life."
2. Because it is between two "eyes."
3. One is heir to the throne—the other is thrown to the air.
4. There is no sand in a hole.
5. All the difference in the world.

FOR THE THINKERS.

FLOWERS OF PIETY—What is the

1. Purification Flower?
2. St. Valentine's Flower?
3. St. Margaret's Flower?
4. St. Edward's Flower?
5. Lent Lily?
6. Easter Flower?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

We will give an Easter dinner to "Our Young People," who are asked to unravel the following bill-of-fare and give Carmel's Secretary at the end of Lent a true list of all the good things on the well-filled table which have as honored guests:

1. The Apostle whose name means a Rock.
2. The Pope who sent missionaries to England.
3. The chevalier without fear and without reproach.
4. A King, a Crusader, and a Saint.
5. Whose version of the Scriptures is used by the Church?
6. The great Irish Agitator.
7. The Apostle of Temperance.
8. The first Christian Painter.
9. A great Catholic Painter, Sculptor, and Architect.
10. The institutor of the Rosary.
11. The Bishop who baptized St. Augustine.
12. The Angelic Doctor.

For the guests there will be:

13. "A Tailor's Iron" at one end of the table.
14. "A Country in Europe" at the other end of the table.
15. "A Beaver" in the centre.
16. "A Medley of Types" and "Foolish Boys" on each side of "The Beaver."
17. "An Unruly Member."
18. "Noah's Son."

19. "What a Bride should have"—as side dishes.
20. A "Pot" and eight "O's"—vegetables.
21. "Cause of Tears."
22. "What Tailors are supposed to do."

We shall have also:

23. The Staff of Life.
24. An Old Sailor.
25. A Pugnacious Goat.
26. The Cause of all our Trouble.
27. What Johnnie Horner liked.
28. What went into the Ark.
29. What was shown Jeremiah.

St. Joseph's Workshop.

We are so used to seeing the fine statues of St. Joseph standing majestically in our churches, with the lily wand in his hand, and Mary resplendent with light and flowers, that we forget they were poor when they lived at Nazareth. Though they descended from the royal house of David, they were poor, and St. Joseph worked at his trade as a carpenter. At Nazareth he bore the white lily of purity in his holy heart, and carried the tools of a workman in his hands. It was the practice of the Jews in those days to learn some handicraft. St. Paul, though so learned a man, had learned the trade of a tent-maker. It is certain the Holy Family were poor, for on the day of the Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the temple, his mother only took two turtle-doves, the offering of the poor. Had she been rich, she would have carried a lamb and a turtle-dove, according to the Levitical law. And then we know just what kind of a house they lived in, for it is now at Loretto, in Italy. It now stands, covered with marble, in a magnificent church. Within is an old olive-wood statue of the Blessed Virgin, blazing

with jewels typical of the splendor of her sanctity and her dignity as the mother of our Lord. Once lighted up with the Presence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, it is now starry with numberless lamps. But what a poor house, to human eyes, it must have been at Nazareth—only about thirty-two feet by nineteen on the inside, with its dim cave behind it. A hut with Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Think of that! And the angels hovering over it with astonishment, admiration and love! There is the door the Blessed Virgin used to go through, and yonder the well where she went to draw water in the curious oriental jars. The Holy Bible tells us about one angel that came to this cottage—one of the brightest that stand around the throne of God, ready to do His bidding—Gabriel, angel of the Incarnation, with his "Ave, Maria," which we have been echoing ever since, and are never weary of repeating. Think of repeating the words of an angel! How pure ought our lips to be for that! Ah, the Holy Family were so rich in grace that we cannot realize their poverty, humanly speaking. It is because they were poor that the needy have ever since been the best loved children of the Church, if she has any favorites.

Yes, St. Joseph worked at his trade. Therefore, let not the rich despise the laborer. Tradition tells us Mary spun and wove purple linen for the temple; and the seamless garment our Saviour wore on that first Good Friday was woven by her, and the soldiers cast lots for it. Think of that, ye fine children—the Blessed Virgin weaving, and St. Joseph with a plane! And the Child Jesus helped them both. I have seen a charming picture, in which He is holding a skein of yarn for His Mother to wind. And again, there is a legend of His making little crosses. As if men would not make enough for

Him! You young people, too, must make some little crosses—do some little penances every day, to prepare yourselves to enter fully some day on the holy way of the cross.

And there is another picture of the Child Jesus sweeping the floor. Ah, despise homely employments no more; and you rich children, in fine houses and silken garments, look not with contempt on the poor, remembering Jesus. Rejoice, you dear hard-working children; labor was ennobled and sanctified at Nazareth—even the lowest household duties.

"Who sweeps a room as by God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Let us go sometimes in spirit to visit St. Joseph in his workshop. There are some people who live constantly with the Holy Family; at least they live always in the divine Presence of Jesus. We all go daily to him and Mary and St. Joseph, but there are days when we should make a business of it, if I may say so. As, on Saturdays, who does not love to linger all day long in Mary's sweet presence? So, on Wednesdays, we should draw especially near to the benignant St. Joseph, not in church alone, but sometimes in his shop.

Ah, great saint, so hidden on earth but so well known in heaven, how diligent thou art, and how faithfully thou doest thy work! Nothing is half done in thy hands. Were I only the piece of wood thou art holding, what a perfect saint thou wouldst fashion me into. Take me in hand, I pray thee, poor knotty little tree that I am! I fancy I hear the great saint saying he must cut off all the twigs and branches that can be made no use of; useless thoughts, foolish illusions, fatal passions, must all be destroyed.

Cut them off, dear saint! In thy hands I begin to long to be used in building up the city of our God. If I can only be a beam in His house, or a door, a shingle, or even a poor peg for some one else to hang the garment of his virtues on!

Ah, well, says the saint before applying the square and compass, I must

strip off the bark. These sad habits and forgetfulness of duty form a thick, crabbed bark, around the fairest soul.

Strip it off, dear saint. But under the bark, what great knots and furrows!

Yes, the habits leave their impression on the soul, but the plane, with a strong arm and good will, will soon smooth off all that. It is only by self-denial and daily effort that you can overcome the consequences of bad habits.

Do as thou wilt. But oh, dear saint, how thou hurtest me! What art thou doing?

Nailing the wood down. I cannot work unless it is fastened down. The swaying, inconstant heart, is good for naught. It must be firmly fastened on the cross, resolved to serve God always.

Strike then, dear saint, I am ready. I am willing to suffer; I will renounce myself. Already I feel how sweet it is to be fastened in this holy house. What can I wish for away from the dear Child Jesus and the smiling, tender face of the Madonna.

Ah, dear children, Nazareth is a dangerous place to go to, for if you once get fairly into the holy house you will never wish to leave it.

There! we have been making a meditation, and you did not know it.

The memory of a beloved mother will often warm the heart and sway the life of a strong man as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.

Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her.

A Life Lesson.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by;
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of long ago;
By life and love will soon come by;
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh;
There! little girl, don't cry.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Hymn for Good Friday.

O Lamb of God, on whom alone
Earth's penal weight of sin was
thrown,
Have mercy, Saviour, on thine own,
By each step along that road;
By that cross, thine awful load;
By the Hebrew women's wail;
By the sponge, and lance, and nail;
By Mary's martyrdom, when she
In Thee died, yet offered Thee;
By that mocking crowd accursed;
By thy dreadful unquenched thirst;
By thy three hours' agony;
By that last unanswered cry;
Miserere, Domine! DE VERE.

Editorial Notes.

A Question and an Answer.

Can deceased persons be enrolled in the Scapular or other confraternities? A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences seems to forbid it, but this prohibition has reference to enrollment in a strict sense, that is to say as practised by the living. As the editor of *The Messenger* (Collegeville, Indiana) explains it: "Proper enrollments are those which confer upon the members *all* the advantages of the pious union, especially the Indulgences." But when all this is out of the question, and when the object of enrolling the deceased is merely to apply the satisfactory merit of good deeds performed by the living members, for the relief of the poor souls, in this case such enrollments do not come under the afore-said prohibition. Holy faith teaches us that our prayers and good works benefit the suffering souls. It consequently follows that if a confraternity or pious union keeps a register on which the names of those deceased ones are entered, to whose souls they desire to apply their suffrages—such a registration cannot be called a proper enrollment, and hence is not forbidden.

Long Live Leo XIII !

On the second day of this month, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. enters upon the 90th year of his age. On the 20th of last month the Holy Father entered upon the twenty-second year of his glorious Pontificate. Two hundred and sixty-two Pontiffs have preceded Leo XIII., but of these only seven have occupied it for twenty-one years. The average length of a Papal reign is but little more than seven years. Ten Popes died within a month

after their election, and the shortest reign in the history of the Papacy is that of St. Stephen II., which lasted only three days. Long live our glorious Pontiff ! Well may we repeat the words of salutation used by a writer in these pages on the occasion of the Pope's Episcopal jubilee in 1893 :

Hail, ever loving Father, may thy
years

By Heaven protected be !
Beam brighter than "Light in Heaven"
which nobly steers

The bark of Peter over time's dark
sea !

Carmel's Cause.

Much commendable energy is being put into action by our Sisters to bring about the early beatification of the sixteen Carmelite nuns who offered up their pure lives to God on the French scaffold July 17, 1794. A petition signed by several American archbishops, bishops, priests and religious is being prepared and will be forwarded to Compiègne. We beg all our readers to join with the petitioners in beseeching our Lord to hasten the day when we shall be able to render to these martyrs public veneration, for in the closing words of the petition : "The whole family of Carmel, and all those bound to it by any tie, humbly crave this grace. They all humbly pray for it, that the name of the Immaculate Virgin of Carmel be glorified. Finally, all who have the good of religion at heart ask it, in order that the intercession of these holy virgins may bring peace and tranquillity to the militant Church, for the love of which these heroic virgins shed their blood."

Religious Reception.

With impressive ceremony, accompanied with all that is imposing in the ritual of holy Church, the presence of venerable Archbishop Williams, a beautiful sanctuary, music and prayers—another novice was received into the Boston Carmel on February 7 last. God grant that this new member may imbibe, and ever retain, the spirit of zeal and holiness of this community whose name is a benediction. These religious receptions mean that—to quote the learned Jesuit, who preached on the occasion—"another soul has heard the call of the Master, and has heeded it, as the young man did not, it means that another flame has been added to those that burn before the throne of God, another victim has been laid upon the altar of sacrifice. The invitation of our Lord could be divided into two parts—first to leave all—to separate from the world, from home, from all that was nearest and dearest; and second, to follow Christ; that was the real call. The religious did not leave all in order to find the peace, the happiness, the contentment and freedom from anxiety, in the cloister, all that was secondary, she left all to follow Christ; in this she was unselfish. Those who were left at home suffered for the absence of a face that was dear, for the loss of a loved voice, but it was not in reality a loss for them, but a gain, for the affection became supernatural and in this way was only stronger and more lasting than before."

A Request.

The New York *Sun* keeps up an endless laugh at the breakfast table of its readers by the quaint collection of literary curiosities which it prints on the editorial page. Lately, without any comments, the *Sun* copied a para-

graph from THE CARMELITE REVIEW with the caption "Roman Catholic Requests for Prayers." If the young men who try to fill the late Mr. Dana's chair will take a day off, and for once in their lives, devote their time to prayer, we will guarantee to supply the whole editorial page for that day with copy compiled from a condensed list of "Answers to Roman Catholic Requests for Prayers."

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!

That eminent journal *The Pilot* justly lauds a great prelate when it says among other things that "Bishop McQuaid has labored with voice and pen for Christian education in its every grade throughout his long career. But his upbuilding and directing of Seton Hall College, New Jersey, or even of that crown of his later years, St. Bernard's Ecclesiastical Seminary, of Rochester, mean far less to him than the splendid system of popular schools which he founded in New Jersey, and founded and carried to perfection in the Diocese of Rochester. The hope of the Church is always in the children of the people, and the salvation of the children is in the Christian home and the Christian school. This is, in brief, the Bishop's conviction on the school question, and the motive which has reared a body of schools which successfully challenges comparison with the best which the State can show anywhere in America. For many years, all the schools of the Diocese of Rochester have been under the Board of Regents of the University of the City of New York; and the training of their teachers and its results, have won the unstinted praise of members of that board and professors of Cornell University. Nothing has been spared in this direction; for nothing, says this American Catholic Bishop, is too good for the children of the people. The consequence is that men and women now occupying places of distinction in the world, look back with pleasure to their early days in the parochial schools of Rochester, and are proud to own their debt to them."

Looking Backward.

In the good old Catholic times the poor were well cared for. It was, in fact, only in times of severe famine that there was suffering which was not relieved. The poor were so well cared for, both on the continent and in England, that the revenues for the use of the poor were sometimes greater than the expenditures, and they were applied to other worthy objects, such as hospitals, education, etc. The laborers had practically continuous employment. Professor Rogers, summing up in regard to this age, says: "the age, it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of the poverty which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none." And this was as true of Germany and France as England.

A decree has just been published in which the Holy Father grants all the privileges of the "Jubilee Year," or "Anno Santo," during the year 1900.

During this month, Carmel in America—indeed throughout the world—will offer special and fervent prayer to the holy Spouse of Mary. To the throne of St. Joseph, from many a Carmelite cloister, will be offered the petitions of our friends and readers.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge.** below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

PUBLICATIONS.

Some new, rare, cheap and handsome books are now to be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Write for prices and catalogues from this old and reliable firm.

The *Angel Guardian Press*, 92 Ruggles St., Boston, announces that they have a volume of poems in press by Henry Coyle, entitled, *In the Morning*, to be ready in March. Price, one dollar, postpaid.

For the French Lilies: (A.D. 1511-1512) by Isabel Nixon Whiteley—author of *The Falcon of Langeac*, etc. (Lippincott's Magazine).

The period when the smiling fields of Lombardy were devastated by war, and when the ardent hope of King Louis was the restoration of the sovereignty which he claimed, and which was so dear to his heart, forms the historical background for this fascinating story. It was a stirring and picturesque epoch, and the author has seized upon the various dramatic possibilities and used them to the greatest advantage. Romance and chivalry throb and thrill in its pages, into which numerous characters are introduced and vigorously sketched. The same distinctive touch of character which was so marked a feature of *The Falcon of Langeac* appears in this narrative. The story opens with the ending of the hero's childhood. Up to his nineteenth year he had been content in the spacious chateau upon the lofty crags of Dauphiny—content, for sport, to pass his days in hawking and fishing and athletic games—and for scholastic lore to go daily to the monks at the Hospice on the pass above. But there came a day when, looking down into the valley, the splendor of a cavalcade of horsemen, the brilliant surface of their armor growing even more dazzling as the sun's last rays fell thereon, passed before his vision, and when one of his companions told him that they were en route for Briançon, that moment naught but the watchword "To Italy! to glory" could find an echo in his heart. Beautifully told is the determination of his father to add another figure to the white robed monks of the Chartreuse above,

"to forget all but thoughts of God and my last end," also the unveiling to Marcel of his beautiful young mother's apartments,—and the lovely miniature of her who was but a dim memory, was then taken from the heart of her husband to rest henceforth upon the breast of her son. Marcel goes with his uncle, a brother of his dead mother. He was a man of wealth and some importance, and had come to take his nephew home with him until his future course could be decided upon. He fondly hoped that, by a marriage with the fair "Margherita," Marcel would bring the ample rentals of his estate into the family of his uncle. Many adventures befel the party on the road. They spend a night in the Hospice de Lauterel, which could shelter one hundred guests at once, and where so many were in advance of them that they could not at first get near the "huge roaring fire" which warmed the vast hall. Marcel has the good fortune on the morrow to draw the sword—(given him by his father with the advice: "True heart—true hand") in defense of a gentle ladie no longer young, but passing fair, who proves to be an early friend of his mother's. Marcel is dissatisfied—nay, *shocked* were a term more fitting—at the pagan luxuriance of his uncle's magnificent villa, at the absence of all religious observances, and the apparent ignorance or disregard of anything pertaining to the faith of our fathers. His faithful attendant discovering treachery on the part of his uncle, with the aid of Messire Ronteni, tutor to Margherita, they with some difficulty leave the villa. Our hero having been given a gracious message from the Bishop of Grenoble, previous to his departure from home, for the nephew of Monseigneur, the Lord of Bayard. Marcel was beside himself, so gratified was he. Captain Bayard at that time was but thirty-two years of age, whilst the Duke of Nemours was a decade younger. Marcel attains the ardent desire of his heart to be attached to the knightly service of Bayard, the noble chevalier: "Sans peur et sans reproche." He tells his uncle, in a letter, of his success, as if it had been the most natural course in the world for him to depart so hastily, and endeavor to gain an audience with Capain

Bayard. The siege of Brescia is described in a most spirited manner. Marcel in caring for the wounded chevalier Bayard, and taking him to a stately mansion belonging to the conquered foe, finds Messire Rontini, also wounded (by a passing missile) secreted in a small house, and ministered to only by a little black boy whom he had befriended. Coming back at night with Pomponio, his servant, they with the little boy manage to transport the Messire, covered by the cloak of a Frenchman, who lay lifeless in front of the house, to the loft of the stables belonging to the mansion which sheltered the noble Bayard. Not wishing to encroach too much upon the space which belongs of right to the "Editorial Notes," I will pass lightly over the two fair maidens found securely hidden beneath the hay: the gentle Afia, and the lively Angela, the daughters of the house, who threw themselves at Marcel's feet crying, "Have mercy, Messire." And also of the assurance which Captain Bayard gave Monna Lucia, their mother, that no harm whatever should befall the household. Then Messire Rontini was taken to the house where the two invalids received the most devoted care and untiring attention. Marcel suffers still more from his uncle's treachery, but escapes. Of a surety love plays no small part in the story, but for all the interesting details, the reader of this little notice is referred to the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The interest of the story never flags, the language is beautiful, the narrative might be likened to a vivid picture set in a quaintly carved mediæval frame. Mrs. Whiteley is the secretary of St. Gabriel's Confraternity, of which the members and associates are pleased to congratulate her upon the success of her work.—S. N. BLAKELY.

The New World, of Chicago, is fortunate in securing a beautiful story entitled *Cardome—A Romance of Old Kentucky*, from the pen of the gifted Southern writer Miss Anna C. Minogue—who 'is entertaining our readers in her fascinating sketch *As a Stream Flows*.

Printers Ink, recognized as the highest authority on printing and publishing, pays a just compliment to a great publication when

it says that "in its literary character the *Ave Maria* stands head and shoulders above a majority of its competitors."

"*The Ideal New Woman*"—"after *Real Old Models*," is an excellent translation from the French of Countess Ernestine de Tremand. It is a timely work the perusal of which should dispel many false notions of so-called "higher education" so much discussed in our days. The work is to be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price 75 cents.

PETITIONS.

"*Pray one for another.*"—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Perseverance 2, conversions 12, business success 6, for persons who have lost faith 2, for a wayward daughter, first communicant, unemployed 3, means 2, spiritual 6, health 3, cure 8, special 3, families 6, vocations 2, for an ill-treated person, a brother, a child, family, a son, a wife, a daughter, situation 2, health 1, urgent 1, tempted 1, financially embarrassed 1, deceased 1, happy death, grace of contrition, for a sick policeman and family, general 30, special 1, all intentions not specified, intentions overlooked if any, all intentions of readers, all intentions received by us and placed at the shrine, all intentions of the Carmelite Fathers.

A Chicago client of Carmel prays relief from financial difficulty and promises an offering of zeal if relieved.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

A reader in St. Mary's, Ont., returns thanks to the Holy Infant of Prague, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony for the safe return of a lost brother, and fulfils promise to have Masses offered.

M. O'B. promises to perform several good works in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel if her many urgent prayers are heard. Our readers are earnestly requested to pray for her intentions.

COLGAN, ONT., Jan. 29, 1899.

Please publish in THE REVIEW a great favor granted through the Holy Child Jesus of Prague. A sick person was healed as soon as the picture was applied.

A LOVER OF THE REVIEW.

A reader in Goderich, Ont., returns thanks to the sacred heart of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor asked for three years.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at St. John's Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from : Waconia, Minn.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Louis, Mo.; Slatersville, R.I.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul's, Northington, Iowa.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas, from : St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Kansas; Plattsburg, Mo.; Solomon City, Kan.; St. Scholastica's Academy, Canon City, Col.

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job xix. 21.*

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

SISTER M. ZITA MONAGHAN, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who died on February 20th last at Joliet, Ill., in the 58th year of her age and 31st of her religious profession.

MRS. WILLIAM CONNERY, who died a happy death fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, Jan. 11.

MR. T. MORAN, who, fortified by the holy Sacraments, after a well-spent life died at Battleboro, Vt., on Jan. 17th.

MRS. MARY WEIDEBORNER, who died at St. Marys, Pa. on Ash Wednesday. The deceased was a very devout client of our Blessed Lady of Carmel and was a model Christian woman.

WILLIAM JOSEPH QUINLAN died Feb. 23.

CHARLES SEITZ, Paterson, N.J.

MARY A. KERR, Paterson, N.J.

DENNIS KERR, Paterson, N.J.

NELLIE KERR, Paterson, N.J.

JOHN GALLAGHER, Baltimore, Ont.

MRS. JOHN DONOVAN, Quebec.

JOHN BIRMINGHAM, Little River.

MR. JAMES COUTURE, aged 71, who died a pious death at Gaspé, Que., Jan. 29, 1899.

JAMES WATSON, Allegheny City, Pa.

MR. BAUER, Allegheny, Pa.

FRED BUSSMAN, Allegheny, Pa.

The father of MRS. MARY DOUGHERTY, of St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. MARY TRIGGS died at South Dartmouth, Mass., Jan. 26,

OUR LETTER BOX.

We are in receipt of many letters touching on matters of general interest to the clients of our Blessed Lady. For information on many points concerning the Brown Scapular, the editor refers the correspondent to back numbers of this magazine. There has been a large demand for devotional leaflets, and we shall promptly send same to our friends as soon as our stock is renewed.

IN REPLY.

M. McD., Halifax, N.S.—Several readers promise to have Masses said if their favors are granted.

M. T., New York.—Those who send for such leaflets ought to enclose a stamp. Our postage bill runs high.

M. B., Buffalo.—The Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall will furnish all articles of devotion pertaining to the Holy Infant of Prague.

CARMELUS, Boston, Mass.—Deceased clients of our Lady of Mt. Carmel share in the suffrages of the Order when their names have been registered.

F. X., Dallas, Texas.—Petitions, Obituaries, etc., should be sent to us before the 10th of each month if meant for publication. See reply to J.E.S.

T. O'M., Utah.—If you are sure that your friend's name was not registered when he was enrolled in the Scapular send it in and we will gladly enter it.

J. A. C., Philadelphia.—We hold Novenas before all feasts of the Blessed Virgin. On the days of the Novena

we pray for all the intentions of our readers.

R.A.G., Milwaukee.—Several firms have sent us what they called Scapulars, but we must confess we did not in many cases consider them genuine as to make or material.

L. K., Pittsburg.—"The Carmelite Nuns," 61 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Boston, Mass., can supply you with books on Carmelite devotions asked for. Write to them for catalogue.

P.T.—A picture of the Holy Infant will answer as well as a statue. We printed a pretty half-tone cut in January, 1898, and shall be pleased to reprint the same on finished paper.

A. E., Rochester.—Back numbers of THE REVIEW have several articles referring to the devotions to the Holy Infant of Prague and Holy Face. Later on, similar articles will be again published. Leaflets will soon be ready.

S.O.K., San Francisco.—We cannot give you price list of Scapulars. Blessed articles are not sold. But the intelligent reader can readily understand that labor and material cause expense which we cannot be expected to bear alone.

M. A. M., Cleveland, O.—The privileges enjoyed by a wearer of the Brown Scapular are : (1) Protection of Mary. (2) Affiliation to the Order of Carmel and participation in the good works of the Carmelites. (3) Communication of merits and good works of the different confraternities throughout the

world. (4) Participation in the graces and indulgences attached to the holy Scapular. (5) Privilege of the Sabbatine Indulgence or deliverance from Purgatory the first Saturday after death.

T. McG., Wilmington, Delaware.—The conditions for participating in the advantages of the Scapular confraternity are: (1) To receive the Scapular from a Carmelite, or from a priest empowered to give it. (2) To wear the Scapular continually, and (3) To have your name inscribed in the register of the confraternity.

H. C., Nashville, Tenn.—The principal object of the devotion to the Holy Face is to offer respectful love and homage to the Adorable Face of Jesus, disfigured in the Passion; to make reparation for blasphemy and the neglect of Sunday, which outrage Him afresh; and lastly, to obtain of God the conversion of sinners and profaners of the holy Day.

S. E., Rochester, N.Y.—If you look at your receipt, you will read on the back of it:

"This certificate entitles the holder to two weekly Masses which are offered up for our subscribers, until subscription expires, by the Fathers of the Order, at the pilgrimage Church attached to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls."

Regarding shrine, see reply to J.E.S.

SR. U., Pittsburg.—According to the rule laid down in the "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," the cost of a lamp with olive oil is:

For 9 days (a novena)	- - - \$	75
For 30 days, (a month)	- - -	2 00
For one year	- - - - -	24 00

The same scale might apply to our Scapular Shrine.

J. E. S., Toronto, Ont.—Intentions, requests, and petitions printed monthly

in THE CARMELITE REVIEW are placed at the foot of the statue in the Scapular Shrine. All the priests of our Order make a special Memento of these intentions at Holy Mass. The Carmelite nuns also include our intentions in their suffrages. Lamps or candles are burned at the Shrine according to the request of our Lady's clients. It is expected that those so ordering send a remittance to cover expense of oil, etc.

CHILD OF MARY.—The substance of the devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague is:—It originated in the monastery of Prague in Austria in the early part of the 17th century. On account of many extraordinary favors granted to those practising the devotion the cult spread to all parts of the world. The essence of the devotion consists in practising simplicity, humility, purity the virtues of the Christ Child. In practice no particular prayers are obligatory. The usual custom is to have in your oratory or room a picture or statue of the miraculous Infant before which you offer prayers and petitions. Some pious persons have a lamp or candle burning before the image.

QUESTIONS BY REV. W. M. F.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—Will you kindly oblige us, if not inconvenient, to send some of the Brown Scapulars, or a sample of your Scapular cloth. We find it very difficult to find same here, as Scapulars are purchased everywhere and may be of any kind possible.

Very often I ask persons' opinion of the cloth, and scarcely ever can they (women or others) assure me of the genuineness of the woolen cloth, which I always have told them may be black or brown, provided woolen.

Another item on which I would like

to take counsel is : Persons often cover their Scapulars entirely in a little bag, or sew them up occasionally with other things in a bunch.

I don't fancy the idea bears out the wearing of Brown Scapular ; some more purchase, or get as gifts, Scapulars completely faced, other times ornamented with fancy work of linen or thread. It doesn't look like a Brown Scapular ; I would be thankful to hear your verdict in the above cases, also whether there be any special model (original) V.G., such as we see in the pictures of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The old model was brown cloth worked at home with say I.H.S. and B.V.M. Many at present buy from peddlars.

Please remember me and my special intentions the coming season at our Lady's shrine.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
W. M. T.

ANSWER BY VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT.

The Brown Scapular must be made of wool—woven wool. It may be covered for protection—as it is allowed to wear it over other articles of dress. Our religious wear it over their habits. The small Scapular worn by the faithful is only a copy of the large Scapular worn by the monks and nuns of the Order.

The Scapular may be faced with a picture of our Lady or other religious subject—or with the embroidered monogram of our Lord or our Lady.

There is no objection to the practice of sewing a medal to it—or of attaching it at the top of other Scapulars.

A Supplication.

While here below, where all is sin and sorrow

We seek thine aid and ask thy loving care,

And beg of thee to be to us a Mother—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

The shadow of the cross lies heavy on us,

Our fainting souls full often would despair,—

Oh ! Mary, look upon us in thy pity—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And from the early morn till evening hour

We *Aves* twine in a garland bright and fair

To wreath thy brow, Christ's pure and gentle Mother—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And as thro' darkness on life's way we wander,

Oh ! guide our pilgrim feet o'er deserts bare,

To reach our goal, the fair eternal city—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And while forever at thy shrine we're pleading,

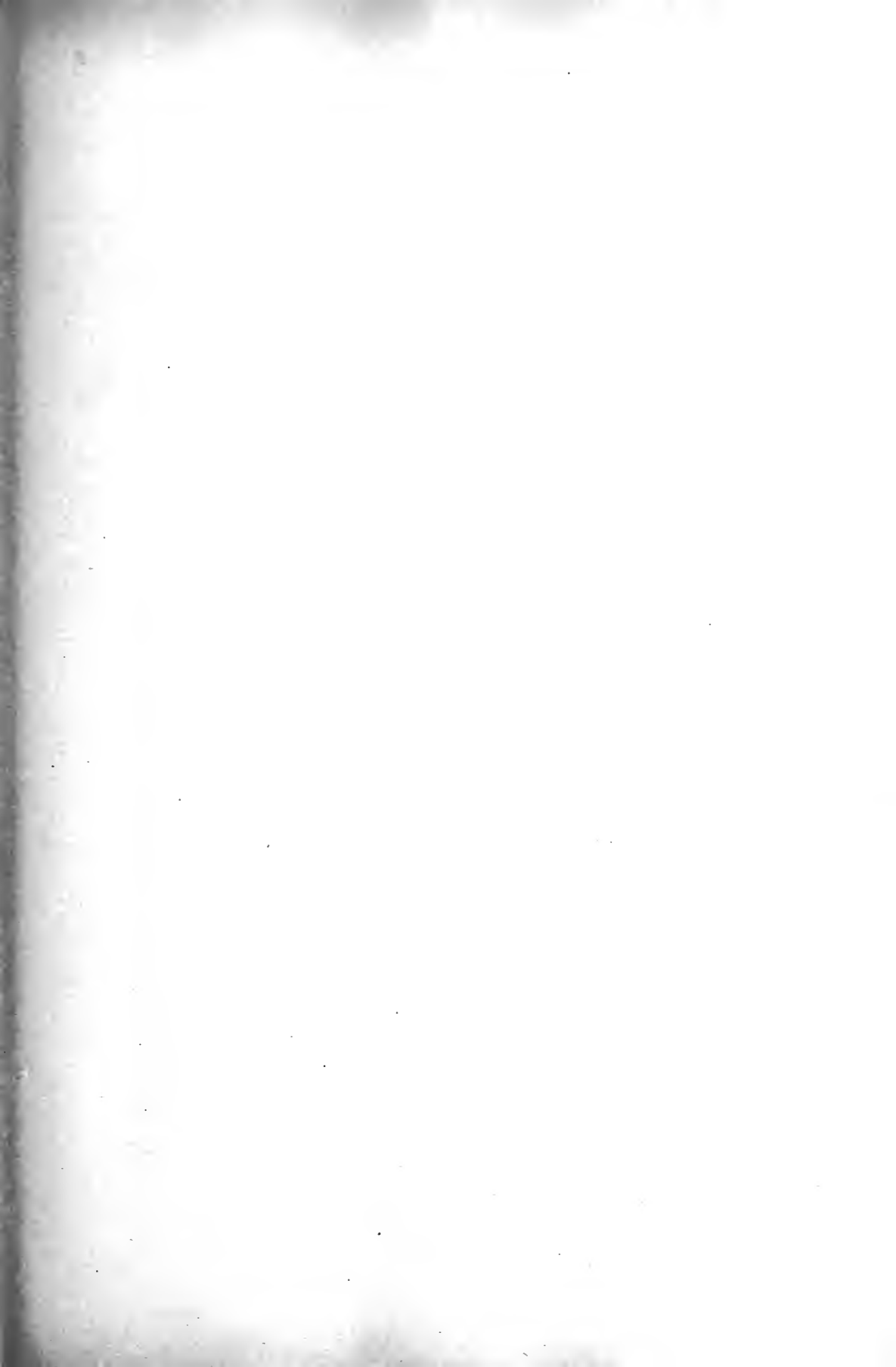
We go in joy and sorrow to thee there,—

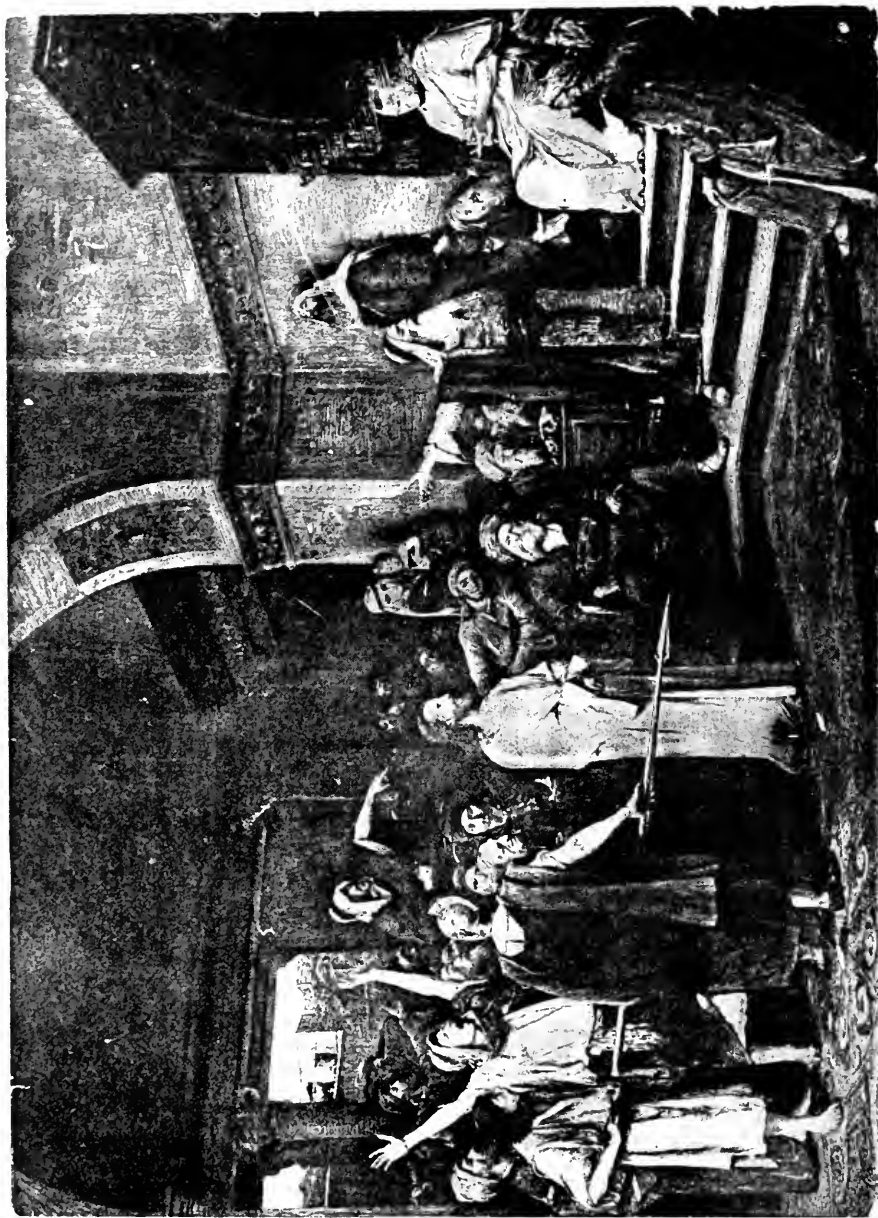
Oh ! well we know thy Mother's ear is heeding,

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

—J. A. S.

MONTREAL, February 15, 1899.





CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.



“Regina Coeli Lactare!” Easter.*



TEALETH soft celestial music
 Of the Angel Gabriel's voice,
 Listen, O thou mourning Mother!
 Gentle Queen of Heaven “Rejoice!”
 O that dear familiar “Ave!”
 Heard of old in midnight calm,
 Thrilling now with wondrous gladness
 For the glory of the Lamb.
 See, the golden dawn is breaking;
 Snow white flowers the earth adorn,
 Joyous birds are sweetly warbling,
 Nature greets the Easter morn.
 Passed the darksome Passion shadows,
 Passed the anguish deep and pain,
 Passed the three long hours standing
 Sadly 'neath the Victim slain!
 Jesus “dies no more” sweet Mother!
 Echoes of an Angel-voice
 Through the Holy Church are ringing
 Blessed Queen of Heaven REJOICE!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* Note from “The Beauties of Mary.” Vol. 1—Page 74: St. Gregory the Great states that it had been revealed to him that the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin the fact of our Lord's Resurrection, saluting her with these words which the Church says in Paschal time: “Regina Coeli lactare!”

Alcuin's Farewell to His Cloister.

[When Leaving for the Court of Charlemagne.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.



Sweet and cherished home—my humble cell,
Forever and forever fare thee well !
Those verdant woods whose branches wave above
Thy hallowed shade embracing thee in love,
The bright green fields with odorous herbs replete,
Thy streams where fish abound, thy orchards sweet,
Thy gardens where the lily and the rose
In sweet communion all their charms disclose,
Oh sacred spot ! So full of bounteous store
Alas ! these eyes shall gaze upon no more.
No more shall I hear those birds at break of day
Sing matins to the Lord in humble way ;
Nor those sweet words of wisdom which increase
God's praise from lips and hearts so full of peace.
Dear cell ! forever shall I sigh for thee
Regretting that home I ne'er again shall see.
Alas 'tis thus that all things pass away—
Winter succeeds to summer, night to day,
Storm to calm, and weary age to youth,
Nothing endures but the Eternal Truth.
And we whom the voice of conscience must reprove,
Why do we give this fleeting world our love ?
'Tis Thou, O Christ ! that makest all nature flee,
That we may place our trust alone in Thee,
'Tis Thy love only should our souls possess,
Thou, our glory, hope and happiness !

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROCLAMATION OF THE CRUSADE—FROM CYPRUS TO AVIGNON—THROUGH
ITALY—THE KING OF CYPRUS, THE BISHOP OF CORON, AND PHILIP
DE MEZZIERE AROUSE THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CATHOLICS—
BLESSED URBAN V., SUCCESSOR OF INNOCENT VI.,
PROCLAIMS THE HOLY WAR—1362—1363.



ALTHOUGH delivered from the anxiety arising from the prevalence of the pestilence at Famagouste, the kingdom of Cyprus was far from enjoying the peaceful tranquillity it had hoped for. The recent conquest of the city of Satolia was a constant source of trouble, for scarcely had Pierre I. left with his troops than the Emir Tacca re-appeared upon the scene at the head of a considerable army. Unable to win over Jacques Nores, who remained faithful to his trust, the Emir began forthwith a series of depredations. He destroyed the aqueduct which supplied the city with water, forbade the Greeks and Mahometans, who cultivated the adjacent farming lands, to sell any produce to the Cyprians, and encamped with his troops in the vicinity that he might keep the garrison always on the alert

by his sudden attacks upon the city.

The Christians at Satolia suffered greatly, but all was borne with heroic courage. They procured their provisions from Cyprus, restored their fortifications, and raised up their demolished towers anew. To perpetuate the memory of their dominion they then engraved upon the walls those crosses of Jerusalem, which may be seen by the traveler at the present day.

If the enemy showed itself most indefatigable, the Christian warriors on their part were ever guarding against possible surprises. Several gallant sorties decimated numbers of the Arabs, who ventured too close to the ramparts. One time especially was a red letter day in the ranks. It was the eve of Easter (1362) and the Emir counted confidently upon surprising Satolia during the preparations which the Christians were sure to make for the "Feast of feasts." On the contrary, the enemy was ignominiously put to flight, and pursued without mercy, while the camp was pillaged

of whatever booty the victors wished to secure.

The admiral, Jean de Sur, provisioned the city, and, at the same time, going over the coasts of Lycia, made a successful attack upon Myra, and laid waste to that ancient city.

It must be acknowledged, however, that these transitory victories made but little difference for the better in the situation of Satolia. The hopes which, both in regard to religion and commerce, had been cherished, would, all too soon, be dashed to the ground unless by a complete victory the Turks would be so utterly crushed as never to attempt a return. To attain this much to be desired end the brave, but too diminutive, kingdom of Cyprus would have to call upon all Christendom for assistance.

The crusade announced by the Legate as having been proposed by Innocent VI., became more and more necessary as time went on. To obtain the solemn and definitive proclamation the king determined upon a formal visit to the Pope.

On October 24, 1362, accompanied by the Legate and the Chancellor of Cyprus, Pierre I. set out for Avignon. The illustrious travellers stopped, en route, at Rhodes where the Grand Master, Roger de Peris, and his Chapter were loud in praise of their heroic project, and promised faithfully to lend all the assistance in their power.

The King and his suite from there proceeded to Venice, where the doge, Laurence Celso, as also the people, gave them an enthusiastic reception, and declared their willingness to unite with them against the common enemy. Passing through Lombardy, they visited different cities where their reception was most favorable. Even the Duke of Milan, so hostile to the Church,

seemed to lend his ear to their plans. Many members of the Lombard league promised to render all the assistance in their power. This successful beginning was principally due to the Bishop of Coron. His words, proving the possibility and the necessity of the crusade, were so explanatory that it became evident to all how further delay would bring on a general invasion of the barbarians, set aside ancestral traditions, condemn the laws of honor and religion, and ignore the universal fraternity of Christian people. His enthusiasm swept away the last vestige of hesitation or resistance.

"One might well declare," said the Chancellor Mezzieres, "that in truth it was the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouth of Thomas."

Men of good will responded to the ardent appeal, and everything promised well for the cause.

The King was detained by some important affair at Genoa, and as its adjustment required that he should confer with the doge, Simon Boccanera, the nuncio decided to go at once to Avignon. He was anxious to lay the details of his mission before the Roman Court, but alas! he was not to have the happiness of seeing the sovereign Pontiff whom, for the last ten years, he had served with so much fidelity, affection and zeal. Innocent VI. had fallen peacefully asleep in the Lord on September 12, 1362, leaving the glorious and universally acknowledged record of a most worthy ruler of the Church. Formerly professor of Canon law at Toulouse, he had administered the duties of his elevated position in a grave and juridical manner, always observing the most rigid justice in the various ecclesiastical tribunals.

He maintained the best order in the papal city, and knew well how to pre-

serve it from the ruthless extortions of guides, and other prevailing abuses.

Without giving way to the excessive scruples with which Benedict XII. has been reproached, he manifested the same firmness in reforming abuses and conferring benefits only upon those who merited them.

Viewing the pontificate under a less royal aspect than it was considered by Clement VI., and having other opinions regarding the most judicious employment of ecclesiastical wealth or property, he diminished the magnificence of the court, but like Pope Clement he was the friend and patron of learned and cultured men, and also went on with the various great works already begun. The Vatican of Avignon owes to him the immense addition which forms the southern part of the edifice.

Innocent VI. was buried at the Carthusian Monastery of Villeneuveles-Avignon, which he had founded and whither he frequently retired during his reign. His tomb, saved from the ruins of the monastery, was subsequently taken to the hospital chapel of Villeneuve. It is similar in style, although not of such magnificent execution and ornamentation as the mausoleums of John XXII. and Clement VI. Preserved, as it has been, with great care—or restored with taste and skill, it certainly merits the notice of the archæologist.

The new Pontiff, Urban V., a native of Grisac, of the family Grimoard, had been appointed to several legations before he assumed the tiara. He was then most capable of discerning the merits and capacity of the celebrated Legate of the Orient.

Happy to learn from his own lips the precise state of the Church in that part of the world, and to communicate it

to the Holy See he admitted the Bishop of Coron to his presence, and granted him a solemn audience. The generous disposition of the King of Cyprus, and the projected crusade, no less than the account of the general and continuous movement for the re-union of the two Churches elicited universal satisfaction in the Sacred College. The administration of the finances as rendered by the Legate obtained entire approbation. To the sums which had been entrusted to him by the Apostolic Chamber, he had added considerably—through gifts from liberal princes, and opulent Orientals, as well as by practising rigid economy in personal expenses. All that could be spared from the episcopal revenue had been consecrated to the defense of Christianity.

The ecclesiastical funds, therefore, could not have been placed in better hands. No one could be more anxious to fulfil the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

This the Holy Father realized, and, while leaving him the Sees of Coron and Negropont, appointed him furthermore Archbishop of Candia, the jurisdiction of which extends all over Crete.

This liberality was certainly not through the manœuvres of our humble and holy Carmelite, who in accepting it only followed the custom which prevailed then, of great latitude in the number of benefices. In the face of such unqualified approbation, not merely the friends of the Archbishop, but some prejudiced spirits who, during his absence, had tried to represent him as too warlike for a prelate, and too prone to cherish vast schemes, never perhaps to materialize, now united in eulogies upon his character and abilities.

Avignon was then in its apogee.

The chivalrous monarch of France, Jean was at that very time at the Roman Court. His ardent soul could not fail to be imbued with the spirit of enthusiasm with which the very atmosphere was freighted. Informed that his relative Pierre I. was coming, he went to meet him, and together they made a most imposing entrance into the second Rome. Red robes lent an air of magnificence to the procession, ambassadors with costly raiment followed in the train, and altogether it was a brilliant cortege, and one well worthy of being seen.

At the pontifical reception, which was held the same day, the momentous question which for some time had re-awakened such interest in the Catholic heart was discussed, and upon the next day but one the proclamation was made. It was on Good Friday, March 31, 1363. After the Passion had been chanted, and the image of our Crucified Saviour venerated, when the vast assembly was deeply impressed by the touching ceremonies of the day, the holy Pontiff Urban V. preached the Crusade in the spacious chapel of the palace.

He spoke of the sad condition of the Orient, the audacity of the enemies of God, and the dangers which threatened all Christendom. After some words of commendation of the two valiant kings who ruled France and Cyprus, he addressed himself to the ambassadors from Denmark who were present and demonstrated the advantage of entering into an alliance with southern Europe. To those of England he held up the example of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The Christian patriotism of the Holy Father, his fervent charity and great sanctity could not be withstood. He concluded by proclaiming a plenary Indulgence to all who would hasten to

the assistance of their suffering brethren.

During this appeal, as formerly in Auvergne, a wave of faith and enthusiasm swept over the assemblage, and at the conclusion the watch-word, "God wills it—God wills it!" arose from all. Another Urban had found the entrance to their hearts.

The King of France, the King of Cyprus, Cardinal de Talleyrand and a number of barons advanced to the foot of the altar before the Sovereign Pontiff.

Decorated in succession with the red cross, they swore to enroll themselves under this glorious standard. Led by their example, all the nobles of Avignon promised to enlist, and the red cross appeared in public, adorning the garb of the courtiers.

In another meeting held April 14, Venice was chosen as the place of rendezvous for the departure. They were to set out in the month of March, 1365. The King of France was named Commander-in-Chief, Cardinal de Talleyrand, Legate, the King of Cyprus, principal organizer and zelator to the different courts of Europe, Peter Thomas and Philip de Mezzieres were chosen as lieutenants. The standard bearer of the Church was, as before, the gallant Louis of Hungary.

Pressing and urgent invitations were sent to the Emperor Charles IV. One month later King John went to Montpellier and Paris to enroll his quota of generals.

Critics of modern times have pronounced it a rash and imprudent act on the part of the king to engage in such an enterprise. "His kingdom," they say, "presented a deplorable appearance, exhausted as it was by previous wars, and devastated by the

depredations of brigands." But, it might be answered, that the loyal monarch was acting from conscientious motives which, together with his wise and capable administration, which daily was proven in the bettered state of things, militated in favor of his decision. He frequently recalled the promise of his father, Philip VI.—never fulfilled—to engage in the holy war, and, in common with many thinking minds of that day, attributed the unexpected disaster of Poitiers—1356—to the infraction of that royal promise. A political reason also existed. The terrible brigands, who devastated the kingdom, were old soldiers who thirsted for adventure as well as money. By enlisting their interest—by showing them a bridge of gold leading to a route rich in marvellous happenings, might not the kingdom be happily freed from them? And thus a body of troops would be formed for the cause. An opportunity would also arise for the nobles to retrieve their reputation for bravery, over which a shadow, since the recent defeat, had gloomily fallen.

In leading those intrepid bands, they would demonstrate that they still loved the country of Philip Augustus and St. Louis.

Let us add, with a spirit of laudable pride, that France—faithful France—has ever been quick to act where the glory of God is at stake. And would she now hesitate to give up some drops of blood, some hours of repose? And then it is but fitting that for the honor of one's own beloved land we try to promote chivalrous movements, to be champions of all that is great and noble. Faithful to her traditional role, then, France made ready to take up the line of march to Jerusalem, in the hope that every Christian nation

would follow in her train.

These whisperings of faith, of policy, of honor were far more than visionary and imperfectly understood ideas. From the demonstrations which greeted King John as he passed through his provinces, he might well surmise that they were again to see those days when loyal subjects were ready, from cottage to castle, when the sovereign held aloft the royal standard to follow wherever he led the way.

The selection of the Legate *a latere* also gave general satisfaction. Elie de Talleyrand, Perigord, was eminently qualified for his high office. He had influence in the Sacred College, was naturally diplomatic, noble minded and generous. The chivalrous spirit of a heroic ancestry was renewed in his, and his ever-increasing ardor for the great enterprise left nothing to be desired in the appointment.

Despite his three score years and two, he hesitated not a moment to go and encounter the hardships of the campaign in a Saracen land, but was amongst the very first to offer himself for decoration as a "red cross knight."

As to Pierre de Lusignan, faithful to the role which obliged him to solicit the concurrence of princes and kings, he set out on May 31 to visit the capital cities of the centre of Europe.

His two representatives, the Archbishop of Crete and the Chancellor of Europe, returned to continue their work in the Peninsula. Their principal mission was a very important one, for which negotiations with the Duke of Milan were to be opened without delay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The cloister is the flower of perfect Christianity.—MME. SWETCHINE.

As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)



O Silas Grey there was something inexpressibly soothing in the thought that Judith Saunders loved him. It gladdened his heart because of the wonderful possibilities that might spring therefrom, for this life, whose richness he felt, he but half divined and by which his own would be brightened. When he reached his room, the book lying in the corner caught his eye, and going hastily to it, he picked it up, and carefully spread out the crumpled leaves. A peace he had never before experienced enfolded his soul, and he would not frighten it away by calling up the doubt he knew lurked between the covers of the little volume. He folded the wrapping carefully around the book and placed it again in his pocket. The calm of the summer day was intensified with the coming of night and, after supper, just as the full moon began to silver the sombre tops of the cedars, clothing the eastern hills, he left the hotel for Mrs. Burns' home, which was about half a mile away. The road led on before him, white, smooth and desolate, and as he walked on alone, with that deep solitude, unbroken, save, at intervals, by the hoot of an owl, or the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will, the experience a man

may know once in a life-time, experience too sacred for the ears of even a wife or friend, came to the heart of Silas Grey ; and he came out of it with a vague realization of his heaven lying just beyond, as he reached the gate opening into the field which led up to the Burns' log house.

A hedge of osage orange ran around the house, allowing a pretty space for a yard, in which a thousand June roses were sleeping in the moonlight, while the fragrance steeping the atmosphere betrayed the honeysuckle which climbed darkly over the low doorway. No light shone in the windows and, an unusual thing in the country, this early in the evening, the front door was closed. He opened the little wicket gate and passed slowly up the path, between two rows of boxed flower beds, whose green growth bespoke the coming summer's glory, and knocked lightly on the door. No sound of coming feet followed and he repeated his knock, somewhat louder this time. Still no reply, although, as he listened, there came to him the faint sound of voices, which assured him the occupants had not yet retired. Thinking, after a third unanswered knock, he would find them in the rear of the house, he passed around it, but found himself stopped by a picket fence, the while his eyes met a sight that all but sent him to his knees. In the green sward of her back yard, her humble home behind her to shield her

from the passerby along the road, knelt a woman, with her four little children, devoutly praying. The woman's voice rose touchingly sweet and tender in its repetition of the angel-voiced words the Maiden of Nazareth heard, and then blended with the children's treble in the answering prayer. On went the invocations, mingling at times with the whip-poor-will's plaint, and as Mr. Grey listened, he removed his hat and, resting his arms on the low fence, prayed with the little group, all his deeply religious soul touched by the exquisite beauty of the scene. It was like some poem, perfectly set, from the far-off happy days of the human race, some picture Angelo's brush might have portrayed. As the prayers were concluding, it suddenly occurred to the minister that the absence of the father and husband from such a family devotion could only be accounted for by the fact he was not at home, and realizing what an alarm the sight of a stranger at this hour, and in this desolate place, must necessarily cause an unprotected woman, he was on the point of withdrawing, intending to return with the book on the following day, when one of the children, turned its head and seeing him, screamed in fright.

"Hush, Willie!" said the mother, rising from her knees. "God will protect us!"

To leave now would be suspicious, and again raising his hat, he was reaching out to unfasten the little gate, when, to his surprise, he noticed she was walking toward him, without the semblance of fear.

"Mrs. Burns?" he asked, and with the first tones of that tender, winning voice, the woman felt all her well-concealed fear vanishing.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Burns," she

answered, and being now near enough to distinguish her visitor's face, in the clear moonlight, her voice became friendly, as she asked, "What is it I can do for you?"

"I chanced to meet Mr. Daly Sunday night, and," taking the book from his pocket, "he commissioned me to give you this book. I should have brought it over earlier—I am putting up at the hotel—but, well, I began to read it and became interested. However, I should have deferred my visit until to-morrow, if I had known,——" he stopped, not knowing how to phrase his fear he had caused alarm, of which there were certainly no indications in the woman's manner.

"I am very much obliged to you, for your trouble," said she, taking the book. Then hospitably, "Won't you come in? My husband has not yet gotten home from Carlisle, but I am expecting him every minute."

The children had now advanced, and eight innocent eyes were fastened on him, with a curiosity that brought a smile to his lips.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burns," he said, "but I suppose I shall have to get back to the Licks, but if you will let me, I shall come back some other evening and see you and these youngsters," and he reached a hand over the fence and made a pretense of pinching the nearest child's soft, peachy cheek. Mrs. Burns expressed the pleasure it would give her and her husband to see him, and as he was about to leave, he asked:

"Will you tell me the name of that beautiful prayer I was so unfortunate as to interrupt?"

"We were saying the Rosary."

"The Rosary!" he repeated, as, after bidding her good night, he walked down the little path between

the flower beds, the fragrance of the honeysuckle following him like the prayers of a loved one. Then : "I wish we had some such established and touchingly beautiful prayers among us," for his mind went to invocations he had heard sometimes perpetrated in the name of rendering homage to God. Then he chided himself for his fault-finding, knowing God looks not to the words but the spirit ; remembering the "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" found more favor in His sight than the long petitions of the Pharisee.

As he retraced his steps, very slowly, for he had no desire for the society of the fashionable guests he must meet on his return, his growing attachment for the place and its people, seemed to draw itself more tightly around his heart. He paused once and looked back at the log house, gleaming white in the moonlight, recalled the scene he had stumbled in on, and asked himself what wealth or fame or pleasures could outweigh that prayerful and strong, sweet, human love? What an illustration was the act of that woman of a faith and confidence in her God in advancing, modesty her armour, and prayer her weapon, to meet a stranger who, for aught of human knowledge she possessed, had come to do her and her children deadly wrong, and how instantly that courage had reacted on her children, who lost their first fear and accompanied her! "It's brave souls we need," he thought, recommencing his journey. "There are too many moral and physical cowards in the world—the woman who is afraid of her shadow in the moonlight, and the man who dare not do right because of human opinion."

He thought he should like to live out his life among these fearless, simple

souls, that it would be great pleasure to make friends with the Burns' children, to have their eight bright eyes often looking down the road for his coming, eight eager hands ransacking his pockets for the sweets they would learn to expect. He should like to see more of Dave and his strict little Methodist wife, and get below the still dead surface of Pedler Daley's life. Oh, what wonderful creatures live always around us, if we only seek them! What depths—often depths of beauty—would not the lives we half despise reveal if we were not such duffers! We bury ourselves with the result of philosopher's searches when around us lie the infinite sources from which he derived his knowledge, which we might find for ourselves with all the charm of discovery. But sometimes into the world we deem so unlovely, which we condone with ourselves because fate has decreed we must there spend our lives, comes one, holding his grant royal to find beauty in all creatures ; and then, revealed by him, we grow dazed by the treasures we hitherto passed unseeing. Your hill yonder may seem bare and yellow, and shut out a view of rich landscape ; but not all the magic in an artist's box can equal the transcendent beauty of that low line of red-bud in blossoming time ; nor can all the florist's knowledge perfect such rare delicacy of coloring, such subtle evanescent fragrance as that of the tiny flowers that you will find lifting its head from that clayey soil. The iron weed that fringe the valley stream may seem to you unsightly in their straight wiry growth, yet in mid-summer they flaunt a purple glory that had set a Syrian dyer mad for envy. The knob you think perverse because it will not nourish your blue grass, repays you for

your carping a thousand fold in the time of the golden rod; and as with nature, so it is with humanity. What we need are poets and artists, not to teach from the works of other men, but from the works of God. Not to rhapsodise over a Raphael's Madonna, but to show a signet, direct from the hand of God, in a wonder, a beauty, a thousand Raphaels could not copy, crowning the brow of every mother; not to point out the majesty of a poem depicting life, but the God-like majesty of that life itself. The school is too much, the source from which the school derives being, too little.

As he walked on, again Silas Grey's thoughts went back to Judith Saunders, with the fine delicacy of a man who would turn out of his path to avoid crushing a flower. What was the nature of a love so touchingly revealed? The rare, perfect and too-fleeting red-bud of her barren hills, or the perpetual blooming rose of his Southland? The upbubbling of a spring well in her lonely woods, or the river, blessing the fields and meadows? He shrank before its uncertainty, for the rose survives the storm, but a too careless wind scatters the bloom of red bud. For a child of the hills, where the flowers they bare, if exquisite, are frailer than a snow-flake, could he hope to find a heart-blossom that would bear the handling of transplantation, that would not pine in other soil, and wither from the breath of alien wind? In the last few hours, his thoughts of this girl had undergone a complete transformation. She was no longer determined even to hardness, strong in herself, even to man-like endurance, but a woman, calling for a care more delicate than that a musician gives his violin, and not less tender than a mother's for her

child. He scarcely knew how to address her, even in his thoughts, this woman who had given her love to him, a love the uncertainty of which he knew would lock his heart forever. But, ah! how rare was the flower of her red bud, there to bless and beautify, with the laughter of April time, and to leave a memory of loveliness, less of earth than heaven, through all the round of the year!

"It is the joy that mocks us!" he thought, and then he was started from his dreaming, by the sound of a foot, which had incautiously stumbled over a stone, and turning he saw a tall, lank figure stealing down behind him, which, then, paused abruptly. Unthinkingly, his eyes took in the man's attire, a dark coat, blue cottonade overalls, and a straw hat, and the face beneath, black as ebony. One hand was held behind his back, and instinctively the minister felt in that hand was a weapon, which, in the next instant, when he had passed into the deep shadow of the pines skirting the road before the hotel is in sight, had been used against his life. As the assassin turned to run, a branch of a shrub caught and knocked off the straw hat, and then, to his horror, Silas Grey saw the hair looked straight and yellowish in the moonlight. Instantly the words Pete had spoken that night flashed on his mind: "He weren't no niggah, for he had yaller hair!" and he knew he was standing, face to face, with the murderer of Jake Sharkley. Unheeding his own certain death had he, unarmed, clinched with that man, the minister bounded forward, but the former was too agile and, snatching up his hat, he flung himself down the steep, brush-covered cliff, that rises up from the darkly-flowing river below. Seeing

he had lost his man, the minister retraced his steps and, though the quick-footed assassin might be waiting for him in the darkness of the pines, he went forward, his heart tossed by a thousand contending emotions, among which fear, however, had no place.

His mission was discovered, and no time must now be lost, else another crime were added to the case, for he knew the next attempt would prove no failure. That this should have happened the very evening Luke O'Hagan had returned was, in itself, significant ; and he strove to forget the sweet mother-face, as he wrote to a legal friend in Frankfort for advice, the answer of which came the Monday following, in a sickly-looking young man, who wore glasses and read novels at the table, grumbled at the hotel fare and drunk more of the brackish water of the Spring, or at least paid more visits to it than all the other guests together.

The day following, as he was crossing the road to the post office, Bill Sharkley approached the minister with the invitation to attend, and address the meeting to be held the following Sunday afternoon in the little white church at the foot of the "Battle Ground."

"We's mostly Methidists hyarabouts," he said, "but we's alus glad to hear the word uf God," and he closed his eyes, piously, for Bill Sharkley had reformed.

Mr. Grey gave his consent. On that afternoon he found himself wishing for Mrs. Burns' Rosary prayers, as he listened to Bill Sharkley, who, in the absence of the minister, whose residence was in Carlisle, officiated at the irregular Sunday services. In one of the first pews Lucy Sharkley was sit-

ting, with her ailing baby in her lap, and as her husband prayed, the minister found himself gazing intently at the care-worn, thin, anguished face. Her gaze was fastened on her child's face, already wearing the shadow of death, and as he took in the pathos of the picture she made, he recalled the words Judith had spoken on that other Sunday morning. What was it that was eating out the heart of the woman, sorrow or knowledge, remorse or fear? So deep were his thoughts he was not aware the prayer had closed, until he felt Sharkley's hand on his shoulder.

As Silas Grey rose and looked over the men and women crowded into the small church, he suddenly, and without any apparent reason, recalled the first sermon he had ever preached. He remembered with what a spirit of humiliation, because of his past wickedness, he had chosen his text for that occasion, and, now he again quoted it, instead of the one had previously decided upon :

"And the hidden things shall be revealed and the crooked things shall be made straight." He looked from the expectant faces back to Lucy Sharkley, but she had not raised her eyes from her baby. Silas Grey was known as one of the most eloquent of preachers in the Baptist ministry, and, as his gaze rested on that woman, at that moment, it seemed as if the flood-gates of his soul had been opened, and it was as if one divinely commissioned, stood on the platform.

The countenances changed under his words, and fear of the un pitying scrutiny that is to come was revealed ; but Lucy Sharkley never looked up. What did it matter to her if angels and men read the story of her life? What if the finger of God should point her toward the region of darkness? It could be

no sadder than what her days on earth had been known. He went on, and hope began to illumine other eyes; but Lucy's head went lower over her baby, where her only hope was daily dying. Then he spoke of love, the love that pities, keeps, forgives; the love that pleads with us to rest in it alone; to bring there our fears and hopes, our joys and sorrows; the love that knows; and as tears began to flow over women's faces and men looked down, Lucy Sharkley raised her eyes from her child, and there shone in them a gratitude such as might illumine those of a soul lost, were an angel to come to it with promise of redemption.

As Silas Grey was leaving the church, Bill Sharkley said to him aloud, in the presence of the others:

"Brother Grey, I wisht we could keep you hyar allus. That sermon knocked out everything I've ever heerd."

The minister was too spent by the sermon, which he knew was the masterpiece of all he had ever uttered, to fancy compliments from Bill Sharkley; yet as he went down the road to the hotel the words, with the pertinacity that words have when the mind is over-wrought, repeated themselves in his ears, even with the peculiarity of the man's speech. He had given the silent "k" a hard sharp sound in saying "knocked," and, then, it came back to Silas Grey, he had, at some time in his life, heard the word so pronounced. Where was it? Who had said that other "knock" and when? "Knock,

knock, knock," the words beat over his brain like a hammer, always the "k" sounded hard and sharp, by a voice in that high-pitched, nasal twang. As he was placing his foot on the first step of the long wide stile, separating the walk of the hotel from the pike, like a flash there came back the night of the attempted lynching, when the leader of the mob, the one who, in the next minute had struck him almost to death, had shouted, "Men, give thet thar pa'son a knock in the head!" and Silas Grey caught to the fence for support. And Bill Sharkley's was the hand that had been raised against him, with a murderer's full and terrible intent, had left him a wretched man for life! And this man, for whose apprehension the State would pay five hundred dollars, on Sunday dared occupy the pulpit of a minister of God, preach of goodness to his fellow men, he, who should be, at that time, wearing the stripes in the Frankfort jail, if he had not been made to expiate his crime on a gallows? And this man was Lucy Sharkley's husband? The tears gathered into his eyes with the last thought. Poor Lucy! Poor little baby! How well if in the journey the child was so soon to take, the mother could go with it! He sighed deeply, heavily, then crossed the stile and walked toward the hotel, whose piazza was gay with the many guests Sunday always brought from the adjoining towns.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Success.

NOT like the gourd that suddenly appears

Is true success attained.

Men rise to eminence thro' toils and tears,

Thro' efforts unrelaxed and sinews strained

For patient years.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

The Infant of Prague and Sinners.

"I am not come to call the just, but sinners to repentance," said our Divine Saviour. And the Infant of Prague has given repeated proofs of His infinite mercy to sinners. We shall give but a few examples:

One day a man who had apparently forgotten that there was a God—and that for many years—came into the confessional. "Father," said he to the priest, "I really do not know why I came here, because I do not repent of my sins, and have no intention of amending my life." The confessor tried to move the obdurate sinner, but his efforts were of no avail. "At least," said he, "go to the shrine of the Infant Jesus, and offer Him this little prayer: 'O Divine Child! Enlighten my mind, and aid me to have the proper dispositions for making a good confession.'" The man complied, and his heart, heretofore so hard and obdurate, was at once softened. Touched by divine grace, he shed tears, and made a candid, contrite confession. After receiving absolution, he left the confessional, blessing the great mercy of "the Little King."

In the year 1889, there lived at Mons in Belgium the father of a family who neglected his religious duties entirely, and had even allowed the long lapse of forty years to pass without going to the Sacraments. He became seriously ill, but still refused to listen to the prayers of his good and zealous wife to let her send for the priest. One—two—three novenas did she make to the holy Infant of Prague in unison with her devoted children, and on the third day of the last one, the obstinacy of the poor sinner was overcome. He suddenly asked for a priest. Imagine the

universal rejoicing! He made a sincere confession and, after receiving the last rites of the Church, died peacefully,—thanks to the loving little Infant of Prague.

There lived at Bourges—in the year 1893—a young girl who had always been indifferent in regard to her religion, and who even when stricken with illness evinced no desire for conversion. Her pious mother entreated the Carmelite nuns of the place to make a novena for her to the Infant of Prague. Full of confidence that their prayers would be heard, she advised the sick girl to prepare for a good death, but to her sorrow, she was peremptorily refused. A few minutes later the priest, who had been called to try and save this poor soul, arrived and to their surprise she received him willingly, and even assured him that she would go to Confession on the following day. But during that day her last agony began, and she was unable to utter a word. The nuns at the Convent implored the divine Infant with redoubled fervor. The priest returned, but was told by the sorowing mother that it was too late. "She is dying, and cannot speak." Nevertheless, the priest went to the dying girl. Ah, then were manifested the goodness and mercy of the divine Child! She suddenly regained the power of speech and strength to make a contrite confession, after which she peacefully expired.

O! most holy Infant! Divine and lovely Child! Thou didst come into the world to be the salvation of poor sinners. Have mercy especially upon all those who love Thee, and do not permit them to die without being reconciled to Thee!

LED INTO PEACE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



THE orchards of St. Madeleine, a pretty Canadian village in the region of St. Hyacinthe, had become a splendid mass of white bloom and the sunshine was now flooding it with gold. It was an apotheosis of May. A landscape of unusual beauty lay beneath the sympathetic sky, gazing at its billowy clouds and tender blue, as if earth were appealing to heaven.

In one of these orchards sat a bright-eyed lad, idly musing, in the shade of a plum tree, whose more ethereal bloom divided it from the surrounding apple-blossoms; and this whiteness of pure bloom was reflected in a green pool near which it grew. The pearly petals fell on the boy's shoulders like a flurry of snow. As he suddenly looked up, it was plain enough that the enchantment of the scene had fallen upon him, absorbing his soul from all beneath the heavens. The celestial seemed for once to have touched the earthly, and its purity almost frightened him.

"It is like the Blessed Virgin," he thought, as he gazed. "Our Lady of the Snows!"

Then his thoughts reverted to something Father Bernard had said to another priest, one day, in his hearing, about "the beauty of holiness." "The beauty he meant must have been like this!" he murmured to himself. "Only that stays with us!" For another shower of falling petals warned him how transitory Nature's purity must be. And, in this silence, he

seemed to hear a voice calling him.

Simultaneously, the cross on the village spire shone out into flame, its gilding touched by the sun, as a cloud drifted from between. The Cross? Was it, indeed,—he paused, fearing to voice the thought that came to him,—could it be the voice of Jesus that he heard? Was it His loving hand outstretched, striving, perchance, to draw him near? Closer to Himself, to His uplifted Cross? And to that purity which is, of itself, a crown? Yet, if it were this; if the Lord Himself called him, should he not rise and go?

Like other lads of his age, Hugh Desmond had numberless dreams of the future, plans of boyish ambition; yet now, between him and their realization, rose that flaming Cross. He knew it meant deeps of pain, sorrow, renunciation,—though he could hardly have clothed his thought in words.

What would his cross be? He half shuddered through the brightness as he asked, for he seemed to see his suffering Lord, and the hour of Crucifixion. Yet, even then, all came out into glory! Why should he fear? The Lord who called him would be with him forever, come what might of grief.

He wondered at the swiftness of his own thought. He was not given to such meditations—but this—ah, this was a new thing. A great problem confronted him; what was he to do with his life? Should he not give it up forever with a glad heart to this loving Saviour, who was calling him and to His blessed Mother?

Suddenly a sweet face broke in upon

his meditations and a merry maiden of his own age opened the orchard gate.

"Oh, Hugh, what are you doing? Is it not lovely here?" cried the girl in a breath, dazzled in her turn by the beauty which had entranced the lad.

"Aline, dear Aline! Tell me something. Did you call me a few minutes ago?"

"Why, no!—no, indeed! I have but just come." And she hastily began pulling white clusters from the lower boughs of the plum tree. The sunshine on the gold of her braided hair only accented the brightness of her face; yet, to the boy, gazing at his playmate of childish years, that glittering cross—the cross of suffering—became in some way connected with her. In after years how vividly all this came back to him!

Presently she turned upon him with questionings.

"What were you doing here, Hugh, all alone?"

"I was thinking." The lad made answer in all simplicity.

"Tell me about it! all! every bit!" There was something imperious in her tone, as of a queen to a courtier. But, as Hugh Desmond told his tale, a shadow settled down on her brightness: she understood more of its purport, apparently, than he. The longer she thought, the deeper grew her dread of its significance. A silence fell upon both, which she was the first to break.

"Wilt thou, then, give up all, my friend,—and become a priest of God?"

Hugh dared not answer. She lifted her blue eyes to his face, and, although with quivering lip, made swift decision.

"If thou art, indeed, called of Him, I know thou wilt!"

Then, approaching footsteps and the sound of heavy voices broke up this

interchange of confidence. The girl started like a fluttered dove.

"It is Pierre coming back! And the others. I must go." And before the lad could make an effort to detain her, she disappeared lightly as she had come.

Hugh Desmond left his pretty resting place with a sigh and went to meet his brother. He looked more delicate than before, even, as his light frame and spiritual face fell into contrast with the robust physical force of the new-comer, who was, in his way, a sort of athlete. Pierre, a tall youth some five years the elder, but of coarser grain, shouted a gay greeting, plunging into noisy tales of the day's sport. Soon a dispute arose among the hunting-party over the possession of a fox, a portion of the prey.

"It is mine," cried Pierre triumphantly, "and you all know it! The brush is for Aline Quenin."

A chorus of angry voices arose at this, and the younger brother withdrew like a hurt child. He hated these dissensions—which he knew of old—and Pierre's bold mention of Aline cut him like a knife. He often fell into similar straits between his own shyness, usually misunderstood and set down for cowardice, and Pierre's haughty ways. To-day, however, a new thought entered like iron into his soul—a priest must be alone with his vocation—perhaps he was called away from Aline forever! Why should he be vexed with his brother? That was surely no part of any Divine service. Then, he grew calm. "I am not angry, now,—and not then, really! I love Pierre."

Saying this within himself, he felt it was truth. He did love the imperious elder brother, as far as the latter would permit; but Pierre's nature was

masterful, like his muscular build, and the timid attachment of the boy got carelessly brushed aside.

"He would treat Aline in the same way," said the lad to himself, with instinctive foreboding.

From this time on, he looked eagerly into the future, and day by day the vision rose clearer before him. He saw himself a priest, set apart from other men, ministering at the altar, the only love of his life the love of his Lord. And the dream grew increasingly attractive. He pursued his studies with frantic eagerness, choosing such as might best conduce to his end.

Only when he thought of Aline Quenin did he really waver, lost in a sea of sad perplexities.

Thus the days went by and, on the whole, he prospered. Then, into this calm a blow fell that wrenched him out of his security. His father, who had made great sacrifices, as he knew, to forward his plans and meet the expenses of his college course, suddenly fell ill, and, before the family apprehended danger, sank into the sleep of death. It was the swift collapse of a frail constitution under over-strain and anxious effort.

Pierre was excited to strong grief for a time, so startled by the shock as to be practically unmanned; and the arrangements needful for the funeral and for life's daily routine thereafter had to be made by Hugh and his mother. In point of fact, Pierre did not rouse himself to any real effort until the situation began to present its angular edges. The afternoon sun was pouring a flood of dusty gold over the highway skirting their farm and Hugh was just returning from the self-appointed task of directing the laborers in one of its more distant fields, when

Pierre unexpectedly joined him.

"Did my father leave a will?" Pierre put the question with ominous abruptness.

"Assuredly he did. M. Charcot, the notary, has it."

"Why didst thou give it to him, and not to me?"

"I did not give it to him. He drew it up, and my father, himself, put it in his hands for safe-keeping!"

Pierre made no reply, but knit his shaggy brows, as if in menace. A silence ensued, which he was the first to break.

"I will go, myself, to M. Charcot."

"Certainly! I wish you would. We must see how matters stand."

The frank bonhomie of this was all lost on Pierre, whose savage temper was rising. Hugh's heart sank. He saw that his mother and sister would have to be his own care and charge, with little aid from his elder brother.

On the morrow, bright and early, Pierre set out for St. Hyacinthe. It was an effort out of his line. He had known little about his father's business worries, and cared less; a rollicking life with dubious companions and an eager pursuit of manly sports had filled his heart and thoughts. Now, it suddenly occurred to him that, unless his father's property proved a handsome one, his pleasures were likely to be curtailed. So it was in a sulky mood that he sought the lawyer.

M. Edward Charcot was a keen old man, sharp-sighted and used to such encounters as now threatened him. He looked at Pierre, and took his measure with a glance. Then he began to read the will in a slow, drawling tone, which irritated the young man beyond measure. Its purport, however, was plain. The farm was to be Hugh's inheritance; the village

store, which old Jean Desmond had made to yield a shrewd income, was to be sold by the executors to Louis Duboeuf at a figure named between them; while to the eldest son fell the balance of the estate. The ready money accruing from the sale to Duboeuf was to make provision for the needs of the widow and little Cecile.

Pierre listened in puzzled astonishment. Hugh was to have the farm, then, and he, himself, he knew not what. It was monstrous! But no, it could not be! He swallowed his wrath and questioned M. Charcot more closely.

"Yes," said he, "I am well acquainted with the affairs of M. Jean Desmond, my late client. I know that he owned a controlling interest in the Red Jacket, a valuable coal mine in Picton, which must be included in the balance of the estate. Moreover, I am sorry to have to inform you that, since this will was made, your father met with some misfortunes of a business sort, which forced him to mortgage the homestead farm for a considerable sum. M. Jacques Despard holds this mortgage, and, if paid off at once—as I should recommend, though I do not venture to advise—it will effect quite a shrinkage in the estate. The mining interest is good, and, indeed, might be made highly profitable by strict oversight and steady personal attention. Left to itself, as your father was compelled to leave it, it will continue to deteriorate. It needs immediate supervision."

Pierre made a gesture of disgust.

"As to ready money," pursued the old lawyer, mentally noting the grimace, "meaning funds immediately available—I do not know of any at all. Duboeuf, the clerk, will know better than anyone else whether my late

client banked at St. Hyacinthe, in a business way. Or you can learn, now, at the Dominion Bank, next block below."

Pierre's questionings at the one Bank of the place—St. Madeleine had none at all—gave no cheering result. A small sum was entered to the credit of the late Jean Desmond—so small, indeed, that Pierre stood aghast, it would scarcely meet immediate demands.

The old lawyer had made it plain that, henceforth, the hard work which his soul abhorred, must be his portion. His days of careless comfort were over.

M. Charcot looked grave after the young man departed. "It is the end of the Desmond property, of the Desmond prosperity!" he murmured, "unless the younger lad is made of better stuff than this one."

Hugh was not as much surprised by Pierre's report as he might have been. He had known something of his father's money anxieties and with the instinct of sympathy divined the rest. The latter had made a just will, providing for all, as affairs had stood at that time; but subsequent losses had altered the case and no codicil of readjustment appeared. It was a blow to him, in particular. He saw plainly that his own portion, the over-mortgaged farm, was valueless unless the indebtedness were discharged. If this were done, as M. Charcot advised, with the funds meant for his mother's support, it must be hers, thereafter, and lodged in her name. Thus she and Cecile would have, at least, a home. For himself, he would be penniless, but what did that matter? His vocation meant voluntary poverty; the Lord was making it easy for him. Was it not well that he had nothing of earth to cling to?

But further trouble impended. It became increasingly evident that Pierre would not assume his share of the common burden. He agreed, indeed, to stay by the farm and "look after it," but actual labor was afar from his thoughts.

Then, a few words from M. Charcot fell like a thunder-bolt on Hugh and all his visions. "My good lad," the advocate spoke kindly, for the attractive face and earnest voice of the younger son had appealed to him strongly—he saw that this young man would understand—"you must face the call of duty, come what may! The future of your mother and sister, humanly speaking, depends upon you. I fear—and I think you know—that the farm under your brother's management will not produce a princely revenue. You say he refuses to go to Picton. Perhaps that is well! I think you will accomplish more in that quarter, than he!"

Then, he must go, himself. The call of duty—these words went through him like a knife. A well-directed thrust, the old advocate knew—nor did it fail of the mark.

His divine call, his vocation, could it be this? A plunge into blackness—a struggle for mere life and livelihood and that beneath the earth—a voluntary self-burial in a Picton coal mine? The priesthood indeed demanded sacrifice, but a beautiful abnegation, in its way. To minister at the lighted altar, to heap it with roses, to be out in the sunshine, to have society of books and consecrated men, to feel the smile of the Madonna on his labors, to such a vocation his soul gladly yielded. But this changed call—could it be also—yes, equally,—from on high?

Yet the Divine Hand—none else!—had overthrown his hopes. It had

touched his father's hoary head with eternal peace and lifted off his burdens forevermore! "It is the Lord!" he whispered to his soul with sudden awe, yet felt his heart breaking the while.

He would have found his own load heavier still but for his mother's tenderness and the sympathy of Aline; for Pierre was very trying, in the days that followed. He was willing enough, he said, for Hugh to go to Picton, adding that he should be a fool to object, since any improvement at the Red Jacket would help to fill his empty pockets.

This, however, was not at all M. Charcot's idea nor that of Hugh himself. He made his proposition in a business-like way.

"If the profits at the Red Jacket lessen under my management, I will return and give the whole thing up as a failure. But in case I augment them, I shall claim the increase as my salary and out of it my mother will be dutifully cared for." At this Pierre rose in wrath, asseverating that the mine was his own and every dollar it produced; but Hugh quietly persisted.

"On no other conditions do I go. If I labor, I am worthy of my hire."

Sober second thought, however, with his mother's persuading, calmed Pierre and set him reflecting. Hugh's going would be no loss and any money he might give to mother or sister would be clear gain. Besides, if Hugh remained, he could not always have his own way on the farm—which was a consideration—while any improvements of a permanent character made at the mine would be for his own ultimate advantage. To have this inconvenient younger brother out of his way was something! It would insure them against any further demands on the home purse for his personal expenses

or college schemes. Pierre had small respect for learning; in fact, had looked askance at every dollar Hugh had received from their father, frankly deriding the lad's studious tastes.

Hugh lingered long, however, delaying his departure. He dreaded parting from Aline. But he was forced to act, at last. Again angry voices met him, on his return from the fields. Pierre was just turning away from the rest of the lads with an exultant laugh; and the one ablaze with wrath was Aline's brother.

"I say, Hugh," he cried, "Pierre shall not insult my sister! Aline wants none of him or his love-making. He shall not have her! I will shoot him down first!"

Hugh turned white. This, then, was Pierre's offense. His own anger sprang out of all control. Had Pierre been within reach, the two might have slain him on the spot.

A white heat of passion blazed up in Hugh's breast, such as he had never known before; an impulse, mighty to tear and rend. A rage of jealousy, touched with a chivalry inherited from past generations, fed the fire in his veins. He would fight for Aline to the death.

Young Quenin saw it, with a sudden cooling of his own wrath. He took the other by the arm. "Come with me, now!" he urged. "Do not go to him!"

Hugh yielded, in silence.

"Let the cur alone!" he added, after a second glance at Hugh's face. "It is not for my sister's honor that her name should be smirched with crime or brawl. This is my quarrel and my father's; not thine, mon ami."

For Hugh the hour of leave-taking had struck. If he could not stay and keep peace with his brother he had

better go—he saw this, as in one great burst of light.

Later, fell his repentance. What had he done? What right had he, indeed—he, a future priest—to stand between Aline and any suitor for her hand? What right had he, even, to be angry? He was disgracing his vocation—nay, even his summons to a coal mine! "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," so ran one of the Gospels! What was he thinking of?

The rush of penitence was intense; deep as his wrath had been, he came out of it, sure of one thing only—that he must leave home without delay. And upon this resolution he acted.

Hastily bidding his mother good-bye, he took train at once. It was a sad journey Eastward. From out his soul's humiliation, its bitter deeps of contrition, he cried, perpetually, within himself, "I was not fit for the priesthood and Heaven knew it. Therefore, the way was barred. Perhaps I am not fit even for the coal mine."

His self-exile seemed a salutary penance. None the less by sharp coincidence, as events are hung together in this complicated world, the very evils from which he was flying were hurrying to meet him. Word of the owner's intended arrival had already reached the coal-mine and the general manager at the Red Jacket had waxed wroth. Justifiable wrath he maintained it was and hot, in its own way, as poor Hugh's had been. What good could possibly come, he argued, of this interference with him and his plans? He was doing all that possibly could be done with the mine! If the owners wanted to squeeze out more money, and did so, it merely meant financial ruin. Guy McFarland boiled with rage—partly selfish, it was true, but

also generous, for he knew the miners under him needed every cent of their present wage.

"If the Desmond comes," he muttered, "it is because the devil sends him! And he'll get the devil's own welcome!"

Verily, ill-temper was no monopoly of the Desmonds.

So poor Hugh, on his arrival, found no kindly hand outstretched in greeting. It was dark, the hour late—no conveyance arrived to meet him—and he had to go stumbling off on foot through the shadows to find the manager's quarters. As he left the village and approached the mine, the general desolation awed him. Piles of black refuse dotted the uneven ground, yawning pits opened their mouths at him as he picked his way on, more and more confused and weary. The path wound like a snake, in the darkness, as if doubtful of its own way, presently crossing a ravine where he could hear the plashing of black water under his feet. He felt one of the rotten planks of the rough bridge give way beneath him, and sprang aside to avoid the danger. But he sprang too far, lost balance and fell headlong into the hollow.

He lay stunned, in the darkness—for how long he never knew!—but woke at length to a sense of acute pain. A futile effort to move convinced him that his right leg was either crushed or broken. Calls for help brought no response and soon sank into moans of distress.

Finally a figure swinging a lantern appeared in the distance, and he was aware that a man of gigantic strength, yet speaking with a voice of insistent softness, had come to his rescue. It was Guy McFarland, the irate manager. He examined the stranger with keen-

eyed curiosity. The delicate boy with his pallid, daintily-cut features, in his plight of utter helplessness, stirred the soul of his rescuer; better nature sprang up in sudden tenderness. "The poor lad!" he murmured. "He looks like a white lily in the blackness."

Then, his practical energy asserted itself. "Keep up heart, my boy! Wait a minute. There! Now let me lift you!"

Hugh's weight seemed like a feather. He strode on with him, evenly and tenderly, to the little building where he lived, laid him on his own bed and sent a man on his own fast mare at full gallop for a surgeon.

Not until the injured limb had been attended to and the fever that ensued perceptibly abated—it was a matter of some days—did Guy McFarland ask the name of the patient he was nursing so tenderly. He started at the whispered answer.

"Hugh Desmond"—could it be possible? Here, then, was the dreaded enemy. He could hardly credit it. This delightful boy, how could he be the mine-owner?

It was M. Jean Desmond, I believe, who was expected," he remarked, as if in a dream.

"My father? Alas! my dear father is dead—and gone from us for ever!" Tears sprang to the blue eyes, wide open with suffering, at the sad remembrance. Guy McFarland fell into a tumult of thought. His good deed had brought its own reward. In place of a sharp proprietor, intent on grinding more profit from the mine and the men—in place of the tyrant he was dreading, against whom he had been nursing wrath, intense as his own strong nature,—here was a gentle boy, whom he could surely influence, if not mould altogether to his will. The poor

miners would be saved from oppression—he could see to that, himself, now! The load of anxiety upon him had weighed tons—yes, tons!—he said to himself, as it softly rolled away.

“I have come in my father’s stead,” murmured Hugh. “I trust you will not be sorry—not very sorry, I mean! I will do my best!”

The pathetic little promise went to Guy’s heart, then and there.

“Yes—yes, laddie! Go to sleep, now!” And the blue eyes obediently closed, unconscious of their great victory.

With returning strength Hugh’s observations began. He wondered, day after day, at McFarland—at his immense energy, his grasp of details and general good judgment. He saw that this man was the very soul of everything at the Red Jacket; that, but for his faithful unflagging zeal, the handsome profits, which he and Pierre had so long enjoyed, would never have accrued.

“I want to help you, and pay my own way here!” he pleaded, one day, with much earnestness. “I am so much better now!”

McFarland thought a little. “Why not take Steve Curran’s place? He can have a better one, for the asking, at the works of the Excelsior, that big mine over yonder.”

Hugh accepted the opening gladly. He was already convinced that mining and mine supervision were not things to be learned in a day. He saw he must serve a long apprenticeship and that no better teacher could be had anywhere than Guy McFarland.

It was wearisome and gloomy work for one reared in the sunny fields of St. Hyacinthe. He grew sick of the eternal blackness, sick of the mine and the shaft, sick of the poverty and

grinding depression all around. He envied McFarland the strength and will power with which the latter worked—steadily and evenly, like the mighty play of a steam engine. Often his own heart sank and he fell back in nerveless depression, ready to give it all up! This surely was not his vocation.

He said as much to good Fr. Sebastien, the priest of the region, who liked him much. In fact, the kindly man had been striving to help him ever since the day when his reticence had first broken barrier and he had poured out his tale of crushed aspirations.

“My son, it is indeed dark, here!” was the sympathetic answer. “Poverty and suffering do, indeed, stalk abroad. Bless the Lord, my son, and thank Him for setting you here, as a light in a dark place! Charity and love are rays of His glory, and herein is your priesthood. To this field—not to a brighter one—He has ordered you, in His great mercy. Go about doing good!”

Certainly opportunities came on all sides. Hugh did his best and the men grew vaguely conscious of some softening influence at work; there was less friction at the Works, less acerbity on McFarland’s part, less resentment on their own. A kindly voice met their complaints with sympathy; little comforts crept into their cottages. Steve Curran, from his new berth at the Excelsior, questioned McFarland.

“How does the young un get on, Master?”

“Finely. Handles all your old work—and puts in a lot of ornamentals besides. Coaxes the men and oils the wheels all round!”

“Helpin’ Father Sebastien, eh? So I hear. Didn’t come down here for mischief, did he?”

"No, no!" growled Guy, shortly. He disliked the reminder of his suspicions.

Not until six months had elapsed and he stood on firm footing of friendship with McFarland did Hugh Desmond broach the matter which had been the real cause of his coming. Then he broke silence and told the nature of his bargain with Pierre.

McFarland burst into expostulation. "Donner and Blitzen!—as Pieter Dutchman says! Why, man, how the mischief did you expect to make money, here! The Jacket pays out every dollar it earns! It isn't losing by you, so long as you get only what Curran did. But extra profits—no, laddie, the thing can't be done."

And Guy McFarland set his firm lips in a decisive curl.

"What is the trouble, Mac? Why can't it?" queried the other with the innocent air of a small child.

"You little blossom of St. Hyacinthe!" cried the manager, now irate. "Can't you see that your old machinery is on its last legs? I worry every day, and lie awake nights, for fear some awful thing will happen. It is liable to break down or burst up, any time! Here I have been begging the company for new pumps and engine, Heaven knows how long! Can't get a shilling towards them, because it would cut down profits."

"Wouldn't the new machinery eventually increase the profits?"

"Surely, my artless lad! We could materially increase the output. Even your little head can take you that far! But the owners, no! They don't mean to see it."

Hugh thought of Pierre and was silent; he was catching a glimpse of the real anxieties that oppressed McFarland.

In due time, however, he made another attack.

"Isn't there something I can do, Guy, even if we can not get new machinery? Are there no little things worth doing? I want to work for the common good. 'He that is faithful in few things shall be made ruler over many things.'"

"Yes, sonny! No end of small jobs that I can't attend to. I do all I can! I work every minute of the day, as you see. Yes, I will give you a list."

A new era of usefulness dawned upon Hugh. Not only did he labor patiently, but he began to get interested. He caught himself planning for the Red Jacket and forgetting St. Hyacinthe in the new enthusiasm. "I have caught McFarland's spirit," he owned to himself. "Like him, I am getting proud of my work!" He had just been successfully renewing some rotten timbers and had strengthened up much feeble ladder-work. "It is worth doing, indeed! Human life will be so much the safer."

He was quiet, but efficient; one piece of neglect after another was silently repaired and small improvements steadily carried on. The men understood at once.

"Young un's a trump—he is!—beggin' pardon of yer Riverence fur sayin' it. But he do be lookin' afther us, like a mother!" This burst from one of the miners with a delighted grin, in answer to Fr. Sebastien's grave inquiries. "He is mendin' up iverything, sor!"

And Fr. Sebastien softly murmured the ancient Messianic prophecy, "He shall be called the Repairer of the breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in."

At the close of the year to his own surprise Hugh found a neat little surplus to his credit.

"Our output was a trifle more," explained McFarland, "and values higher. Coal went up." Hugh smiled, more than delighted. "Now, young man," pursued Guy, do not invest your cold cash here. The Red Jacket is not a big mine and never will be. Besides, you'll have trouble with your precious brother, if you do! Buy an interest in the Excelsior, over yonder. Steve Curran will manage it."

Hugh gladly acted on this hint. His spirits rose; he was accomplishing something after all.

The next year he set about the task of procuring new engines. It was a labor of Hercules, as he had foreseen. He wrote letters innumerable, made sundry journeys for personal conference with obstinate proprietors, found favor with these and slowly advanced his cause. Pierre proved the worst obstacle; his dull mind could not or would not grasp the idea that a small sacrifice of immediate income would eventuate in substantial increase thereof. At times Hugh despaired and gave over effort—but soon returned to it again, at the stimulus of McFarland's grim face.

His only comfort in these discouraged days lay in the letters of Cecile. His school-girl sister was blossoming into beauty, as her photograph bore witness—her mind developing in like fashion—and her sympathy became very sweet. "The little Madonna" McFarland called her. He would stroll into Hugh's room and gaze at the tender face, as if entranced.

"Give me this picture! She will send you another!" he exclaimed. "One day I hope to see the original!" And coolly putting it in his pocket, he walked away.

Towards the close of the year Hugh's labors began to bear fruit. One by

one the members of the mining company yielded to pressure and McFarland's face brightened. Pierre Desmond was last to succumb, yet he, too, finally gave in. The new pumping engines were compassed. The superintendent's grim delight was something pathetic and in it the younger man found his reward.

Yet in this probationary world joy and grief are as warp and woof. While the superintendent was striding nervously around, watching the arrival of the new engines part by part, his stern face alive with joy—so that even the miners grew sympathetic—the blow of all blows, for his whole life on earth, fell upon Hugh. A letter from his sister held this fatal sentence. "Aline Quenin is at last betrothed to our Pierre. We are all very happy, for we love her dearly."

In the suffering that crushed his soul even to numbness, Hugh learned the strength of the tie that bound him to Aline. He went about like a man in a dream. McFarland understood and his rough sympathy, silent but sincere, proved Hugh's best help. It was not impossible to argue with himself. Hugh knew it might prove all for the best and felt sure Aline's gentleness would soften Pierre's temper—indeed, had already done so, as his yielding in the matter of the engines now evidenced—yet his arguments failed to convince his own spirit. The sacrifice of his love was a spiritual crucifixion.

Unconscious of it though he was, his training at the mine helped him to face the blow. McFarland's sturdy power over himself and others had inspired him; facing the grim facts of life, among the poor, had also taught him much, and when he finally opened his grief to Fr. Sebastien, the latter

had far stronger material to work upon than he would have found three years before.

"My son," said he, "thy strength is made perfect in weakness. This is thy call to priesthood—that priesthood of pain, of eternal self-sacrifice, the very glory of heaven, in virtue whereof our Jesus sitteth at the right hand of God. To the great renunciations of life cometh the great recompense of reward."

Hugh went away vaguely comforted. McFarland, too, grew gentle and even tender toward him in these days.

"Come and look at the sea!" he would often say, and draw Hugh away from his every-day haunts. Together they would stroll on the coast, watching the infinite swell of the ocean, its varied color beneath shifting skies, its surface sheen and hollow deeps, rich in mystic suggestions to the struggling soul.

"There is peace at its heart!" declared the Scotchman—and this over and over again, as if the thought were habitual with him. "You have nothing like this in your calm valleys of St. Hyacinthe. Here is the greatness of Divine sorrow, buffeted and storm-tossed, yet anchored fast in everlasting calm."

So, day after day, the green surges came up and Hugh found the soothing of their ceaseless reiteration. The ocean became his mighty comforter.

In all this McFarland built more wisely than he knew for the bruised soul in his care. He understood its suffering and admired its quietude of endurance, for Hugh plunged more earnestly than ever into his daily tasks and his charities multiplied. All his slender salary, save a mere pittance, went to relieve the poor.

The mine still prospered, however,

and again a handsome balance of annual profit fell to his share and went into the Excelsior. The young man neither knew nor cared, so deep was the struggle within him.

A strange joy awed him amid the dark of these days, as if falling straight from heaven.

He was sitting by a ruddy fire one evening with McFarland, watching the blue spurts of flame that fitfully danced on the glowing coal. Silence reigned between them. Later when the older man spoke there was a new note in his decisive voice, a tone of grave respect.

"Hugh, my boy, you know I have had no religion. Never thought much of the different kinds I've seen all about! But I like the kind you have. It is a good sort and I want it. Yes, a faith like yours and none other!"

Tears sprang to his eyes, while Hugh stood amazed and overwhelmed. It was like a flood of God's grace, poured straight from the skies. He had prayed for his friend, indeed, but what magnificent answer, this! What a response from the Divine! He had never dared, more than merest mention of his Church to the Scotchman, knowing his calibre and his inbred fibre of resistance, inherited from the old Covenanters. This silence had been wisdom.

McFarland answered the fervent "Thank Heaven!" that rose to his lips with further frank confession.

"Father Sebastien tried to move me, but no, I would not hear! I am a hard man, Hugh; it was not his fault! Now, I will go and beg his forgiveness—and you shall teach me the ways of your Church."

Poor Hugh, astounded, delighted and humbled all at once, grasped his friend's hand, wondering more and

more at the ways by which the Lord his God had led him. A priesthood of pain, Father Sebastien had said, and behold, it was already crowned—crowned with golden recompense! Yes, it was his crown, his own! Father Sebastien had sought this soul in vain. Not to the aged priest, skilled in spiritual arts, but to himself, in his hour of sacrifice, had this grace come!

He saw he could not overstate the value of a softening Christ-love to this stern man, suffering daily from the very hardness that made him strong, nor the value of such a helper to Father Sebastien and the Church he served. It sang like a chorus through his soul for months after—"The crown of my joy in Christ Jesus!"

For Guy McFarland, having once set his face in the good way, went on in his own conquering fashion, and Father Sebastien found in him a mighty and dependable force making for righteousness.

A shock came, to break up these hours of peace. Cecile wrote that her mother had been taken ill; that they were all alarmed about her and that it was her one wish to see Hugh again. Hugh, her baby boy! Anxious and agitated, he appealed to McFarland.

"Go?" cried the latter, "why, yes! At once, my lad! And not alone! I go with you. Steve Curran will run things here. The Excelsior will lend him, for a time; we are owners over there, now!"

Like a beautiful, strong elder brother, Guy McFarland prepared for their journey, sweeping away obstacles in his own masterful fashion and soon the two were flying by swift train over the bright country. A telegram met them on the way, relieving Hugh's

anxiety a little. The invalid was no worse.

In fact, when they at last arrived, she seemed perceptibly stronger. Hugh's presence gave her new life, and Pierre also seemed devoted to her. Aline's influence had calmed her husband's irritable mood and Hugh had to admit that Aline herself appeared happy. The suffering had been all his own! And for this he thanked heaven!

McFarland declared that Pierre was not a saint; but then—he dryly added—few men were! Domestic peace, with Aline for its centre, charmed Hugh into a less forced resignation, and he drew the young wife, together with Cecile, into the soft circle of his brotherly love.

McFarland was prompt in making his own plans. "Give me Cecile, Hugh, to wife!" he pleaded, "if I can woo and win her. I have wealth enough—as you know—to care for her tenderly—and for the dear mother, too, if need be. Let Steve Curran stay by at the Red Jacket! he is a valuable man. That sets you free for your old work! Then, later, come back to us and help Father Sebastien."

Hugh wrung his hand. "Then we should be, indeed, brothers!" he cried. "It shall be as Cecile wishes."

Thus everything came about. Cecile was soon shyly smiling on McFarland's suit. Hugh sold out his Excelsior stock to give her a modest wedding outfit, the balance meeting the cost of his final studies; and, one day, in the bowers of St. Hyacinthe, when the orchards were again in white bloom, his early dream sprang into beautiful reality. Through the gate of suffering he had come into his consecrated priesthood.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The glad Easter days have come at last and the very air is full of our Risen Lord's greeting to His loved ones after His Resurrection ; Peace ! What beauty there is in the word since that Easter day nineteen hundred years ago when it fell consecrated from the lips of the Risen Christ. It is really a God-given word. First heard with a new significance at His birth, then as the heritage of the King, triumphant over death and hell.

April days are very pleasant ones and are a delightful change from the cold winds of March, which is a spring month only in name. April is fitly called the month of the Resurrection, because nature and grace have arisen with their Lord and have responded to the glad Alleluia ! which is in truth the canticle of the Spring.

Dear children, it would be a very excellent thing if every one of you would learn the life of our Blessed Lord in its every detail. And for this purpose let me recommend to you a book called "New Testament Studies" by Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D. It is beautifully and simply written, and will give you a very good knowledge of the Bible and familiarize you with the Life of Christ.

It is a great pity that so few people— young people—know so little of our Lord's life. They would be ashamed not to know the biographies of the world's great men, but when it comes to the Life of Christ they are sadly

ignorant. Now, just such books as Mgr. Conaty's will teach you all you want to know at present, and, what is better, will cultivate in you a desire for further knowledge. Nowadays there are such beautiful works written to explain the Bible, that no one need be ignorant of the finest literature in the world—that of the Holy Scriptures.

After His Resurrection our Lord remained on earth forty days training His apostles for their mission, and preparing them to continue His work after He was gone. We may well envy them those forty days of perfect peace, and we in turn must do some apostolic work during this month of the Resurrection. What shall it be ? Help people to make their Easter duty. You know the Paschal season, the time for the Easter Confession and Communion is from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday,* which this year will be on May 28.

First, let us all pray. One Hail Mary every day for the people of our own parish, ("Charity well ordered begins at home,") that every one, without exception, may have the grace to go to the Sacraments.

What a joy for a pastor. What untold joy to a multitude of homes, and what a blessed relief to the many watching, prayerful souls who are anxious and fearful, as Trinity Sunday approaches and all the "Easter lambs," as the Redemptorists call them, are not gathered into the fold. United prayer will work wonders, and perhaps some of us will take very kindly

to this form of it because our own near and dear ones will be its object.

It is well to be generous in prayer. The Secretary read lately that when we have Mass offered for others, it is a greater charity to have it offered for many than one, (Father P. Gallwey, S.J.,) and so with other things. We gain much by an act of self-denial, but we double the gain by making that act for some one else.

Now, during the Paschal season, how much may we not gain by praying for those who neglect their Easter duty or who put it off from day to day.

That is what our Lord meant by the parable in which He speaks of the nobleman who called his ten servants and gave them ten pounds, saying "Trade till I come." To make the best of our opportunities,—and prayer, the power to pray, is among the best of them.

Not so much prayer for ourselves, but for others. Our Lord taught His apostles to say "Our Father"—not "My Father." So, dear children, pray for sinners—and of course we can count ourselves in among them—pray for the unhappy, and last, but not least, indeed, pray for our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who is growing old so grandly, so gloriously and so fearlessly. Read his last letter, if you are able, if not, tell your parents what a good thing it would be for them to do so. Don't be selfish little saints—make others good, and at the same time try to make them happy.

Some years ago there was a little society in New York called "The Sunbeams," and the members bound themselves to one thing only. To do one act of kindness to some one every day, for the love of God. Try it—but don't forget the motive. There is too much

kindness done to people nowadays for other motives—and it always fails.. Real kindness is charity, and charity is the love of God—no real love for man, for the poor, the unfortunate, the sinful that is not founded on the love of God. All else is false and a failure. When you grow older you will learn that philanthropy is a bigger word than charity, but it gives only a portion where charity gives all.

Don't be philanthropists, but charitable Christians. There is a great difference between the two titles.

The first must have something material to give—the second needs only a good will and he can help the whole world; for he has at his disposal a veritable gold mine—the power to pray.

Devotedly yours,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

⁷ In nearly every Diocese in the United States.—[Ed]

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.—St. John xiv.
2. Live more in God, and do not think of the future.—De Ravignan
3. To those who can see straight themselves, all things look always straight.—Faber.
4. Whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's—Romans xiv.
5. A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.—Edmund Spencer.

FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?
2. What apostle took the place of the traitor, Judas?
3. Who was the husband of Veronica, who wiped our Lord's face with her veil?

4. What was the name of the blind man in St. Mark's Gospel, who cried out, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me"?
5. Who was the first Christian woman of Europe, whose name we know?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?
2. Whole, I am what boys get into ;
Behead me, I am what people wear in mourning ;
Behead me again, I am a seed for birds ;
Behead me again, I become an animal.
3. Who went to sea for fear of being drowned?
4. What is higher when the head is off?
5. What school master demands the highest fees?

ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

FLOWERS OF PIETY.

1. Snowdrop.
2. Crocus.
3. Daisy.
4. Crown Imperial.
5. Daffodil.
6. Anemone.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

EASTER DINNER.

- 1—St. Peter.
- 2—St. Gregory.
- 3—Bayard.
- 4—Louis IX. of France.
- 5—St. Jerome.
- 6—O'Connell.
- 7—Fr. Matthew.
- 8—St. Luke.
- 9—Michael Angelo.

- 10—St. Dominic.
- 11—St. Ambrose.
- 12—St. Thomas Aquinas.
- 13—A Goose.
- 14—Turkey.
- 15—Castor.
- 16—Syllabubs and Pie.
- 17—Tongue.
- 18—Ham.
- 19—Her-ring.
- 20—Potatoes.
- 21—Onions.
- 22—Cabbage.
- 23—Bread.
- 24—Salt.
- 25—Butter.
- 26—Apples.
- 27—Plums.
- 28—Pears.
- 29—Figs.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Boy and the Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb ;
On the ground stood a sparrow bird
looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the
sparrow was bad,
So he shied a big stone at the head of
the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the
sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over
the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, spar-
row-bird, please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the spar-
row-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond
mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked
bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I
have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was
fixed ;
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing
a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard
every word,
And I jotted it down as it really oc-
curred.

Touching Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Thomas' Sermons.

About a fortnight before Christmas a number of Prussians reached Velars, a small village near Dijon, and announced that they were to be quartered there for some time. The church was at once selected by the German soldiers for their barracks. The news of this arrangement quickly spread through the village and caused the greatest consternation. The parish priest happened to be absent. What are we to do?" said the good peasants, "we cannot leave the Blessed Sacrament in the church, as these Prussians are going there, and we cannot remove it, because the priest is not here." One among them was struck with a bright thought: "*Attendez* (wait); bring little Paul, who made his first communion this year; he is very good and very pious; he may remove *le bon Dieu* (the good God)." They brought the little fellow, a child of remarkable piety and sense, but he refused to do what he was asked, alleging that he was not a priest, and had no right to touch the sacred vessels. On this one of the villagers cried, "I will go and fetch my little boy; he is a little innocent one, and he will do as I tell him."

The child, a bright little thing four years old, was brought. His father lifts him on the altar, tells him how to open the door of the tabernacle, and putting in his spotless baby hands a clean white cloth, tells the child to take up the holy ciborium, and so, the child bearing the Most Holy Sacrament, borne himself in the arms of his father, and followed by the villagers, men and women, all bearing lighted tapers, passes from the church, to deposit the sacred treasure where it will not be exposed to insult and desecration.

When the first passion flower bloomed out among the vines enwreathing the cross in the garden, the Peep-o'-day Boys gathered around to admire it. They asked Father Thomas why it was so called.

"Because it symbolizes the Passion and what was connected with the sufferings of our Lord; for Passion means suffering, in this sense. The petals represent the apostles; the style, the pillar to which our Saviour was bound when He was scourged. The threads around the style represent the crown of thorns. One of the stamens is a hammer, the four others form a cross. The three pointels are the nails. The three bracts are the three soldiers who cast lots for the seamless garment the Blessed Virgin wrought for her Son. The leaf with its five divisions recalls the five sacred wounds. The tendrils are the cords by which Christ was bound; and the two stipules, one on each side of the flower, denote the two thieves who were crucified with Him.

"Old legends say that the disciples passed the night after the crucifixion among the mountains of Jerusalem. In the morning they found a flower they had never seen before. From its curious construction they called it the Passion flower.

"In each bloom, lo! the cross appears,
The thorny coronal,
The nails, the pillar, the Roman
spears,
A glory circling all."

"This flower blooms about Holy Cross day, in September. What a beautiful vine it is! Children are like vines. You need something to cling to and some one to train you—your parents and your pastor. When you do not need their advice you are like a vine with no tendrils, which falls to the ground; you will soon be defiled by sin."

Editorial Notes.

Peccavi!

It is like discussing ancient history for a monthly magazine to submit its opinion on current topics. Before the month is half gone by, the weeklies have commented on the matter at issue and there remains but very little to be said. One conspicuous event was the promulgation of the Pope's letter on "Americanism." Some editors, indeed, would have us believe that such propensities, as condemned by the Holy Father, never existed. Mr. Thorne, in his latest *Globe Notes*, tells us that America was witnessing "another phase of hell over again," and "the Pope's letter means this absolutely, but with the fine and necessary diplomacy of the great head of the Church, the Pope puts his meaning in more diplomatic phrase." Indeed, some of the submissions to the letter were very funny. To quote the Catholic editor of a Catholic journal—the *St. Louis Church Progress*: "Everybody implicated is of course 'submitting,' but the method of submission is peculiar. It is not by way of crying out, 'Peccavi; I retract my errors and promise to amend.' Not a bit of it! That wouldn't be good 'Americanism.'" The new way is to declare that "I never held any of the doctrines condemned by the Holy Father; I entirely agree with His Holiness, and repudiate them with all the energy of my soul." And the cue is taken up by a certain element of the press, and a vociferous chorus ascends to the surprised heavens, that the Holy Father has entirely misapprehended the situation, that the doctrines he has condemned were never heard of, or thought of, or dreamed of in this country.

"Infallible" Ignorance.

Whenever the Holy Father addresses his spiritual children, much discussion is sure to follow. For instance, witness the comments on the last letter to the American people. What crude

notions about the Pope's infallibility! The ever orthodox editor of the *American Herald*, who speaks our thoughts in this matter, repeats once more that—as every Catholic child knows—"the Pope is not infallible when he expresses only his own ideas, but he is infallible when, as the head of the Church, he defines truth contained in the depository of revelation, the Scriptures and tradition. The Pope is not infallible when he judges purely personal questions; but he is so when he judges doctrinal questions affecting faith or morals—that is to say, revealed truth or revealed law, the Pope being infallible only when he rests on the testimony of God or revelation. The Pope is not infallible when he treats as a private doctor questions even of doctrine, but when he judges by virtue of his apostolic authority that a doctrine affecting revealed truth and revealed law ought to be held by the universal Church."

Saying of Sage and Seer.

James R. Randall, the writer of "My Maryland," shows a deep thinking mind and a ripe experience in his weekly chats in the *Columbian*. His thoughts on the passing human show are sent home to his reader with faultless aim. There is a moral in all he says. Here is a tid-bit for young readers—St. Theresa said something similar—"When I was a college boy," says Mr. Randall, "memory lessons in English were committed from an edition of Lord Byron's works with one notoriously bad poem expurgated. I think that book, while it stimulated my then gift of verse, did me harm otherwise. It made me romantic, morbid and unspiritual. It would be more accurate to state that it inflamed a nature already too imaginative, moody and sensuous, at a critical period of youth. Possibly my demoralization had already begun and would have, sooner or later, in some other literary fashion, run its course."

Common Sense.

A common-sense and level-headed writer in the St. Louis *Church Progress* fails to see that "higher education" elevates woman, but sees much in it that lowers her. The writer says: "I do not mean that woman should not be educated or even highly educated, but I mean that she should not be subjected to a "system of higher education," i.e., placing her on a level with men as a normal development, when she plainly is designed for a better and higher sphere. Would anyone talk of the higher education of an angel? To speak of the higher education of woman sounds just as abnormal and foolish. Woman is far above higher education. The moment she abandons the bright particular sphere of her own unique prerogative, that moment she descends and becomes the commonplace rival of man. The women who are constantly prating of higher education and proclaiming the equal rights of women are noticeably most unwomanly, the kind that men instinctively shun. Let women be educated as highly as possible, but on the line of her own womanly nature, not like a man, but like herself, without blotting out the queenly image of her own beautiful femininity, which gives her the virtue of her own peculiar sovereignty."

A Book for Little Folks.

Catholic doctrine does not change, but there is at times room for improvement in the methods of communicating it to the youthful minds. There is heard at present a cry for a more simple Catechism. Several Canadian pastors severely criticise Butler's Catechism, the use of which is obligatory in Canada. Several other books have been suggested. To our mind the Catechism of the great Jesuit Deharbe is the best as to arrangement. But what will all the controversy amount to if no practical step is taken? Why not get up a petition, signed by all the priests interested, and bring the matter before the Bishops in conference. Next to this, let each one nominate a board of

editors well fitted to give us the ideal Catechism, in which "words of learned length and thundering sound will be eliminated." Joaquin Miller recently answered some people who asked him why he always wrote in little bits of Bible Saxon words. This poet scorns big words. "I beg you," he says, "remember Shakespeare's scorn for words, words, words. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart, not the long boastful one of the barbarian." If we get a better catechism than those in vogue, we shall have to render thanks to *The Catholic Record* of London. This able journal first raised the question, and has kept hammering away at it until now others are waking up and falling into line.

Prediction and Prophecy.

Every Catholic who has the welfare of holy Church at heart, daily prays that God may long preserve the life of the present venerable Pontiff; nevertheless great Leo is nearing the natural end of mortals, and our thoughts cannot but be interested in any predictions as to the next Pope. We are reminded of the prophecy of St. Malachy, in which the successor of Leo XIII. in the papal chair is prefigured in the legend "Ignis Ardens," points to the learned Carmelite, Cardinal Gotti, as the prelate who is destined to be the next Pope. The prophecies relating to the succession to the Papacy, attributed to the Archbishop of Armagh, who lived in the eleventh century, took the form of a number of Latin mottoes. Thus the motto predicted for the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff, who happened to be Pius VI., was "Peregrinus Apostolicus," which, in view of the numerous voyages and exiles of that Pope, turned out to be singularly appropriate. The motto, "Aquila Rapax," was assigned to the two hundred and fifty-eighth Pope, and, as the latter was Pius VIII., the prophecy received fulfilment by the robbery of his temporal possessions by Emperor Napoleon I., whose emblem was the eagle. The prediction for the two hundred and sixty-second Pope, Pius IX., was "Crux de Cruce," which was

borne out by the persecution and troubles to which he was subjected throughout his long pontificate by the House of Savoy, whose armorial bearings display a Latin cross. The prophecy for his successor was "Lumen in Cœlo," which may be regarded as accomplished by the fact that a comet figures in the armorial bearings of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. The prediction for the next Pope is "Ignis Ardens," (burning fire), and is said to point to Cardinal Gotti.

PUBLICATIONS.

A Harp of Many Chords: By Mary F. Nixon; B. Herder, St. Louis, 17 South Broadway.

The admirers of Miss Nixon's versatile pen—and surely their number is not small—will welcome the advent of another story from this gifted authoress. The first chapter introduces the reader to the heroine, a recent graduate of the *Sacre Coeur*, who rejoices in the quaint name of Carola, and is enjoying freedom from school girl life, at Paris, chaperoned by her aunt, Miss Amanda Adams. This last named personage, who is fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" period, proves very decidedly in the course of the narrative that a chaperone might, with great advantage be engaged for herself. Carola receives a pressing invitation from a former school friend, now married, and living at "Ballyantree, Country Down," to visit her, and after writing a letter of acceptance, she, with her Aunt, repaired to the "Fete of Flowers," then being held. Miss Nixon's descriptive powers are good, and we can almost inhale the fragrance of the festoons and wreaths, the roses and daffodils which abound. Carola has a bunch of purple violets dropped into her lap by one who later on is destined to influence her life in an unmeasurable degree. At the house of her friend Mrs. Hill she meets the cousin of the latter, a rather self-centered individual, who finds Carola different from the idea he had formed of American girls, and ends by falling deeply in love with the fair *ingenue*. Later on she and her aunt resume their tour of pleasure, and we meet them at Innsbruck where Carola—who, by the way, is not a Catholic, is deeply impressed with the solemnity of the Cathedral Church and loved to linger there while "the soft cloud of incense still rose from the quaint altar" and filled each nook with fragrance. About this time Miss Adams

has quite an adventure with the noble (in rank, but not otherwise) Baron Otto von Diesko, in which however she eventually shows that beneath her rather weak personnel she possesses some very sterling qualities. We will now accompany them to the "dark continent" where our heroine meets the owner of "the pair of dark eyes" and recognizes therein the knight of the purple violets which were tossed to her "just so" at the floral fete. The reader is at liberty to fashion a termination to the story, or better still to procure for himself—or herself—as the case may be, this very readable little volume. We will leave Carola at her own place on the Hudson, "Ferncliffe," where, according to her aunt, Miss Adams, "she is perfectly contented since she became a Catholic." The book is well gotten up, with clear type, wide margin, pretty binding, and will serve to pass a few unoccupied hours in a pleasant and not unprofitable manner.—S.X.B.

Books earnestly recommended to all clients of the Holy Face, and for sale at the Carmelite Monastery, 1236 Rampart street, New Orleans, La.

"*Life of Sister Saint-Pierre*," the Carmelite of Tours, to whom the great Work of Reparation for *Blasphemy* and the *Violation of Sunday* was revealed. Compiled from her writings, etc. by Rev. P. Janvier, Founder of the Missionaries of the Holy Face at the Oratory of Mr. Dupont, and Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter, etc. Translated from the French with the approbation of the Mt. Rev. Archbishops of New Orleans, Baltimore, New York, Cincinnati, etc., etc. 1 vol., cloth, \$1.50; paper cover, \$1.00.

"*Sr. Saint-Pierre and the Work of the Reparation*." Translated by Mary I. Hoffman, containing a sketch of the wonderful life of the holy Carmelite Nun, all her prayers and devotional practices, her beautiful canticles, etc. With Preface by Mgr. Preston, approved by Archbishop Colet and by His Eminence the late Cardinal McCloskey. 1 vol., cloth, 50 cents.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory for 1899 can be had from Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Prices (No. 1) for U. S. and Canada, paper cover, 75 cents,—leather \$1.15. Complete edition, paper, \$1.25,—leather \$1.75.

The March issue of "The Globe Quarterly Review" contains some exquisite Sonnets from the pen of its able editor William Henry Thorne.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

JAMES BRAZILL, who died in St. Louis, Mo., February 24.

STEPHEN DORSCHIEL, who died at Pittsburg, Pa., March 8.

MRS. MARY HAUREHAN, who died at St. John, N.B.

MRS. P. McCLOSKEY, who died at Pittsburg.
OWEN CAFFERY, who died at Hamilton, Canada.

JAMES V. REID, who died at Pittsburg, Pa., March 19.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Spiritual, 10; temporal, 6; health, 4; employment, 3; sick, 3; conversion, 2; vocation, 1; tempted, 1; means, 2; for absent ones, 2; intemperate, 2; spiritual, 1; for a father, 1; removal of a scandal, 1; financial, 1; reparation, 1; peace in a family; general, 2; special, 3; all our readers and their intentions and for all deceased readers.

Several readers thank our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for many spiritual and temporal favors granted to them since our last issue.

Thanks are returned (by promise) to dear St. Anthony of Padua, for obtaining a special request after three novenas had been said in his honor.

Favors for the New Hospice.

Miss B.G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J.B., Dundas, Ont.; Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; Miss M.F., Alton, Ont.; Miss M.C.M., Jasper, Ont.; Miss N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss M.M., New York City; The Ven. Sr. M.E., Joliette, Que.; Miss E.M.P., Charlestown, Mass.; J.W., Laporte, Ind.; Miss K.A.G., Syracuse, N.Y.; E.F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; J.M.L., Lancaster, Pa.; Miss S.McG., London, Ont.; Miss J.B., Dublin, Ont.; Miss A.H., Kegr, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M.C., Englewood, N.J.; Miss M., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. C.K., St. John, N.B.; F.R., Lancaster, Pa., (2); H.R., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. E.W., Pewee Valley, Ky.; Mrs. M.A., New York City; The Ven. Sr. D., Longue Pointe, Que.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Miss F., Lexington, Mass.; Miss K.McG., Holliston, Mass.; Miss A.M.N., Sagole, Wis.; Miss A.M.L., Kingston, Ont.; Sr. of Providence, Longue Pointe, Que., (2); Miss

E.F.G., Charleston, Mass.; Miss E.A.B., Erie, Pa.; Mrs. F.R., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss J.J., Arichat, C.B.; Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; The Ven. E. McD., Albany, N.Y.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. J.W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Mrs. T.S.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

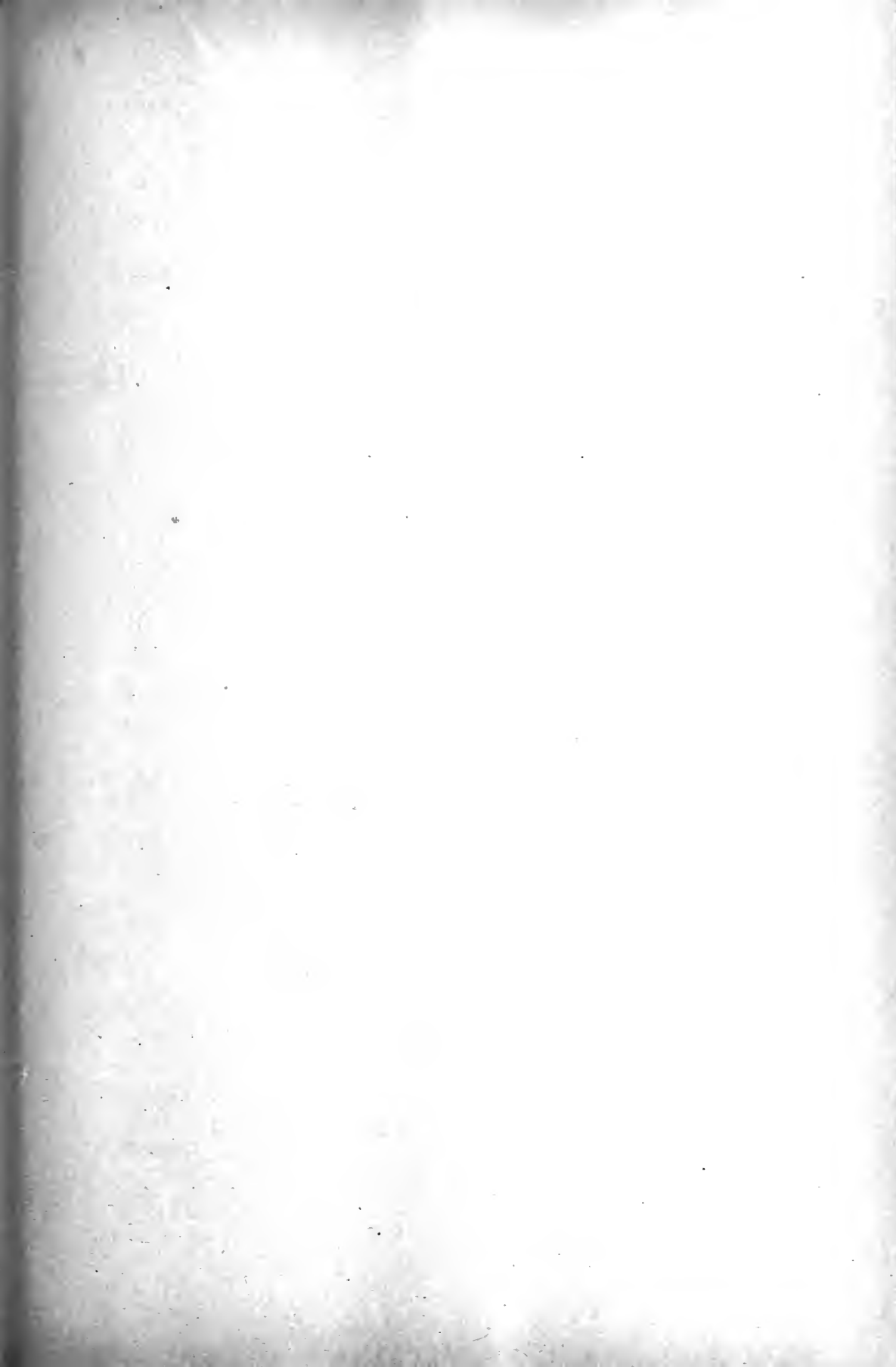
Names received at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Mission, Alma, Wash.; St. Peter's Church, St. Peter, Ind.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Burlington, Wis.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from: St. Joseph's Church, Liberty Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg, S.S.; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg, Pa.; Church of St. James the Greater, Island Pond, Vt.; St. Jos' Indian Industrial School, Keshena, Shawano Co.; Wis.; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; St. Michael's Church, Independence, Ohio; St. Vincent Ferrer Church, Valley, Polano Co., Cal.; Herman, Pa.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from: St. Alphonsus Hospital, Boise, Idaho; St. Patrick's, Milwaukee, Wis.; Catalina, Nfld.; St. Patrick's, Ridgetown, Ont.; North Java, N.Y.; St. Mary's, Lancaster, O.; St. James', Washington, Ia.; St. Antony's Home, Franklin, Ind.; St. Margaret's, Margaree, N.S.; St. Patrick's, Galt, Ont.; Sacred Heart, St. Vincent, Ky.; St. Clement's, Preston, Ont.; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Franciscan Fathers, Streator, Ill.; Dominican Sisters, Rockland, Ill.; Mianadieu, C.B.; Zurich, Ont.; St. Stephen's Buffalo, N.Y.; Mt. Forest, Ont.; Galena, Mont.; Jeffersonville, Ind.; St. Andrew's, Le Roy, Wis.; St. Comban's, Que.; St. Dunstan's Convent, Fredericton, N.B.; Sisters of Charity Hospital, Buffalo, N.Y.; Our Lady of Angels, Moose Creek, Ont.; Bothwell, Ont.; Assumption, Swornville, N.Y.; St. Agnes', Glace Bay, N.S.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR.



A Thought for May.

"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

(From a reminiscence of my mother's dying words, in May, 1894.)

I.

"LET me gaze on the golden sunbeams
For soon they will fade away,
And those delicate snow-white blossoms
That perfume the month of May,
How graceful their fragile beauty!
Fair emblems, my Queen, of thee!"
(And her calm eyes were gazing upward.)
"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

II.

And still o'er the inward harp-strings
Is stealing that plaintive lay,
An echo of dying music
Soft whispered in month of May.
How gently the winds are playing
At eve, through those woodland trees!
How sweet is that soothing murmur,
Oft heard by the rippling seas!

III.

The tones of a dying mother
Are softer, more sweet, to me:
There is rest to the weary spirit
O beautiful Heaven, in thee!

We are wreathing our Lady's altars
 With flow'rets of stainless white,
 And softly the waxen tapers
 Are shining, like star's fair light.

IV.

'Tis thy month, O most holy Mother!
 We give all these days to thee,
 Wilt thou teach us, in gentle accents,
 "How beautiful Heaven must be?"
 That calm and unclouded light-land,
 That restful, unfading May,
 Reveal to our souls its beauty,
 Whilst here, at thy feet, we pray.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "In Patria!" Benediction.

"IN PATRIA!" it falls with soothing sweetness,
 And yet the pathos of an exile-strain.
 "In Patria!" A gleam of mystic starlight
 Is shining from the land we hope to gain.
 "In Patria!" where loved and lost are waiting
 To welcome us, when weary life is o'er.
 "In Patria!" the voice of Jesus whispers,
 Like wavelets breaking on the silvery shore.
 "In Patria!" The plaintive "Salutaris"
 Is sighing gently in God's holy place.
 "In Patria!" it wakes our ardent longing
 To see "In Patria" our Saviour's Face!

* "Nobis donet in Patria."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARNABO VISCONTI—"THE BEAR OF THE LOMBARDIAN ALPS."—HIS OUTRAGES
TOWARDS RELIGIOUS AND REBELLION AGAINST THE HOLY SEE—HIS
RAGE IN THE PRESENCE OF AMBASSADORS SENT TO TREAT
WITH HIM—HE FINALLY COWERS BEFORE A CARMEL-
ITE FRIAR, SOFTENED BY THE HONEY OF THE
SAINTLY PETER THOMAS.



OR at least a hundred years whatever proposal was formulated at the Court of Rome had been opposed by the family Visconti. And now, the first real obstacle which arose came in the person of Barnabo Visconti, more formidable even than his ancestors. A brief recital of his evil deeds will prove the truth of this assertion. Upon the death of his uncle, in order to have sole possession of the title and estates, Barnabo poisoned one brother and forced another to abandon his interests and rights. Enraged at the odium he incurred, and the censure pronounced against him, he vented his wrath upon innocent persons, and

especially upon those in religion. His victims were cruelly tortured: a brazen receptacle burned away the lives of priests and monks, with a refinement of wickedness which almost surpassed belief. In absolute rebellion against the Holy See, the schismatic duke arrogated to himself spiritual power in his own domain. The Archbishop of Milan having one day acted in opposition to his will, he sent for him and forced him to bend his knee before him, saying with sacrilegious insolence, "Knowest thou not, insignificant creature, that in my own dominion I am King and Pope? I am more than emperor, nay more than God Himself!" Excommunicated by Innocent VI., he gloried in despising every menace which, in the name of religion or humanity, was addressed to him. His insatiate ambition even dreamed of the subjugation of all Italy. Already

master of Lombardy, of a considerable portion of Friuli, of almost all of Liguria, (at least as far as Genoa), and a fraction of the states of the Church, he deemed himself invincible. Hoping much from his alliance with the Florentines, he developed even a more insolent spirit. And in truth his treasures, his political finesse, his readiness of resource, his indefatigable activity, his skill as a warrior, as well as his talent for government constituted him an enemy to be regarded with apprehension, a formidable invader of the ecclesiastical dominions. The Court of Rome had, by a treaty, ceded to him the possession of Bologna up to the year 1364. But in 1360, the regent who governed that city in the name of Barnabo, having revolted against the latter, offered it to Cardinal Albornoz, who commanded the powers of the Church in Italy. The Cardinal had accepted it as a compensation for certain acts of injustice on the part of the Milanese. The latter had therefore laid siege to Bologna.

In consequence of these events, William de Grimoard, Abbot of St. Germain, had been sent to negotiate with Barnabo.

Admitted to his presence, he spoke fearlessly to the base creature, and so clearly established the justice of the action of Rome that Barnabo, unaccustomed to the language of an independent spirit, fell into such a violent rage that he could not contain himself. Unmindful of the doubly august character with which the Abbot of St. Germain was invested, he tore the letter of Pope Innocent into shreds and forced his envoy to eat it.

Some months, later on, William de Grimoard had become Pope Urban V. The miscreant was not in the least disconcerted at the tidings, but on the

contrary was the first amongst the princes to send his felicitations to the new Pontiff. But, as may be well imagined, his ambassadors met with a very frigid reception from Urban V., who, without personal resentment, knew how to sustain the dignity of the Holy See.

He sought, but without success, to ingratiate himself with the King of France, who was allied to the Visconti. Meanwhile Urban remained inflexible, and renewed the excommunication.

The intestine war thus extended to all the Italian powers. Two parties divided the Peninsula. Cardinal Barnabo had formed a powerful league against Visconti. Pisa, Verona, Padua, and Ferrara combined with the Cardinal against the enemy, who hurled fierce threats against them all. In the midst of such a conflagration, what hopes could they base upon the vague promises of Italy in favor of the crusade? How, in the first place, obtain from Barnabo the promise even to leave his neighbors at peace, and free to act, and secondly to induce him to furnish his quota. The conditions were that the Milanese would retract his heresies, restore the territory taken from the allies of the Holy See and express sincere repentance for his crimes.

John named two ambassadors to bring the affair to a happy termination. Lusignan also named two, who were Peter Thomas and Philip de Mezzieres. Arrived at Milan in June, the representatives of the two monarchs, especially those from France, were received with every mark of distinction. The crafty Visconti, who had not recovered from an unlooked for repulse received at Salaruolo (April 16, 1363,) did not show himself hostile to their propositions. Yielding, on

the contrary, and apparently convinced, he engaged them from his numerous provinces. From such a character could anything just, noble or generous be expected? Nothing but brutal force or some miraculous enlightenment could change him. However, in his intense love for Jerusalem, Urban V. placed the success of the crusade above all else. The general welfare of Christendom assumed greater importance in his eyes than the temporal interests of St. Peter. Understanding that the continuance of the struggle in Italy would drain the papal resources, so badly needed in the coming Oriental campaign, he no longer maintained his inflexible attitude. The kings of France and Cyprus having tendered their good offices to re-open negotiations he graciously accepted them, to present themselves to Cardinal Albornoz, in the Romagna, and arrange with him the basis of a truce. The celebrated Cardinal, who had received private instructions from his Holiness as to the services expected from him, understood the situation perfectly. From his own personal convictions, inspired not only by the military advantages of the time, but by his thorough knowledge of Barnabo's perfidious nature, he was inclined to be very severe, and firmly determined to urge on the work. The ambassadors returned to Milan not at all encouraged by the views exchanged with the Cardinal.

In all these attempts the deputies of France took the foremost place, and even forgot the consideration due to those of Cyprus. They desired for *themselves*, as well as for their monarch, the sole glory of success. But steadfastness and constancy are not the qualities of vain and frivolous souls.

After a month of conferences, seeing that negotiations had not advanced a single step, that Barnabo, on the contrary, forgetful of his feline craftiness, now openly showed his true nature, they feared to be subject to ridicule for their unsuccessful mission, and so set out without delay for France.

Thomas and Mezzieres then remained alone to confer with Barnabo. On their part they felt no fear before the enemy, nor would they give way to discouragement. Still less was there any question of misunderstanding or jealousy between themselves. The Archbishop, in the eyes of the Chevalier, was the embodiment of wise counsel, the oracle who could not err. He admired him and loved him, he appreciated his work and eloquence. Both, experienced diplomatists, knew well that to touch the soul is a gift of God, a work easy to Him alone, and they trusted principally to prayer. Notwithstanding the unsuccessful attempts of their colleagues, they determined not to follow their example, especially as the affairs of the rebellious prince assumed daily a more disastrous prospect. Urged on by Albornoz on the one hand, and the solicitations of the princes on the other, Barnabo could not fail to understand that he could not maintain his present attitude much longer. At no distant day, perhaps, might not he be constrained to sue for peace on very disadvantageous terms? This thought seemed to enlighten him, for two days after the departure of the French ambassadors he received the deputies from Cyprus. Was it then merely to trifle with them? To feign submission, now that his star was waning, to practice his deceitful role of concurrence only to renew his intrigues and deeds of violence when opportunity

would come? We cannot say. Be the motive what it may, the two friends found him affable and complaisant. Having taken the Archbishop and the Chancellor into a private apartment, he sat down between them, and invited them to speak to him freely on the momentous question.

Blessed Peter Thomas, in language which seemed almost like an inspired page from Holy Writ, began. He depicted by turns the terrors of conflict and the sweetness of peace amongst Christians; he dwelt upon the confidence felt by the King of Cyprus that the Duke of Milan would enter into their plans, he reminded him of the contempt and indignation which the princes would entertain for the only ruler who remained outside of the chivalrous circle, and finally painted in glowing colors the terrible effects of excommunication and the propitiatory merits of the Crusade.

He spoke with so much earnestness and dignity, with such a mingling of fervor and authority that the tyrant, who, up to this time, had seemed steeped in a depravity such as left little room for hope, suddenly appeared to shrink into himself, and cower before the sanctity of the holy Legate. At last he heaved a deep sigh, and, whilst all the powers of evil evidently strove to hold one whom they had so long considered their own, exclaimed, "I yield! I wish to be at peace with the Church, I will be submissive and faithful to her laws. Go once more! seek the Cardinal and treat with him in my name. In your hands I entrust the decision whether it is to be peace or war."

"Amazing, nay, almost incredible," adds the chronicler Mezzieres, who was present. "Thanks to the operation of

divine grace obtained by the prayers of my blessed father, and to his marvellous tact, he who before had been constantly raging against the Church, who stole whatever of her property that caught his avaricious heart, who drank the blood of that tender mother, sowed discord amongst her children, and was himself always full of hatred and enmity, who despised the entreaties of emperor and kings, who was, in fine a monster of iniquity. Amazing that he was at last touched by the words of the holy Legate, that he became a suppliant for pardon, submissive to the Church and willing to atone for his crimes."

Thus, again, through fervent prayer and mild persuasion, the parting words were peaceable. Brute force was subdued before the might of virtue. The bear of the Lombardian Alps permitted himself to be softened by the honey of an apostolic monk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is impossible for our souls to meet in sweet communion, without religion sooner or later crossing the threshold of their discourse.—Pere Lacordaire.

One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them.—Abbe Gerbet.

What a beautiful thing thought is, and what pleasure it gives when it lifts itself on high! 'Tis the natural direction, which it resumes as soon as it is freed from terrestrial objects. There is a mysterious attraction between us and heaven. God wants us and we want God.—Eugenie de Guerin.

As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XII. (Concluded.)



THE Sharkley baby was dead and Mr. Grey was returning from the funeral, at which he had officiated. His walk led up the quiet dell where he and Judith had met that other afternoon, then through the hotel grounds, the path he followed bringing him to the Spring, which is daily frequented by the people of the neighborhood. On the flagged square surrounding the round well, the minister saw a young man standing, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the brackish, dark water. He was tall, squarely built and his dress was characteristic of the frontier man. His broad-brimmed hat was in his hand, and the head and face thus left exposed showed a brave-souled man, and Silas Grey, knowing his eyes were resting on Luke O'Hagan, felt it hard to reconcile that dashing figure with the one slinking after him down a country road, or with the cowardly assassin who struck an aged and defenseless man to death. At sound of the footfall, Luke lifted his eyes from the well, and met the minister's, in a clear, direct stare, half inquisitive, an expression characteristic of people who have lived any length of time removed from frequent intercourse with their fellow creatures. Mr. Grey

took the drinking cup but as he was stooping to lift the water, the old tearing pain, that caught him unexpectedly at times, in the place where the mob-leader's bullet had lodged, made him draw sharply up, his face suddenly whitening.

"I'll dip it up for you, pardner," said the young man, in his clear, friendly voice. Then when the minister had thanked him, and drank the water, the young man asked :

"What seems to be the mattah?"

Mr. Grey, who welcomed the opportunity of a conversation, replied, "An old bullet wound." The man looked at him for a moment and then laughed.

"Excuse me, pardner," he then said, "but you're the last person I'd think would be in a scrape, or mebber it was an accident?"

In a few brief words, Mr. Grey explained how it happened he had been wounded, and when he finished, young O'Hagan cried :

"Shake, pardner! When I read of what you did—I was out on a Texas ranch—I said to my pardner if I ever came home, I was going to find that preacher and tell him there was never born a braver man, for you see I knew what a Blue Lick mob must look like ; a cattle stampede's a trifling circumstance to it."

"You knew Mr. Sharkley?" inquired the minister, his eyes on the face before him, and he saw the sudden

shadow cross the clear eyes, as O'Hagan said in decided tones :

"Yes, I did, a gruff, stiff-necked old fellow he was, and I didn't shed any tears over his death, though I did think it was a cowardly thing to strike him down when he wasn't armed. If old Jake Sharkley was within reach of his gun, that nigger'd never left that field alive."

"You seem bitter against him?" asked the minister, who had observed the novel-reading man had quietly approached, unseen by O'Hagan, and taken a seat on one of the benches. O'Hagan frowned, then laughed :

"Yes, I reckon I am. I used to be sweet on his daughter, in fact, we wanted to get married, and the old man, when I asked his consent, ordered me out of the house and threatened to shoot me if I ever came there again."

"Why?" asked the minister. "Didn't he like you?"

"Oh! I reckon he liked me well enough, but he wanted somebody for his girl who had money. I was poor then."

"Then you have prospered since you left here?" asked the minister.

"I've done middlin' well. Bought out my pardner's share of the ranch, and when I got things fixed up comfortable, concluded to come on and get my mother. Yes, I've no cause to quarrel at fortune, and suppose I oughtn't to hold hard feelings 'gainst old Sharkley, since if he hadn't riled me that night likely I'd have gone on living here and working for just what keeps life in me, like the rest of the people. But," and his eyes left the minister's face and went down the valley, with a heart longing in them, "but we miss something in life."

A silence hung between the two men. Then the minister glanced

toward the listener on the bench, who closed his eyes and shook his head, and that expression of disbelief in the guilt of the unconscious speaker was echoed in the heart of Silas Grey. Who then had worn this man's clothes on that day?

"Yes," said the minister, a little sadly, "life is like a mosaic, made up of many pieces, and when one is missing the beauty is destroyed for us, who will not consider the fairness of the perfect part, but bewail what we have lost. But," coming back to the subject under discussion, "your decision was hastily made, wasn't it?"

"It was," returned Luke. "When I left home that morning, I had no more intention of going away than I have this minute of jumping into the Spring. I was going to help Mr. Burns hoe tobacco that day. Just as I was leaving the mud road for the pike, I saw a hoss coming tearing toward me, and as it had on bridle and saddle, I knew it had broken away; so, as he was passing me, I made a spring at him and caught the rein. Pretty soon I saw a young black fellow, who was working at the hotel, come running up the road, but he stopped when he saw me leading the horse. When I reached him he told me the horse had broken off from him while he was holding it for one of the guests, and as the man was a wild western fellow the atmosphere down at the stile was like there had been a gun powder explosion. A little further we met the guest, who had started out after the negro. After he gave the black fellow a piece of his mind for letting the horse run off, he began to ask me questions about myself and what I did and how much I made. Then he asked me how I'd like to try ranching and said he was looking for

a man to oversee his place in Texas. I told him I wouldn't mind, and by Jing! if we didn't begin to make a bargain right there and then. I hated my life that morning, and felt reckless enough to do anything. He had bought the horse, a wild thing it was, too, from a farmer and wanted it taken to Paris where he had purchased more stock, and have it shipped with them; so I threw down my hoe and took the horse to Paris. He came over on the afternoon train from Carlisle, and a week later we were on the old Texas ranch. He was a good sort of a fellow, and after a time made me his pardner and last summer, as he was tired of the life, sold me his share. So that's how I came to leave the Lick," finished Mr. O'Hagan.

"That was sudden," remarked the minister. "Did you not go home to even change your clothes?"

"No, I didn't want to see my mother; she might begin to cry, and, well,—I wanted to go away from here, you understand, and grow rich. My pardner was stopping at the hotel and as we were near the same size, he rigged me out in one of his suits. left my old clothes with the black fellow."

And then with a slow, dull thud of memory, Silas Grey remembered after leaving the smith's shop Pete had been seen going toward the hotel and had later admitted he had seen the negro hostler, who that day had mysteriously disappeared. Had that bundle which, when he left Sharkley's, carried his working clothes, and which, he afterwards declared, he had thrown away on meeting the strange man with the news of the murder, but which, though strict search was made, had never been found, in reality, after parting from his friend

at the hotel, contained the blue cotton-ade overalls, dark coat and straw hat left the hostler by Luke O'Hagan? Was the man Judith saw burning the clothes Pete, and had he, Silas Grey, been deceived by a negro's lying tongue? Yet that yellow hair, that figure shadowing him down the country road! But O'Hagan was going on with the story:

"When I had started, I began to feel sorry I had not said good bye to my mother and—and my girl; so when I met a fellow up the road, I stopped and told him what I had done and asked him to go and see them and tell them where to write to me. But I never got a letter. One day when I was in San Antonio I met a gentleman from Mount Olivet and he first told me about Sharkley's murder and that Lucy was married, and to the very man I had sent my message by, asking her to be true to her promise and wait until I came back. Then I wrote Lucy a letter and sent it addressed to Judith Saunders, for I felt and always will, he never gave my message, as he didn't take home my clothes to my mother."

"I beg your pardon," said the listener on the bench advancing, "but I was sitting here and couldn't help but hear your words. Your story has interested me," he added, looking at Luke, "would you mind telling me if the black fellow to whom you gave your clothes had yellow hair?"

O'Hagan looked at the questioner and then laughed heartily.

"Excuse me, pardner," he said, "but what tender-foot land do you hail from? No, pardner, his cranium was covered with wool, black as ever you saw, and if you can find me a yellow haired nigger, I'll give you a thousand dollars."

"Oh!" said he easily, "the man who killed Sharkley had yellow hair."

"Is that so?" asked Luke, looking at the minister.

"I am not positive," replied he, for the murderer has never been caught. The negro in prison for the crime is guiltless."

"Yes," put in the stranger, before Luke could express his surprise, "and he was dressed in clothes very much like the ones you wore that morning: blue cottonade overalls, a dark coat, a straw hat lined with red. He burned these and buried the ashes under a large stone. When this was lifted the other day, a knife, with your initials on the handle, was found. The person who saw the man burning the clothes, and Pete, the boy they accused, who met him on the road leading from Sharkley's both say the face was black but the hair was yellow."

O'Hagan stepped back, his face growing whiter under the two pair of keen eyes, then he said slowly, looking at the minister:

"Good God! don't you know who has yellow hair?" and like a flash before the mind of Silas Grey came the Sharkley baby's little white coffin, with its yellow-haired father bending over it.

The three men gazed on each other in terrible silence.

"Luke," began the minister, his voice steady though his face was pale, "was it Bill Sharkley you met that morning, by whom you sent a message to his cousin, and asked to get your clothes from the negro and take them to your mother, and tell her what you had done?"

"It was Bill."

"Did you tell him of your quarrel with his uncle?" asked the other man.

"Yes," replied Luke, "and he said I ought to shoot him, for there was bad blood between them."

"What caused it?" asked the strange man.

"Bill was wild, and used to trouble the old man for money, and run bills at the tavern in his name."

"Mr. O'Hagan," said the man, laying his hand on Luke's shoulder, "I am an officer of the law, whose duty is to find the murderer of Jake Sharkley. There are circumstances that tell strongly against you in this matter and you must consider yourself under arrest."

Every drop of blood left the young man's face, and as he opened his lips to cry out his innocence before God, the minister said:

"Arrest does not make you guilty, Mr. O'Hagan. You can prove an alibi. Where is your former partner?"

"In Chicago," cried Luke, "and," he added, "in his last letter he said he had seen the negro hostler running an elevator in a hotel in that city."

"Very well," said the official, "telegraph your friend to have the boy arrested and come on with him."

"I suppose," he added, "you understand it is necessary that this matter should be kept quiet, that, in case you are innocent, we may catch the guilty?"

Three days later into the little front room where Judith sat, Lucy Sharkley, with white face, wide startled blue eyes, and brown hair streaming wildly around her shoulders, burst, crying, frantically:

"Judith, Judith, they've found him out!" Then she sank to her knees and lifted her white face, while the sobs made the fragile form shake as a lily-bell under a rude wind. The pity of it all, the sorrow that heart had

known, sent the tears to Judith's eyes, and kneeling she took the trembling woman in her arms, saying,

"It is best, dear, best for us all."

"No, no, no," she cried, "for he has sworn to kill him!"

"Who?" cried Judith.

"The preacher."

"Tell me all, Lucy, and quickly," said Judith.

"He was working in the field where he killed father, she began, "when they came to arrest him. Luke was with them and asked him for his clothes. He denied he had ever gotten the clothes from the nigger, and then the officer told him they had the nigger at the hotel, that he had confessed he had given the clothes to Bill, and that Bill had scared the nigger into running away that day, by saying people thought he had given Pete the pistol. Then they showed him the knife that was under the rock, and told him you had seen him burning the clothes. The officer had him by this time, and when Bill saw they knew everything he took that awful knife that he has been carrying down his collar since the preacher came here, and ran it into the officer, and was off into the woods before any of the others could catch him. He must have watched them hurrying back to the hotel, for after a while he came to the house and got his money and pistols and said he was going, but swore before he left he will shoot that preacher and that this time he would see to it that his bullet went straight. I ran to the hotel to see Mr. Grey, but they told me he has gone to Carlisle to get the sheriff. I know Bill knew this too, and is waiting for him in some of the hollows along the road."

Lucy began to wring her hands, then looking at Judith, she cried :

"Judith, for the sake of my dead baby, save the preacher!"

As if that appeal were needed to the girl! Bluebell, standing under the tree, started at the strange sound of her mistress' voice, and came down quickly to the bars. Bridle and saddle were quickly on, and Judith, her long riding skirt thrown hastily over her muslin dress, her white bonnet tied securely, turned toward the stile. Half-way she thought of Lucy, and, returning to the house, took the weeping woman in her arms, kissed her once tenderly; Bruno, the dog, followed her to the stile and she stopped and patted his black head; then sprang into her saddle and began to drive Bluebell as never before save on that awful day when Charlie Saunders was the rider, she had been driven. Loungers on the hotel piazza looked up, surprised to see the bay mare and her rider go by, crossing their view like a flash. Bluebell had the staying spirit of a racer, and, as if realizing the peril of the situation, knowing a life depended on her fleet feet, she galloped on, on, on, without touch of whip or jerk of rein, hearing only her mistress' agonizing urging.

Well Judith knew her danger, knew that in the thick undergrowth lining the road Sharkley might be hidden, and that he would not hesitate to stop her mission with a bullet; but had she seen him standing in the road before her with accurately gauged weapon, she still had taken her chance and rushed on to save the man she loved, or die in the attempt.

The minister was returning on his good wheel. He had the start of the officers and was scorching on alone, when the sight of Judith, riding madly down one of the hills, stopped him in his career.

"What is the matter, Judith?" he cried, as Bluebell stopped by his side.

"Bill Sharkley is waiting somewhere along the road to kill you," she cried. "Lucy saw him after you and the others went to the hotel. You must not go on alone. You don't want to add another sin to his soul," she finished, and the minister remembered they were almost the words Pedler Daly had spoken on that Sunday night.

"No, dear, I do not," he said, sadly, and silence fell. Then he neared her, and laying his hand on Bluebell's wet neck, he said, looking up at her, all the gratitude and strange affection he felt for this woman, shining in his blue eyes:

"The road is as full of danger for you as it is for me. You knew it, yet you risked all to save me! My beautiful, brave-souled Judith!"—

"No," she said, quickly interrupting him, "he will not harm me! He is afraid of my brothers." Then, seeing her gather up her rein, he cried:

"You must wait, too! You shall not go back over that dangerous road alone!"

"Yes," she replied, "I am going back. Lucy wants me. But there is no danger for me. You return to the toll-gate and wait for the officers and be careful until he is gone."

"Gone?" repeated the minister.

"Yes, gone," she said, "for they will not catch him alive. He is well armed, and will sell his life dearly."

"Judith," he said, "will you now tell me the reason of your silence?"

She looked down on his face and said:

"When Lucy got Luke O'Hagan's letter, a letter that made her know, if Pete did not kill her father, her hus-

band did, the baby was two months old. A woman bears much for the father of her child. As I told you once what I knew was revealed in the sacredness of physical and mental anguish. I was as much bound to respect it as a priest the secrets of the confessional, and until Lucy gave me permission my lips were sealed, yes," she finished, "though I forfeited my life by my silence. Did I suffer because of this? I suffered more than Pete in his prison, more than Lucy in her dreadful wifehood, and when you came I suffered more."

He leaned his head against the hand resting on Bluebell's neck.

"Judith," he said brokenly, "forgive me, I did not know what I was doing." For one brief moment she laid her hand on his head, smoothed once the chestnut hair, then said, in low, solemn tones:

"It does not matter. All is well, we know," she added with emphasis, "all is well, for God directs. Now I must be going. Good-bye."

He held her hand in a long gentle clasp, then she turned Bluebell's head, while he went back to the toll-gate, and her heart felt a sudden, unaccountable chill, for the road before her seemed to have grown suddenly and strangely dark. The miles slipped by slowly, for Bluebell was returning easily, and the lonesome shadows of the fast declining day began to creep over the land. All was strangely still, the very birds seemed to have forgotten their vesper songs. The sun went down peacefully, tenderly, and as its last crimson rays came to her at intervals through the lines of the trees, an unusual sense of sadness crept over her heart. When she reached the place where the pines rose up like sentinels along the road, their heavy

green garments shut out the fading light and the white road led through mysterious shadows. At one point where a lane joins the pike, she caught the faint outlines of a waiting horseman. She gathered up her rein, preparing to make a dash past him and through the lonely pine-sheltered place, when she saw him advance and take a position in the middle of the road. Whatever else were her faults, cowardice was not one, and though she held her reins tighter and her whip with a strong grasp, she went forward without hesitation.

"It's me, Judith!" she soon heard her brother Charlie, say. "Lucy ran over and told us what you'd done," he said, as she neared him. "I was glad you done it, for that preacher's too good a fellow for Bill to hit. But Bill's waiting somewher along the road, most likely down at the bend, an' I thought I'd bettah come foh you Lucy thinks hé might kill you if he war to see you coming down this way so late, foh, of course, he'd know she'd told you an' that you'd went to warn the preacher. So we'll go home the mud road."

"Charlie," said Judith, "I don't think Bluebell can cross the river this evening," for the lane led to the Licking, which ran between Judith and her home.

"Of course she can," replied the boy. "She's a little tired, but that's all."

They rode on in silence down the narrow road. The stillness was oppressive, not a leaf was stirring, and the twilight came in like a thing in fear. As they reached the river the moon was rising behind the pine-clad hills, its weird faint rays adding to the desolation of place and hour. The boy rode into the water and soon reached

the opposite shore, and Bluebell, though tired, followed, but half way across, Judith found her beginning to drift with the current.

"Ho, Bluebell," she said, turning the mare's head, "up, old girl, up." The mare responded gallantly, but her first yielding had brought her beyond that place on the bank much used had made somewhat lower, and Judith soon found it was impossible for the mare to fight against the current, so she headed her straight for the shore. The mare plunged and fought bravely against the odds, and reached the bank. It was steep and the effort to climb it exhausted the last remnant of strength, but as her front hoofs touched the top, the earth crumbled away beneath them and bay Bluebell and her mistress fell back into the river while the moon, which had now risen, showed the helpless watcher on the bank, Judith's white bonnet once, then the wild beating of the waters ceased, and all was over with mare and rider.

Hours later they found her still clutching Bluebell's bridle; clumsy, but loving fingers unfastened the strings of the white sun-bonnet, and when revealed, the face showed calm in the pale moonlight. The anguish of that death was not reflected on the features, as they had never reflected the anguish of life. And while she lay dead, and Silas Grey watched with her friends and relatives, from far and near the poor came to mourn over their benefactress, and then was revealed all the fullness and beauty of the life he had once censured. Then was explained why she had so strictly guarded the interests of her farm, as he heard men and women pour out their love and gratitude; and then he knew that she had chosen to spend her young days in that place because of the charitable

work that unless she remained and did would be left undone. And some such little things they told him, little acts of kindness others would forget, but in which she showed most beautiful. It was noble in her when a poor man lost his only horse in the spring to buy another for him, but it was to Silas Gray a finer thing for her to walk two miles every Saturday afternoon to see a poor bed-ridden negress and bring her a basket of food for her Sunday dinner. It was a beautiful charity when one man's corn failed to share her own crop with him, but wasn't it a sweeter thing in her to remember all the poor children, black and white, with cakes and candies at Christmas? It was worthy of an intellectual woman to buy books for poor children that they might attend school, but it was as gracious to take her cousin's paper every week down to Mrs. O'Hagan's and read to the old woman the news from Ireland. And this was but a small part of Judith's work among those unconsiderate country people, and yet he had dared censure her for her wasted talents! He bowed over the coffin, crying out to those deaf ears his remorse in the bitterness of his heart, during that long, sad moment when he found himself alone with her; then because he knew she had loved him, he kissed the marble-like brow and cold unresponsive lips.

* * * *

All these things happened many years ago, but the visitor to the old Blue Lick Springs will still see the quaint hotel where Silas Grey first met the doubts which, when finally laid, brought him into the Catholic Church. The old Skarkley house, which Lucy, made a widow by the death of her husband from a fever contracted in Cuba, whether he had fled, a fugitive from

justice, left with Luke O'Hagan for the Western home where his mother lived, has grown grayer under the visitations of many a summer sun and winter blast, but that is all the change visible. The little log house, that Brian built and loved, and Judith guarded, is as of old, except that the black dog that used to bark a friendly welcome from its door step, now lies in his grave under the Catalpa tree, where they found him dead the morning after his mistress' funeral. The book shelf too has disappeared from the corner, taken by Mrs. Lacey for Bryan's books, mysteriously returned the night previous to her departure for her home in Carlisle. The trumpet vine has grown somewhat thicker over the low door-way, on whose step a flock of Rody Lacey's grandchildren may any day be seen playing. Mrs. Logan's house is on the hill and there she lives still, older it is true, but possessing all her former agility and curiosity. The roads still go under leafy branches, and cardinal and bluebirds sing their summer songs and raise broods; but Pedler Daly walks no more those quiet ways, bowed beneath his heavy pack, for his long self-imposed penance is over and he has laid all life's burdens down.

In the little old town of Carlisle the long hours glide on just as quietly, and the streets show little change, except that a new modern court house stands in the green yard, and the farmer's horses no more are tied to the iron railing, and that the jail is stronger than it was when the mob broke in its weak doors to drag Pete from his cell. Pete, brought home in triumph from the penitentiary, still lives, respected by the white and his own race, and owns a pretty cottage on whose steps he sits on summer evenings singing for

his wife and mother, or relating the oft heard story of his life. Mrs. Earle's sewing shop is, as of old, the gathering place for the gossips, but none of the girls are there except Judith Evans, and Silas Grey, now a leading Kentucky lawyer, hearing one day that it was not she but her cousin who had married, came back to Carlisle, and walking down street on another sunset lighted evening he saw her again standing on the steps, drawing on her gloves, preparing for her walk to her uncle's home in the country. Together they went down the quiet street, past the little cottage where as the spiritual director of the Carlisle Baptist congregation he had lived; past the cemetery gate, where the black birds were singing their vesper song; down the hill, across the great white bridge, where he had fallen on that long past night; on over the still road until her home was reached. An August moon was again silvering the landscape, the honeysuckle was again blooming, and as he held her once more to his heart and knew nothing now, save death, could part them, all life's troubles were forgotten.

In that land of happy homes none is happier than his; yet often on early mornings when the dew lies heavy on the blue-grass and the eastern sky shows a pale purple tint, the memory

of that other Judith passes across his soul, sometimes like the great sweep of the pine trees beneath whose shadows she is sleeping, sometimes like the delicate rare tender glory that lifts itself from her hills when the red-bud trees are blooming.

(THE END.)

The language of Scripture is like the language of music. It must be loved to be understood. Its hidden meanings, its mystical sense may receive various interpretations, just as Beethoven and Gounod—but only the master interprets correctly.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand shakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles. It is the little words you speak, the little thoughts you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life. Much sorrow might be prevented if words of encouragement were more frequently spoken, fitly and in season.

AT thy shrine, O dearest Mother! we this day our homage pay,
 At thy feet with grateful feelings, flowers and blooming garlands lay.
 As the storm-tossed sailor wishes to perceive the well-known shore,
 So we long to kneel before thee, and thy powerful aid implore.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



THE month of May, the most beautiful month in the year, is by Catholic instinct known, throughout Christendom, under the title of the month of Mary. That the fairest month in the year should be dedicated, in a special manner to the most perfect work of the great Creator of the universe, is only to be expected from the piety and devotion of the Christian world, to the virgin mother of God. For Mary is unique among created beings, she is more elevated, higher, than any other creature, and God alone is above her.

Formerly, during the month of May, in some countries of Europe, especially those situated in the southern part of the continent, young people were accustomed to give themselves up to amusements, that if not bad in themselves, were at least very dangerous to innocence. All their surroundings conspired to promote pleasures of this kind. The most beautiful productions were springing from the bosom of the earth, the flowers had a peculiar freshness, hardly found in any other month of the year, the balmy air redolent with their delicious perfume, was calculated to intoxicate the minds of youth, and hence their unrestrained abandonment to dangerous amusements.

It was during this state of affairs some holy priests, assisted by devout

members of the laity, sought for some means to stem the tide of dissipation, that annually swept over the fairest countries of Europe. Appalled at the dangers threatening the morals of youth, in their distress, they instinctively turned for assistance to the virgin Mother of God. Nor were they mistaken, for who seeks her aid in vain! But how were they to begin? To gather the people, especially the youth, around her altars, was, if not a hopeless, to say the least, a very difficult task, taking into consideration the circumstances existing at that time. But there is always, if the heart be not too much depraved, a deep-seated reverence in the breast of the Catholic for the Blessed Virgin, and so it was with the Italian youth towards the close of the last century. They not only gathered around the altars of their virgin mother, but decorated them, and brought with them the fairest flowers, laying them at her feet as trophies of the victories she had gained for them over themselves. It was astonishing with what rapidity the May devotions spread, not only throughout Italy, but through the other countries of Europe, and to-day they are extended to all the nations of the Christian world. By a rescript of the 21st of March, 1815, Pope Pius VII. granted to those who observe the devotions of the month of Mary an indulgence of 300 days every day during the month, and a plenary indulgence on any one day, on which they confess, communicate, and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

This devotion, since its inception,

has had the most salutary effects on the morals of young and old, throughout the Christian world. What tongue can tell the sins avoided, and the virtues practised for over a century through its holy and efficacious influence! Who shall relate the peace it brings to the Christian heart! Instead of the feverish desire for pleasure that is always engendered by indulgence, it imparts a serene joy, accompanied with a peace that only the children of God can possess. No Christian ever enjoyed solid peace, whose conduct had not the approval of his conscience, for without this there can be no peace with God. Take away the friendship of God and peace is impossible; there may be a false peace, it is true, but despite this, a thousand pangs will assail the Christian heart. For those who are in the friendship of God, nature and grace conspire to impart a true happiness—a happiness that the world can neither give nor take away—a peace whose serenity, neither the gathering storm nor the thunderbolt in the heavens can disturb. If you wish to find this peace, this happiness, seek it through Mary, she has found it for millions of the human race through the ages of Christianity, and she is now active in imparting to her clients this most precious of God's gifts to His creatures. But some of my readers may perhaps say it is easy to speak of this peace, as though we had departed from this sinful world. We are here, and we are poor sinners. Yes, but our Lord says: "They that are well have no need of a physician. For I came not to call the just but sinners." She obtains it for sinners through repentance. Where is the sinner, who sincerely sought her aid, for whom she did not obtain the grace of repentance from her divine

Son? Not one is to be found. But if we only knew the inward working of divine grace in the Christian soul, if we could only see the supernatural world as we see the material, we would find millions upon millions of souls enjoying peace through their devotion to Mary. It appears strange, although Catholics are aware of the peace, the happiness, the spiritual and temporal advantages derived from this sweet devotion to the virgin mother of God, that we do not see the same fervor displayed, nor do we see the same number of people flocking to the churches, on the evenings of May, as we used to see in the days gone by. However, we do not wish to be misunderstood, as we do not for a moment surmise that there is in the Catholic heart any decline of faith regarding devotion to our Blessed Lady. The words of our Divine Lord to His disciples in the garden, are fully applicable to the attitude of the Catholics of to-day towards the Blessed Virgin: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." In this case, what then is to be done? No matter how disagreeable it may be to you, at the time, make the effort, if you have a good will God's grace will do the rest, for the Apostle says, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." Make the effort. Kneel before the altar of your Blessed Mother, and pour out before her your spiritual and temporal wants and necessities. Let not the distance of the church deter you, your presence there will do her honor; go, and may the recording angel enter every step you make on the way, in the book of life in letters of gold.

We may be asked why are the honor and the love so deeply graven in the Catholic heart for His Blessed Mother so pleasing to God, and, if so, what

are the intrinsic reasons for it? There are several reasons that should induce us to dedicate ourselves to the love of Mary, and the first is, that by so doing we give greater honor and glory to God. The primary object of our love and devotion is God regarded as our last end; the secondary object is, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, as belonging and directed to God. "The devotion to the saints," says Saint Thomas, "does not terminate in themselves, but passes to God, inasmuch as it is God we venerate in His servants." If this be so, who does not see that the more we honor and love the Blessed Virgin, the more we honor and love God, since all honor and love terminate in Him, hence all the honor bestowed on the Mother redounds to the glory of the Son.

We may bring forward another reason here, that God is glorified in His works, to which proposition the royal psalmist bears testimony: The heavens shew forth the glory of God and the firmament the work of His hands. If the inanimate things of nature praise and glorify God, how much more praise and glory of a higher and different order do the created intelligences, endowed with free will, give to His Divine Majesty. There were great artists in ancient and in modern times, many of their works have brought joy and delight to the human heart. How often have they thrown a flood of light on the weary soul, and brought into activity that insatiable desire for immortality, and that craving for the possession of the Infinite Beauty, that alone can satisfy the boundless longing of the immortal Spirit. When we enjoy the beauty of such a work, our minds naturally stray back to the artist, who conceived and gave expression to this

beautiful creation. Through the work we learn to love the artist and cannot help saying, what a beautiful soul this man must have had that gave birth to such a grand conception. In like manner we learn to know God, and love Him through His works. When we behold some grand work of nature confronting us, we are struck with reverential awe, and our heart goes out in love to the Mighty Creator, the Divine Architect, who brought all things into existence. When we learn to know and to love the Blessed Virgin—the most perfect work of His hands—the highest image of Himself—the mirror in which He beholds His divine perfections, reflected more clearly than in all created beings besides—the beauty beyond the conception of man—the sanctity that the highest seraph cannot reach—the love that exceeds the mighty flame, arising from the union of all created hearts, with what love and veneration will we turn to the Divine Artist, who created such a being and gave her to us for our mother. Where is the artist who does not wish to see his works admired, and who does not love in a special manner the production of the greatest effort of his life? To this work he turns with delight, he scrutinizes every line of perfection, every tint that contributes to bring out the ideal beauty, the grand conception that fascinated the noblest and the best of his race. If such be the case with man's best production, what must it be with God's best creation. If the artist of the highest order, the greatest the world has ever seen, only knows the sublime qualities of excellence, in their highest merit contained in the grandest production of his life, it is God alone that can comprehend the transcendent perfections, the sublime beauty of the Virgin

Mother—the grandest work of creation.

That the Blessed Virgin is the grandest work of creation, is proved from the sublime dignity to which she has been exalted. The theologians hold that whenever God chooses anyone for a certain dignity or office, He bestows upon him all the graces necessary for such a position. "It is a rule," says Saint Bernardine of Sienna, "in sacred theology, that whenever God raises one to a certain state, He bestows upon him all the good qualities necessary to sustain, and abundantly to adorn that state." Saint Paul fully sustains the position taken by the theologians on this matter, where he says, when speaking of the apostles. "That God made them fit ministers of the New Testament." But if we consider the dignity to which Mary was raised in becoming the mother of God, we may ask what gifts and graces were necessary that she might be fit to adorn and discharge the sublime duties attached to the dignity of her office! Let Saint Bernardine of Sienna answer: "That a woman should conceive and bring forth a God was the miracle of miracles." For it was necessary, so to speak, that this woman should be raised to a certain divine equality, through a certain almost infinity of perfections and graces, which has never been granted to a creature. Therefore neither human nor angelic intelligence has ever scanned the unfathomable abyss of all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which descended upon the Virgin at the hour of her Immaculate Conception." She comes next to her Son in personality, the Personality of the Son is Divine—uncreated, the personality of Mary is human and created, but the perfections which adorned Mary, to fit her for such an

exalted dignity, elevates her above all creatures, so that the united perfections of all created beings are not equal to those possessed by her alone. Let us hear Saint Anselm on this matter, "To one who should wish to scan the immensity of thy grace, O Virgin! the mind fails and the tongue is stilled."

But if Mary, enriched with such treasures of grace and love, be the mother of God, she is our mother also. She is really and truly our mother in a spiritual sense, as our ordinary mothers are in a natural sense. Christ, when dying on the cross, gave her to us in the person of His beloved John, to be our mother, "Woman behold thy Son! John behold thy mother, and from that hour the disciple took her to his own." She was the gift of the last will and testament of her Divine Son, to those whom He, at the same moment, was redeeming with His precious Blood. And He who was infinite, He, who by His word could call worlds into existence, had nothing equal to that which He gave, when He gave us his mother. If we desire to understand the meaning of this precious gift, the greatest of all gifts after Himself. Let us consider the occasion and the solemnity of the hour in which this precious treasure was bestowed upon us. A God in His agony, the sun withdrawing his light, darkness like a black pall brooding over the earth, a world shaken to its very centre, conspired to make the most solemn moment in the history of time, and it was in that moment Christ gave us His mother. How grateful we should feel to-day for the precious gift, and how fervently our hearts should turn with reverence and love to the Son and His Blessed Mother. God commands us to love our parents. The children who love their parents

and the parents who love their children fulfill the grand virtue of piety, and to the faithful children God has promised a special temporal reward, that He has not promised for the observance of any other commandment. Do the children of the world consider the obligation they are under to their spiritual mother, given to them under such circumstances by a dying God? Did the God of heaven in the depth of His agony, give her to us without expecting any obligation on our part of loving and obeying her? Our gratitude, our very reason revolts at answering this question in the negative. Nature has implanted in the heart of the child a deep love for the mother. We have proofs of this filial affection exemplified in the lives of some of the greatest men who flourished in the pagan world. Caius Coriolanus, the greatest general of his age, driven from his native city, retired from Rome and became commander of the Volscian army. In his rage, he led them back to take vengeance on what he considered the ungrateful city, and encamped not far distant from its gates. Rome was in consternation. She sent the most eminent men of the state to beg for reasonable terms. But the general was deaf to their appeal, and only listened to the sweet promptings of revenge, that he cherished in his bosom. When all embassies had failed, his mother Veturia presented herself before him. She did not beseech nor beg, but demanded the safety of the city, to which he acceded and withdrew his army. We have another heroic example of filial affection in Pliny the younger, living with his mother in Misenum, at the time when the eruption of Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. Though the city was far from the volcano, they saw themselves exposed to great peril from the violence of the eruption. His mother besought him to save his life by flight, saying that her advanced age and infirmities did not permit her to make her escape. But Pliny would not hear

of the separation, he was too noble to abandon his mother, he stood by her in their perilous journey, he would sacrifice his life rather than abandon her, and his courage and resolution were rewarded, for though frequently almost smothered with ashes made more dangerous from the proximity of the fire, they had the good fortune to escape. We know that among Christians, there are millions of sons who are as noble as the renowned personages of antiquity whom we have mentioned, who labor to support their mothers with patience and toil. All honor to them; we can find no words to do justice to these noble men of nature. But if it be a settled fact that the best and noblest men in the world at all times revered and loved their mothers, what must be the love of our Lord for His blessed mother, and what must be His delight to see her revered and loved by us!

But what of a mother's love for her children. Only a mother knows how deep-seated the natural love for her children, is in her bosom. She is very often so wrapt up in them, and so entirely absorbed in their welfare and their happiness, that she seems to live and breathe for them alone. It is only too true that at times some children forget the love of their mother, and allow their passions to stifle that most beautiful of sentiments that nature implanted in their hearts. But our natural mothers never loved us according to the order of nature, as our spiritual mother loves us in the order of grace. She loves us most tenderly, protects and defends us, she provides for us and helps us in all our necessities, both spiritual and temporal. With her we should not act as bad children are accustomed to act with their mothers. O! when they turn away and do evil in their sight, if they could only look into their mothers' hearts, they would see the bleeding wounds which they so cruelly inflicted there. But let us like good children turn to our Blessed Mother, and during the month of May make up by the ardor of our love, for our coldness during the past year.

Thoughts on a Hymn to Mary.



LOVE to sing! A sweet voice moves me, and a touching harmony fills me with delight. O how I love to sing! The human

voice, melodious lute of the soul, repeats its slightest emotions in sonorous chords from which the slightest touch draws forth sweet vibrations, gentle sighs full of charms, and harmony which reveals the mysteries of the heart.

O how I love to sing! Everything in nature sings: The stream which rushes on between its green banks; the zephyr rustling amid the leaves; the salt sea wave as it murmurs on the beach; the forest as it sways its thousand mighty heads before the tempest, and the loud prolonged chorus, one glorious harmony of the lute, vast as the world, which vibrates incessantly under the Almighty touch of God, And I too love to sing! sing again, sing ever, and it is for thee, Divine Mother, "Lily of the valley," Rose of Heaven, Queen of angels and of men, that I wish to tune my youthful lyre. Oh! let a burning chord of that inspired lute on which thou did'st sing, stretch itself on the instrument which trembles in my unskilful hand. Sweet Mother! if calmly and joyously the current of my days flow on beneath thy sanctuary, I will sing to thee, and thou wilt listen to my hymn of gladness and thanksgiving! If duty calls me afar, if absence separates the hearts which friendship has united, if so many fond ties must be thus cruelly severed I will sing to thee and my prayer shall be a sad farewell! If crushed beneath the burthen of sorrow, I will seek for sympathy; if my poor heart in solitude and sadness pleads in vain for comfort and support, I will sing to thee, sweet Mother, and my tears shall be less bitter, and I shall

cease to feel that I am alone in the world. If the storm howls in the distance, if my sky is dark and my frail bark struggles amid the surging billows of adversity, I will sing to thee Mary, and thou wilt calm the fury of the waves, and thy star will once more shine from the firmament above me. If sad and silent suffering seats itself at my side, if the cup of felicity is dashed from my lips, if still vibrating with its last sweet thrilling tones the chord of happiness is broken on my lyre, I will sing to thee Mary, for my heart will still be mine.

Oh! I love to sing thy praises, dearest Mother. I will repeat them in the morning, in the glorious sunshine, and in the freshness of the evening, I will whisper thy name to the echoes of the valley, to the birds of the trees, to the flowers of the meadows, to the happy who rejoice, to the desolate who mourn, to the blessed who love thee, and all my life shall be one song of which death itself shall not weaken the last vibrations.

[NOTE, BY ENFANT DE MARIE.—The writer of these lines was a child of eleven years of age, much devoted to the Blessed Virgin. She entered religion at eighteen, and in the May of last year, her Blessed Mother's sweet month, she passed away, to sing, we may hope, a "new canticle" amidst the virgin souls.]

"Called by the Help of Christians
Gently in twilight calm.
Gone to the golden splendor,
Following now the Lamb!"

"Were there soft angel-voices
Whispering, Come away!
Veni, O Sponsa Christi
In the sweet month of May."

"Softly the dawn is breaking,
Wide is the pearly gate,
Glorious thy star-crowned Mother,
Mary Immaculate!"

R. I. P.

May, 1899.

St. Simon Stock.



SIMON STOCK of a noble family of England, was born in 1164 at the Chateau of Hereford, in the County Kent, of which his father was Governor. From his youth he was favored

with such extraordinary grace that he felt drawn to solitude, and at the age of twelve years retired to a dense forest where he gave himself up to the most incredible austerities. He lived on herbs and roots, a fountain furnished him with water ; for bed, oratory and cell, he had the trunk of a tree, where he could hardly stand upright. Here prayer was his only occupation, and his soul, by this holy exercise, acquired such perfect purity that it became like the angels'. The Mother of God visited him nearly every day, and his communications with our Lord were so frequent, that his happiness seemed like the felicity of the saints. He lived in this way nearly twenty years, when the Religious of Mt. Carmel came to establish themselves in England ; he had been warned of their arrival by a particular revelation, and the Blessed Virgin told him to join them. He did so and then went to the Holy Land to imbibe the spirit of Elias. He remained there six years and his life was a continual ecstasy. The Blessed Virgin fed him with food from Heaven that seemed like manna. Afterwards he went to England, and was elected General of the Order. Soon terrible trials came to the Order and St. Simon, full of confidence in

Mary, placed all his difficulties in her hands. After some years of vows, prayers, sighs and tears, he had the consolation of being heard in a most astonishing manner. His prayer, like that of Elias, opened the heavens and brought down the Virgin Mother of God with rich treasures of grace to the needy and suffering world. Fr. Peter Swanington, companion, secretary, and confessor to the saint, writes of him, that he was broken with age and weakened by the austerities of his penitential life and that he often passed nights in prayer, sighing over the afflictions of his brethren. One day while at prayer he was filled with heavenly consolation, which he related to the Community as follows :

“ My Very Dear Brothers :

Blessed be God, who has not abandoned those who put their confidence in Him, and who has not despised the prayers of His servants. Blessed be the most holy Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ ! She hath remembered the ancient days and the tribulations which on all sides surround you, who do not reflect that those who live piously in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution, and she addresses you this word, which you will receive with the joy of the Holy Spirit : I pray this Spirit to guide my tongue that I may properly communicate it to you. When I was pouring out my soul in the presence of the Lord, dust and ashes that I am, I prayed with all confidence to the Holy Virgin, my Sovereign, that as she had been pleased to name us her Brethren, she would also have the goodness to let us see that she was our Mother, by delivering us from our afflictions and procuring us con-

sideration and esteem, by some sensible sign of her protection from those who persecuted us. Then I said, with tender sighs: * "Flower of Carmel, fruitful vine, splendor of Heaven, Virgin Mother of the Son of God. Amiable Mother, ever Virgin, give to thy children of Carmel the privilege of thy protection, Star of the Sea," when she appeared to me with her heavenly court, and holding in her hand the habit [scapular] of the Order, she said: "This will be the sign of the privilege that I have obtained for thee and for the children of Carmel; whoever dies [piously] clothed with this habit, will be preserved from eternal flames;† and as the glorious presence of the holy Virgin rejoiced me beyond all I can express and as I could not, miserable wretch that I am, bear the sight of her majesty, she said to me as she disappeared, that I had only to send a deputation to His Holiness Innocent, Vicar of her Son, and that he would not fail to grant a remedy for all our troubles. While preserving, my brethren, this word in your heart, endeavor to make sure your election by good works and strive never to sin. Watch, and offer thanksgiving for so great a favor, pray without ceasing, that the word communicated to me, may be verified to the glory of the Holy Trinity. Blessed forever be the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Virgin Mary."

Fr. Swanington, under date July 16, 1251, wrote this same account at the

* The prayer is the famous "Flos Carmeli" which is called the miraculous prayer of Carmel and has been translated into every language in prose and verse.

† The Church in the Breviary has seen fit to put the word "scapular" instead of habit. Though Carmelites know that the *Scapular* is an integral part of the habit, yet it might not be understood by the faithful at large. The word "piously" has also been inserted as explanatory of the meaning of our Lady, and to prevent all doubts that might arise.

dictation of the Saint, with a letter of consolation to the brethren elsewhere. The first miracle of the Scapular was worked on the very day that St. Simon received it from the hands of the Holy Virgin. Fr. Swanington wrote the account in Latin, and it is translated as follows:

"The 16th of July, while the blessed Simon Stock was going with me to Winchester, to obtain from the Bishop of that city some letters to the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent IV., we saw coming to meet us Dom Peter of Lington, dean of the Church of Winchester, who implored the blessed Simon Stock to hasten to the aid of his brother who was dying in despair. This man's name was Walter; he was petulant, haughty, quarrelsome and given to practising magic; he despised the Sacraments and tormented all his neighbors. In a quarrel with a nobleman he had been mortally wounded, and seeing himself near the tribunal of God; in the horrors of remorse caused by the remembrance of his crimes recalled to him by the demon, he would not hear of God or the Sacraments, but cried out and blasphemed: "I am damned! It is to thee, O devil, I leave the care of avenging my murder!"

We entered the house and he foamed with rage, ground his teeth and rolled his eyes like a furious animal. St. Simon Stock, seeing that he was about to expire, and had already lost the use of his senses, made the sign of the cross and laid upon him the holy Scapular of Carmel; then lifting his eyes to Heaven he prayed to God to give time for repentance, that a soul bought with the price of the Blood of Jesus Christ might not become the prey of the demon. All at once the sick man regained his strength, recovered the use

of his senses, and making the sign of the cross, cried against the demon, saying with tears: "Alas, wretch that I am, how terrible is the fear of my damnation! My sins are more numerous than the sands of the sea! O my God, Thy mercy is above Thy justice, have pity on me, and you, my Father, help me."

At these words I went off to one side, with Dom Peter, who told me that, seeing his brother obstinate in his impenitence, he knelt down to pray for him, and he heard a voice saying: "Rise, Peter, seek my servant Simon, who is now on a journey and make him come here." He looked about to see who had spoken, but saw no one, and three times he heard the same voice. So thinking it a voice from Heaven, he mounted a horse and set out in search of the Venerable Simon Stock and gave thanks to the Lord that he had found him so soon. Walter, after his confession, renounced publicly all his engagements with the devil, received the Sacraments and gave signs of true repentance. He made his will, and obliged his brother under oath to restore all property that he had taken unjustly and to repair all the injuries he had committed; then, about eight o'clock that night he expired. Some time after he appeared to his brother, telling him he was in the mansions of peace and that by the aid of the most holy Queen of Angels, and by the Scapular of the blessed Simon Stock, he had escaped the snares of the devil. The noise of this event spread through the city. Dom Peter wrote the account to the Bishop of Winchester. The Bishop assembled an Episcopal Council, where he resolved to question the blessed Simon Stock on the virtue of his habit. The latter obeyed the invitation, and replied to

all inquiries and his deposition was duly registered. After this miracle of the Holy Virgin, Dom Peter offered the Carmelites a home in Winchester and built for them a beautiful monastery." Fr. Swanington continues: "The renown of this prodigy spread rapidly throughout England and even beyond; a great number of cities offered monasteries to the Religious, and many noblemen came to beg the favor of being affiliated to our holy Order, so that dying in our habit, they might obtain through the merits of the glorious Virgin Mary, a happy death." The prodigies worked through the Scapular have continued to the present day, and their recital would fill a library. It is safe to say that there is not a city or town of any importance that cannot relate its miracles of the Scapular. This is testimony written by the finger of God, in proof of the love and the power of Mary the Mother of Mercy. One more great privilege must be mentioned. It is that granted by Pope John XXII. in 1322, which he promulgated what is commonly called the "Sabbatine Bull." It is called "Sabbatine" from the word Saturday, because it refers to the promise made by our Blessed Lady, to deliver from Purgatory on the Saturday after their death, those who in addition to wearing the Scapular, have fulfilled certain conditions which she appointed. There are numerous indulgences granted to all who wear the Scapular with devotion, and members of the Confraternity share in all the good works of the whole Order of Carmel, but the privilege of "the Saturday" is something different and refers to the next life. "It is permitted to piously believe, that the Blessed and Most Holy Virgin Mary, special Patron of the Order and of all the faithful who wear the Habit or Scapular of the Confraternity and who observe what is appointed to gain the above-mentioned privilege, will aid these souls principally on Saturday, by her efficacious prayers, to leave the pains of Purgatory and to go to enjoy with her eternal glory in the celestial Country."

Roman Letter.

ROME, April 15th, 1899.

DEAR FATHER,—

One would scarcely believe what an excitement was caused throughout the whole world by the late illness of the Pope. When the wires brought the sad news to the different countries, even to those beyond the ocean, every heart seemed to throb with sorrow and painful suspense, which ceased only when the joyful tidings came announcing the recovery of the Supreme Pastor; and then their minds overflowed with joy and feelings of gratitude towards God, for having granted them their desire.

None, however, I think gave more expression to their feelings than the Romans, and the strangers who were in Rome at the time. In several churches novenas were made, followed by a solemn thanksgiving.

On March 12, both to commemorate the 22nd anniversary of the Pope's coronation and to thank God for his recovery from the late illness, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in St. Peter's church. The church was crowded immensely with Italians and foreigners. Even according to the liberal newspapers, there were fifty or sixty thousand present. What a touching spectacle it was to see such a great number of people gathered there to thank God at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. The joyful notes of the *Te Deum*, intoned by so many thousand voices, resounded through the great arches of the Basilica and arose like a cloud of incense to the throne of the Most High.

The Pope, although not present in the church, on hearing of such a great manifestation of loyalty must have

rejoiced, for Cardinal Rampolla in his letter afterwards to the Vatican Chapter, in the Pope's name, expressed his sincere thanks to all who had participated in the celebration. In the evening the broad facade of St. Peter's church and the houses of the Borgo, (the street leading up to the Vatican), were illuminated and the Borgo itself was lighted up with the fire of Bengal. From the time the functions began in St. Peter's Church until late in the evening the immense square of St. Peter's and the Borgo were continually filled with a great throng of people. On the 7th of March the feast of St. Thomas of Aquinas was celebrated with great solemnity in the Church of S. Maria Supra Minerva. At the Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Cardinal Cretoni, the members of the Academy of St. Thomas and the ecclesiastical students assisted. All the religious orders and ecclesiastical colleges were represented by some of their members. It was edifying to see the spacious church crowded with students from all parts of the world, asking their glorious Patron to assist them in their arduous task. The Easter ceremonies, although not so solemn as formerly when the Pope was ruler of Rome, were very nice. The churches were crowded during Holy Week by Italians and foreigners and especially by English-speaking people. The music as usual was very beautiful.

Our Order in Italy suffered a great loss a short time ago by the death of Andrea Ferrigno, the Prior of Albano, who was taken away suddenly by a paralytic stroke. The deceased was born at Maiori, in the province of Salerno, about sixty years ago. At

the time of the suppression, when the so-called "champions of liberty" began their work of plunder, he came to the Roman province in which he remained till his death. After some time he was sent to Albano, where, only with a lay-brother as a companion, he had to live in a monastery which was sometimes used by the Italian soldiers as a barrack. We can easily imagine what he had to suffer, when living in the same house with such ruffians who belonged to the party that endeavored with might and main to suppress the religious orders and destroy the Church itself. Through his exertions last year

Father General was able to buy back our monastery.

It may seem curious to say we had to buy our own property, but such is the law since this "humane and civilized" government, trampling every divine and human law under foot, seized everything it could lay hands on.

Last year Father Ferrigno also restored the monastery and some students and priests were sent there; this year he had commenced to enlarge the monastery by adding a new part, when the Lord called him to Himself.

—A. W.

The Sacred Heart.

PURE as tenderest lines of light
 In the East, ere dawn is bright,
 Swift and still as seraph's flight,
 Our Jesus draweth near !

Silent, lest we wound Him more ;
 Tender, whispering o'er and o'er.
 —Heart of Love ! Our souls outpour
 Responsive bloom and cheer !

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

There is no expression commoner than this, "Oh, I am so tired." We all say it, and very often we do not know why we do so. The body is tired and so is the soul at times, and both need refreshment. People talk of tonics to be taken in the spring—something to strengthen the system after the long trying winter, and to take away that "tired feeling," which makes so many people a bore to themselves and others. Well, May, the month of Mary, is the tonic of the soul, and through the soul it works wonders for the body also, because one re-acts on the other.

May mornings are proverbial for their beauty and fairly coax one from bed to go out and enjoy their loveliness.

"May is here! the world rejoices. Earth puts on her smiles to greet her," sang the old Polish poet, who, no doubt, was thinking of our Blessed Lady, the fair queen of the May and the mistress of its happy hours. Never is the church more attractive than during the month of Mary, and her altar is always, even in the humblest church, a place of pilgrimage.

The most perfect prayer is that which is accompanied by sacrifice—so although the children of Mary, young and old, may do plenty of praying, it will all be of very little worth unless there is some self-denial in it.

Some find it hard to pray—there is the element of self-sacrifice at once.

But what of the grandest prayer and the most efficacious sacrifice which is, so to speak, all ready made for us? The readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will recognize the old theme at once, go to daily Mass. There you are sure that what you offer is acceptable to God. There, you may be dumb, and it is all right. The very act of going is in itself a prayer. So, when you are wondering what you can do to please our Blessed Mother in her own sweet month of grace, settle on this—daily Mass.

Provided it is not at the expense of other and more important duties, one cannot conceive of anything so pleasing to God as the hearing of the holy sacrifice on week days.

And it isn't so easy. Early rising is not a delightful thing even in the balmy month of May. Sleep is just as sweet and the effort just as great then as in December; but, it pays. Nowadays we are constantly hearing the question, "does it pay?" Be sure of this: it does pay to be persevering in making this effort—not by fits and starts, but faithfully, day in and day out, whether one feels like it or not. That is the real test of a good thing, what some one defines as genius—sticking at a thing.

It is very hard to do the same thing over and over again, and our Blessed Lord knew it when he said: "He that perseveres to the end will be saved." Make one link in the chain of perseverance—begin it this May and keep it up for one and thirty days. You will then be only too happy to rivet it

to a second link. People talk very dismally about the chains of sin. Why not make chains of daily Masses? If the former drag down, surely the latter will be all powerful to raise one up, far above sin and self and earth with all its cares and sorrows. And what will be the end of it all? Heaven, of course.

Many a happy soul who is there to-day owes it to some blessed month of May, when the habit of daily Mass was cultivated.

Begin, dear children, and prove by experience how well it pays.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.
Caswell—Hymn for Ascension Day.
2. Peace and joy have two handles—
patience and temperance.—
Nieremberg.
3. A friend is worth all the hazards
we can run.—Young.
4. This word by Him was used at
parting, "I have called you
Friends."—Dora Greenwell.
5. We only desire to know God in
order to increase our love of
Him.—Faber.

FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. What was the value of a talent
mentioned in St. Matthew's
Gospel?
2. What are the phylacterics which
the Pharisees wore?
3. What was the Corbona—into
which the Jewish high priests

put the thirty pieces of silver
paid for Judas' treachery?

4. Who wrote the Book of Psalms?
5. What is he called?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When may a knife in your hand
be considered under your foot?
2. What writer would have been the
best angler?
3. What causes the potato to rot?
4. When is a sheep like ink?
5. What is the weight of the moon?

ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Because of her curiosity.
2. St. Matthias.
3. Zaccheus, who climbed into a
sycamore tree to see Jesus.
4. Bartimeus.
5. Lydia of Thyatira, converted by
St. Paul.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. (Herein) He—her—here—ere—
rein—in.
2. Scrape.
3. Noah.
4. A pillow.
5. Experience.

Two Chaplets.

A chaplet of flowers we'll weave for
our Lady,
A chaplet of flowers to deck her fair
brow,
Of wild-growing roses and myrtle we'll
twine it,
And blossoms most pure from the
young apple bough.

A chaplet of flowers we'll weave for
our Lady,
A chaplet of flowers to lay at her
feet,
Of Patience, Humility, Prayer let us
twine it,
The buds to our Lady most fragrant
and sweet.

—A. B.

Jack's Point of View.

His little sister pouted :

" I think it was a shame
For you to get the scolding
When you were not to blame.
Why didn't someone tell them
The truth about the ball—
That Freddy Fearing threw it,
And it wasn't you at all ?
But that's the way it always is ;
It's just the same old song
When any mischief happens—
It's Jack who's in the wrong !
And other boys, I'm sure of it,
Are every bit as bad.
I'm sick of such injustice !
It makes me hopping mad ! "

Jack kissed his little sister :

" Oh, don't you fret ! " he said,
With a twinkle in his laughing eyes—
" And don't you peach on Fred.
I told the little beggar
(He was scared to death, you see,
When the ball went through the win-
dow)
To leave it all to me.
Nobody fibbed about it ;
But the fellows ran away.
'Twas just the situation—
Somebody had to stay.
Of course I caught it heavy,
But, bless you ! think what fun
For me to get a scolding
For a thing I hadn't done ! "

Our Lady's Shrine.

'Twas a lonely spot in the forest,
Where that simple shrine was placed,
Yet the brow of the dear Madonna
With sweet wild-flowers was graced ;
And the hand of the Infant Jesus
Was filled with the forest fern,
And below, in a niche quite sheltered,
A taper was placed to burn.
I was weary from hours of travel,

But I knelt me down to pray,
When I heard a light footstep coming,
The step of a child, that way.

I had thought, while my prayers I
whispered

To the Mother and the Child,
If men or the angels tended
That shrine in the forest wild.

So I watched, as the step drew nearer,
And waited what might be done,
And sheltered myself in the shadows,
For even had almost come.

'Twas a child that I saw approaching,
And her eye was full of love,
As she gazed at the dear Madonna
And the Infant Child above.

In her arms she carried some flowers—
The sweet wild-flowers of the wood—
And stooping, she rolled to the altar
A stone, upon which she stood,

And around the dear Child and Mother,
Wherever a flower could rest,
She scattered her wildwood treasures,
Then strewed on the ground the rest.

Then, folding her hands most sweetly,
She said in a child-like way,
" Oh ! give me your blessing, sweet
Jesus !

Give me your blessing, I pray.

" And you, dearest Mother ! He loved
you ;
Join in the prayer that I make,
For I love you, my Mother, most dear-
ly—

I love you for His sweet sake. "

Then lighting a fragrant taper,
She lovingly kissed the shrine,
And left, with a lingering footstep,
And many a glance behind.

I have loved the dear shrines of Mary,
Wherever they chanced to be ;
But never has one been dearer
Than this wildwood shrine to me.

A May Letter.

BY A. B.

Within the Catholic school or college some particular form of devotion is always encouraged, is ever invoked to aid in moulding youthful minds to habits of virtue and religion; but pre-eminently remarkable for little acts of piety is the bright, joyous, flower-bringing month of our Lady.

The practice, piously observed in many of our educational institutions, of erecting a May altar in each classroom, besides having the approval of time-honored custom, is a fitting and beautiful one, and intensifies the atmosphere of goodness that constantly surrounds those who are fortunate enough to receive their training at the hands of religious teachers. The altar, with its pretty draperies, its modest array of colored lamps or lighted tapers, its sweet flowers and its crowning glory—the statue of the Queen of May—imparts a tender and loving touch to the grim old class-room with all its bareness and absence of comfort.

For those of us whose days of study were spent within a great metropolis, the May altar seemed like a piece of the country transplanted to the city's turmoil and granite sternness; and, while it testified to the students' devotion to Mary, it brightened their hours of labor and served to remind them of coming vacation, moments to be passed happily amid scenes and places rural. The manner of honoring our Lady differs with the locality, for what is practicable in one place is impossible in another. When I was a very little boy I attended a country school—and it was a Carmelite school, too—small and quaint compared with our big city affairs, but just as important in its own humble way. We had a May altar there, and as the flowers grew somewhat plentifully in the country around, our Lady never lacked a bouquet, nor her shrine adornment.

There was another custom, and it was of that I wish to speak. This little devotion I have ever regarded as beautiful because of the childlike trust and confidence in our Lady which it indicated. Early in the month we were directed to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin. In it we were free to ask for anything we desired. I believe that was the first epistle which ever engaged my labored attention, and though I cannot recall the exact tenor of my petition, I know that never since have I written to so distinguished a personage.

When we had finished our letters, we brought them sealed and addressed and placed them in a basket at our Lady's feet. Here they reposed until the last day of the month. On the afternoon of that day—it was a lovely day—the sun beamed down from a sky of virginal blue and white; never before had the flowers appeared so beautiful or the grass so green; while the birds sang their cheeriest carols and flittered about as if conscious of our doings and eager to share in them. On that afternoon we marched two by two across the yard to the church which stood just beyond. We did not go within.

Another May altar had been set up for the occasion over against the side of the church.—the shady side, where the grass grew long and verdant and where the sun's rays could not harm us. Well do I remember the ceremony that followed. The Sister said the Rosary and Litany, to which, of course, we all responded. Then we sang together the hymns of May. After the singing, the letters which we had written were emptied upon the ground and ignited, and as the smoke ascended, a sweet incense, let us hope, to our Lady, we said another prayer in supplication that our petitions might be granted.

It was all very beautiful, and year after year, as the month of May rolls around, I look back with regretful pleasure on the Mays that have been, and think of the little country school, of its May devotions, and of my first letter.

Editorial Notes.

Memorable May.

The joy of these happy May days is enhanced by the fact that the archiepiscopal throne in the archdiocese of Toronto is no longer vacant, but is now occupied by a worthy and distinguished prelate in the person of the most Reverend Denis O'Connor, to whom Carmel offers its filial homage. The growth of the religious institutions on the Niagara frontier owes much to the encouragement received from those venerated prelates of happy memory who have gone before him, and we are sure that, under the auspices of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, the Orders of religious men and women will witness the brightest epoch of their existence in Canada. The pallium is a burden as well as an insignia of dignity, and each individual member of every Religious house in the archdiocese will feel it a personal responsibility to offer earnest prayer to heaven daily for all the needs of our reverend Archbishop.

Carmel Abroad.

An interesting bit of information sent us says the Carmelites have three houses in Cuba. Their churches are good and rich in the Spanish style. The few fathers who remained in Mexico, but were quasi-secularized, are now united and attached to the Spanish provinces. Mexico was formerly a flourishing Carmelite province. It was started in 1588 by one who had been over in Africa on the missions, but was captured by pirates and had to return to Portugal. From Mexico the Order spread to California, which was evangelized by our fathers. Of these early missions on the Pacific coast, we hope some day to obtain more detailed descriptions.

Baptized in Bagdad.

In its news from Asia Minor, the London Tablet notes the report of a Carmelite missionary in Bagdad, who announced recently quite an unusual baptism and conversion of Yezidi, at the age of 30—one of the strange sect of the "Devil-Worshippers," well known to readers of travels in Persia and Asia Minor. The sect is spread over ancient Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, Upper Armenia, parts of Persia and even Russia. Like the Manicheans, the Yezidis acknowledge two principles—good and evil—but adore only the latter. Out of respect, or awe, for the evil spirit, they will not even pronounce any word beginning with the sound "sh," which is the initial of his name, Sheitan (i.e., Satan.) Much less will they pronounce the name itself, but designate its owner by some periphrase such as: "He whom you know," "the Benefactor of Mankind," "He whom fools and madmen curse," or simply "he" or "that one"; but most frequently "Taus-Melek," or "Melek-i Taus" — the "peacock angel" or "angel of the peacock." They pay him worship under the form of a gilt bronze cock, especially about Mossul, where they are most numerous. The conversion of one of this strange sect is probably unique.

"Madonna of the Flowers."

In this month of flowers, when our daily prayer should ascend to our Blessed Lady's decorated shrines for our Holy Father, our attention is called to an extraordinary phenomenon mentioned by Roman correspondents. We are told that in Piedmont, in the village of Bra, is a shrine dedicated to

our Lady, under the title of "Madonna de Fiori" ("Madonna of the Flowers"), and near the shrine are some white thorn bushes which burst into bloom every year in December. People may account for the fact as they will, but that it is a fact is undeniable. For five centuries this extraordinary phenomenon has been observed, and the first time in the memory of man that blossoms failed to appear was in the December of 1877. It was believed that for that year the Madonna was not to have her winter garland, but, strangely and wonderfully, on the morning of Feb. 20, 1878, the day of Pope Leo's election to the Supreme Pontificate, the whitethorn put on a quite unprecedentedly beautiful garment of bloom. It was as though the Queen of Heaven herself had wished to greet the great event that made Joachim Pecci the Vicar on Earth of her Son. Last December, the rector of the sanctuary presented His Holiness with a box of the blossoms, recalling at the same time what took place at the inauguration of his Pontificate. The good priest (Father Filippo Alardo) received a gracious reply from the Holy Father, who, in his letter, said among other things: "The great love we have ever cherished for the blessed Mother of the Redeemer, and the complete confidence we have reposed in her, especially when God willed that we should be called to the Supreme Pontificate, have stirred emotion within us at the return of motherly protection which the most Blessed Virgin seems to have wished to give us at the beginning of our elevation to this Apostolic See. Mary, Most Holy, we must own, has never failed us in help and comfort during the long and toilsome years we have sustained the universal

government of the Church. O! may she continue her gracious patronage in our regard, that the seeds we have been sowing in tears for the welfare of Christian people may flower in gladness, and that it may be given to ourselves to enjoy in good season the unfading flowers of eternity." To which every devout client of Mary should say a fervent "Amen!"

Saint of the Scapular.

In our Blessed Lady's month we celebrate the feast of one of her most privileged sons, Saint Simon Stock, whose name is inseparably connected with the holy Scapular. Those of our readers who enjoyed the lately published sketches of the old Carmelite convents in England will, we are sure, be glad to be told that they can also soon expect to see in these pages some entertaining articles which will follow the footsteps of St. Simon Stock and unveil to us some of our first English monasteries, viz.: Alnwick in Northumberland, better known as Hulin Abbey, founded about 1240, and Aylesford in Kent, founded a year or two later. Both, we are now assured, are tolerably preserved. The articles promised us will largely refer to St. Simon Stock, who, if not an inhabitant of the former, was certainly of the latter monastery.

Letters from Spain have much to say of the devotion to the wonderful Infant of Prague. The royal family have installed the "Little King" of the Carmelites in the palace, and offer up appropriate prayers in its oratory. Several generals and officers have had statues of the holy Child erected in the army head-quarters. Dozens of officers carried miniatures of the miraculous statues to Cuba and the Philippines, and now on their return relate wonderful instances of supernatural protection in critical moments when death seemed inevitable.

PUBLICATIONS.

In answering his own query, "What is the real good?" John Boyle O'Reilly says that "Each heart holds the secret; *kindness* is the word." Another poet, and a townsman of the lamented editor of the *Boston Pilot*, also sings in dulcet strains of what he reads and feels in his own heart, and herein likewise we find that "*kindness* is the word." We refer to Mr. Henry Coyle, a brilliant young Christian poet, who practices what he preaches; and is now dedicating his time and talent to the cause of sweet charity. In this "Promise of the Morning," just coming from the office of the Guardian Angel Press, decorated in blue and gold, and dedicated "To all who have been kind" we find among the hundred and more pretty poems that "The Poet is a Teacher," who has many "A Kind Word" for "A Weary Heart." The verses to our Blessed Lady are fragrant with love and piety. Mr. Coyle is in truth an interpreter of nature, and his songs are cheerful and hopeful, touching the hearts of the multitude. Listen to his description of that for which each one of us craves—"A Changeless Friend":

"I am thy friend through good report and ill;
Through loss of fortune, trouble, grief and pain;
Through days of sunshine and in storm and rain,
Thy joy shall be my joy; my heart shall thrill
With sadness for thy woe; my eyes shall fill
With tears to soothe thy grief; oh, I would fain
All thy perplexing cares unravel plain;
Success or failure, I am thy friend still.

If thou through human weakness err, if shame
Be of thy portion, fickle fortune frown,
The world forsake thee, be not thou cast down,
For, come what will, I still shall be the same;
As changeless as the sea unto the end,
Through all eternity I am thy friend."

It is the prayer of the editor that our Boston friend may be long spared in his lofty mission of leading hearts up from this valley of tears to the bright hills of eternal hope.

In the April number of the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*," Father Rupert, a Carmelite of Graz, Austria, contributes an interesting character sketch of his late confrere, Fr. Serapion, whose pen was consecrated to the Queen of Carmel. Fr. Serapion was a true child of Mary and, we are told, was moved to tears of devotion whenever he spoke of the divine Mother. In his latter days the Holy See granted an unusual privilege to the deceased of celebrating holy Mass one hour after midnight. For many years Fr. Serapion edited the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*," which is one of the best of our German Carmelite contemporaries.

One of the features of the current number of the *Niagara Rainbow* is a long and interesting article under the caption of "Recollections of Monsignor Proulx." The subject of this sketch was one of those zealous pioneer priests of the Toronto archdiocese whose names are held in benediction. Father Proulx spent twelve years among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest. In his brief pen picture of this good priest, the *Rainbow's* correspondent lays stress on his wonderful charity, saying that "if there was one feature in his character more prominent than another, it was his over-mastering desire to do good to his fellow-man. His kindness of heart was unfathomable; indeed, kindness was his guiding principle."

The Herder presses have just put on the book-stands two more interesting little volumes of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. These works are entitled the "Our Father"—with the sub-title of "A Booklet for Young and Old," and "The Young Man's Way to Happiness." Both books sell at forty cents each. They are neatly bound in cloth. Young and old will feel better for having read Father Wetzel's works. Address the publisher, B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Something new and good in the line of devotional books for private use during the month of our Blessed Lady can be found in a neat book just issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros. of New York. This work, which we

recommend to all clients of Mary, is from the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller, and is entitled "The Blessed Virgin"—Anecdotes and Examples to Illustrate the Honor Due to the Blessed Mother of God. There are four pretty stories in the book telling of some wonderful things wrought through the holy Scapular. The printer and binder have given us an attractive bit of work. Price only seventy-five cents. Address, Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York.

Books earnestly recommended to all clients of the Holy Face, and for sale at the Carmelite Monastery, 1236 Rampart street, New Orleans, La., are entitled:

"*Noted Sanctuaries of the Holy Face.*" Translated by Miss Pauline Stump with Preface by Mt. Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D. This popular volume gives a graphic description of several celebrated Shrines in Europe, a sketch of the devotion in the United States and contains prayers, etc., in honor of the Holy face. 1 vol., cloth, 60 cents; paper binding, 35 cents. A copy of this book accompanies the *Vera Effigies* that persons may be apprised of its history and the veneration with which these holy fac-simile of the Veil of Veronica should be surrounded.

"*New Manual of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face,*" by Rev. P. Janvier, translated by Miss Pauline Stump. A very essential book for members of the Confraternity; cloth, red edges, 40 cents.

"*Mr. Dupont and the Work of the Holy Face,*" another of Fr. Janvier's immortal volumes on the Holy Face Reparation; translated by Christian Reid. With Preface by Mgr. Thos. S. Preston, approved by Cardinal McCloskey. Besides a graphic sketch of the life of the "Holy Man of Tours," whose Beatification is now pending at Rome, it contains an appendix with his prayers, practices of piety, devotions to Our Lady of La Salette, St. Benedict's medal, the Holy Face Scapular, etc. 1 vol., cloth, 50 cents.

N. B.—These books contain the Rules, Briefs of Leo XIII, in favor of the Archconfraternity, list of indulgencies, etc., etc. Archconfraternity is canonically erected in

the "*Sanctuary of Reparation and Thanksgiving*" of the Discalced Carmelite Nuns. The Crosses, Scapulars, Medals, Chaplets, Pictures, Holy Face Oil, the Gospel of the H. Name of Jesus, *Vera Effigies* from Rome on silk and linen and all else connected with the great Work of the Holy Face Reparation can be obtained by addressing Rev. Prioress, Monastery of the Discalced Carmelites, 1236 Rampart Street, New Orleans, La.

"A College Boy" by Anthony Yorke, author of "Passing Shadows," etc., is a readable and fascinating tale. Published at eighty five cents by Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay St., New York.

A Good Word.

WATERBURY, CONN.,

April 7, 1899.

REV. FATHER,—

Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay my subscription for your excellent little magazine. I am a subscriber for a few others, and I do not want to belittle any of them, however, I will say regardless of cost, yours beats them all, and none has a welcome every month to equal that of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

F. O'B.

If I could believe in happiness, I should place it in habit, the uniform habit which binds day to day, and renders almost insensible the transition from one hour to another, from one thing to another, so that everything falls gently upon the soul, as if it had been long expected.—Chateaubriand.

The Scapular is brown, the color of humility and penance. The word humility comes from *humus*, the soil—and the soil of the earth is brown. The wearing of the Scapular is, therefore, an act of humility by which we acknowledge that we are like Adam—brown earth—nothing.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Carmelite Convent at New Baltimore, Pa., has received names for registration in the Scapular album from: Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; St. John's Church, Scranton, Pa.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Vincent's, Germantown, Pa.; Sparta, Wis.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: Avoca, Pa.; Jesuit Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont.; St. Levi, Ridgeway, Pa.; St. Paul's, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Nicholas', Brooklyn, N.Y.; Alexandria, Ont.; Mainadieu, N.B.; Holy Saviour, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Paul's, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Michael's, Bell Island, Nfld.; Glendale, N.S.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, Scipio, Kan., from: St. Mary's Hospital, Kansas City.

Names received at St. Joseph's, Carmelite Priory, Leavenworth, Kas., from: St. Leander's Priory, Canon City, Colo.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.

 PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

Several readers offer thanks through THE CARMELITE REVIEW to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for favors received during the past month.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers: Spiritual, 9; temporal, 13; health, 6; sick, 4; conversion, 5; employment, 7; intemperate, 8; sinners, 9; general, 18; deceased, 14; several who neglect their Easter duty. All intentions of readers not specified here—also all intentions of the editor.

Favors for the Hospice.

J.L., Paterson, N.J.; M.McC., Caldwell, Ont.; Mrs. F.R., New Albany, Miss; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Mr. H.M., Fort Erie, The Visitation Nuns, Parkersburg, W.Va., Miss K.A.C., Saxonville, Mass.; Miss A.B.E., Port Credit, Ont.; Miss N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss M.D., London, Ont.; Mrs. B.L., New York City; Mrs. M.D., Providence, R.I.

 OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

KATE SWEENEY.

PATRICK SWEENEY.

HANNAH SWEENEY.

MARGARET SWEENEY.

MARTIN SOMERS, Antigonish, N.S.

MRS. J. D. CAREY, Waterville, N.Y.

GEORGE HANRAHAN, March 30, Antigonish, N.S.

MICHAEL SCHAEFER, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 8.

MARGARET FITZPATRICK, Paterson, N.J., April 2.

P. P. TOON, a devout Catholic, friend of Mt. Carmel, and model husband, who went to a well-earned reward at Alpha, Texas.

TIMOTHY F. SHEA, who died on the feast of Annunciation at Cambridge, Mass. He was a zealous worker in the cause of Our Blessed Lady.

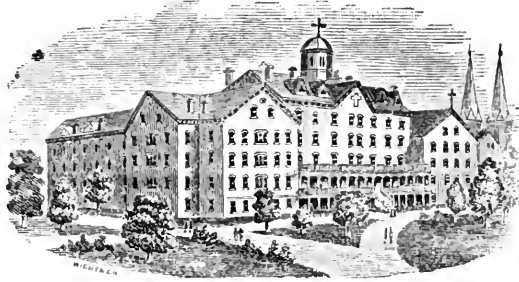
And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

 Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below.** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY,

College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels,



Conducted by the Priests of the **CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION.**

THIS INSTITUTION, founded November 21, 1856, and chartered by Act of Legislature, April 20, 1863, with powers to confer Degrees, is located in the midst of the enchanting scenery of the famous Niagara Falls. It affords every facility for obtaining a thorough **Classical, Scientific, Commercial, or Ecclesiastical Course.**

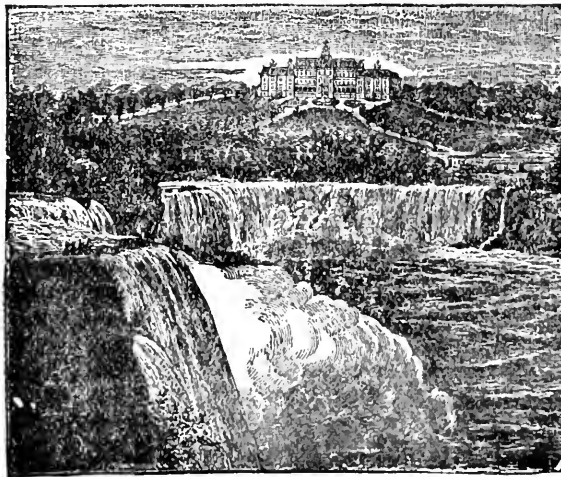
Situated on the most elevated point of "MONT-EAGLE RIDGE," it receives the full benefit of the healthful and invigorating breezes that sweep over the country from the Lake. In sublimity of scenery it is unrivaled. Southward, it commands a magnificent view of the Seminary Rapids, Whirlpool, and Great Cataract; northward, it looks over the beauties of Niagara's tortuous banks, and the wide expanse of Lake Ontario dotted with sail. The buildings are large and well furnished. No pains are spared to secure the comfort of the students. The scholastic year consists of two terms: the first ends on the first of February, and the second on the last Wednesday of June.

TERMS: Board, Tuition, Washing, and Mending of Articles Washed, per term, \$100. Vacation, if spent at the Seminary, \$40.

EXTRA CHARGES: Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Clarinet or Guitar, with use of instrument, \$40 per annum. For further particulars address the President,

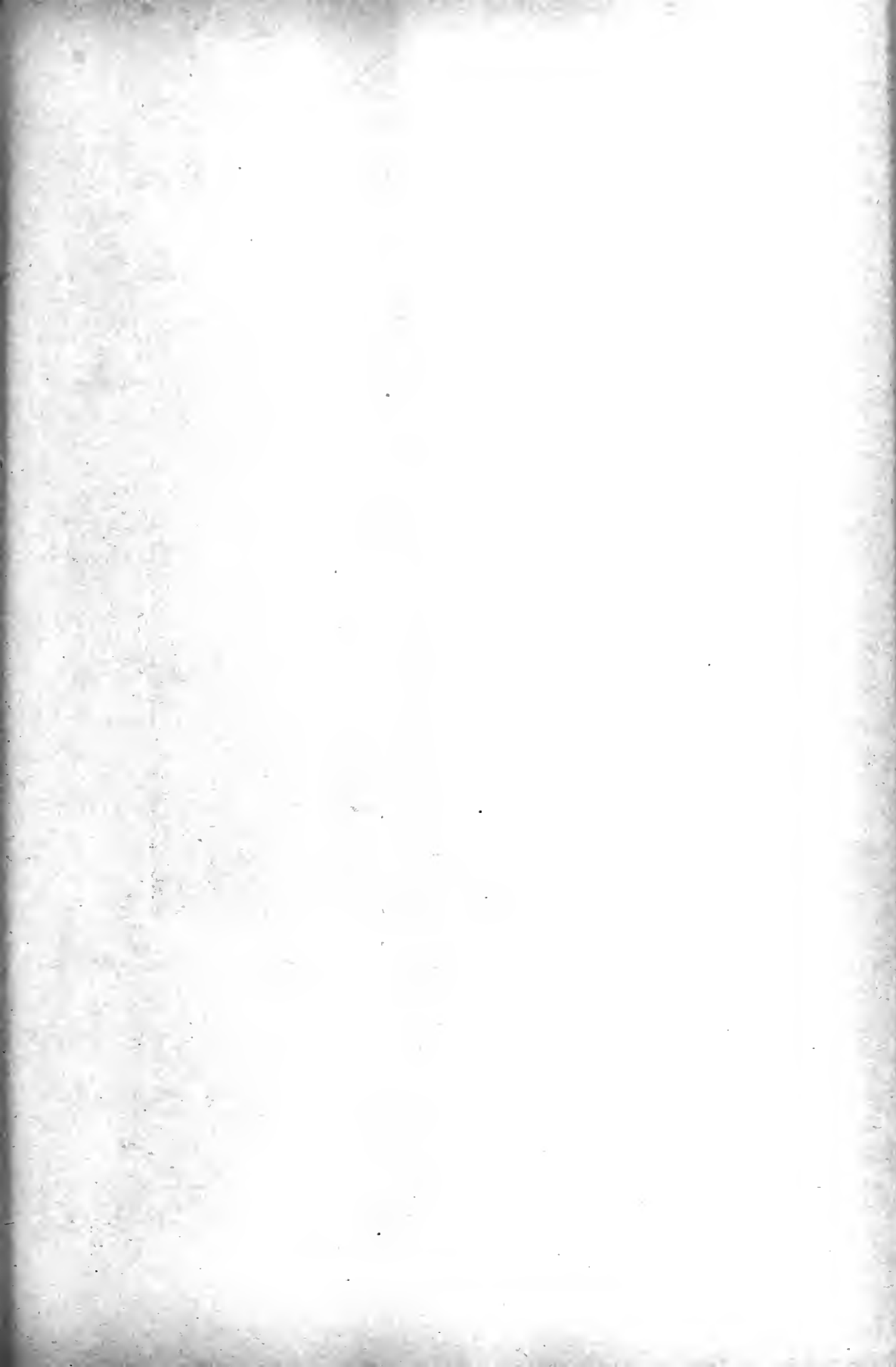
VERY REV. P. McHALE, C. M.
Niagara University, N. Y.

LORETTO ACADEMY, ✠ NIAGARA FALLS.



THIS INSTITUTION is beautifully situated on a high and healthy location, overlooking the Falls on the Canadian side, and cannot be equalled for the sublime and extensive view which it affords of the Falls, Rapids, and Islands in the vicinity. Pupils from all parts of the "Western World" have borne testimony to the fact that after some time feasting on the life-giving air and enchanting beauty of this scenery, they have returned to their homes renewed in life and vigor, as well as cultivated in mind and soul.

TERMS, \$200 per annum. Extras moderate.





OUR LADY OF THE WAY.

Madonna della Strada.



Our Lady of the Way.

Madonna della Strada.

I.



THE way is long—thro' weary wastes, it passes,
Thro' deserts without water, without shade ;
Across green marshes, treacherous morasses,
It stretches, till the pilgrim grows afraid.
For unknown peril, all the known, surpasses,
And none can say where hangs the ambuscade.

OUR LADY OF THE WAY, whate'er betide,
Madonna della Strada, be our guide !

II.

The way is steep—it reaches high and higher !
The rough stones bruise the naked, wand'ring feet ;
The sharp thorns pierce them, burn them, as with fire :
There are no cooling springs to quench their heat.
Now faints the heart with languor of desire,
Longing for rest beside the waters sweet !

Madonna della Strada, gracious, be !

OUR LADY OF THE WAY, we cry to thee !

III.

The way is dark—no moon or star is shining :
The sun, long since, hath sunk behind the height.
The cloud above us hath no silver lining,
And all around is blackest, drearest night.
And yet we know these shades may be enshrining
The glory of a Morn, supremely bright !

Madonna della Strada ! lead us on,

Until th' Eternal Day-Star on us dawn !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Manc Nobiscum, Domine!

"Stay with us, because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent."—St. Luke xxiv., 28.

"STAY with us" Lord, the shades of eve are stealing,
And fade life's sunbeams in the golden West.
We need Thy peace in heart, and soul, and feeling;
"Stay with us" Lord, it is the hour of rest.

The morn of life was hopeful with Thy shining,
The Eucharistic love illumined our way,
And oft it seemed around our spirits shining:
Still more we need Thee now, at close of day.

"Stay with us" Lord! the night-clouds darkly gather,
We dare not pass "the vale of death" alone,
We pray like Philip, "Show to us the Father,"
O may we see His glory and Thine own.

—E. DE M.

The Rose.

[Lines suggested by the taking of a rose from a nun.]

WHICH is the lovelier,
The rose or she who gives?
Which is the purer, rose-life
Or the sweet life that she lives?

Is she not with labors ended
A rose-waste on the sod?
Oh! I feel they've a common beauty
In the wondrous sight of God.

—MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr. Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

PREFACE BY LADY HERBERT :

The beautiful life of this true Christian hero has been given to the English-speaking public at the earnest request of several military men, and especially of the *one to whom it is dedicated. It will be read with interest, not only by all who love their profession and are stirred by a tale of gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes, but also by those who look upon life as an earnest thing, to be spent for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In Monseigneur Baunard's admirable Preface to the French edition, he says : "This life is more than a rare spectacle—it is a great lesson. I hear on all sides that what is most wanted in these days are men of character. M. de Sonis was eminently a man of marked character ; we have rarely seen one like him, even in better times than the present. The profound convictions which from the first to the last day of his career were the light of his life, never saw him deviate one single step from the right line : *Per vias rectas*. He was straightforwardness itself : 'I always put the head of my ship towards the good God,' he said one day ; 'whatever winds blow, favorable or the contrary, I keep in that direction ;

for it is that port I wish to make.' He has been called emphatically 'the man of duty.' This duty he practised at whatever cost in the face of heaven, without ever considering the sacrifices it might entail. Heroism itself was only the natural fruit and the simple consequence of this view of duty, and, as he observed it himself, so he expected it of others. Discipline, honesty, morality, honor, were virtues which he guarded with jealous care. He has been called the 'just,' but he was also, when necessary, the judge, and 'did not bear the sword in vain,' as the Apostle says. To us, he appears as a man of another age—a noble knight of old France ; and to see him, by the united testimony of all, so noble and so constant in his principles and conduct, brings to our remembrance the great St. Louis, who won the admiration of the infidels themselves, and forced them to hold him for 'the proudest Christian that could be found.' But, besides all this, General de Sonis was a man of heart. As a husband, a father, a brother, a friend, he was a model of the deepest tenderness and the most constant affection. He was not a stranger to anything that was lovable ; he admired beautiful places, beautiful works of

* General Lord Ralph Kerr, the model of a Christian soldier.

art, brilliant deeds, good books, holy souls above all. In fact, his love of souls was an absorbing passion; and with all those who came across his path in life, he never rested till he could enrol them or bring them back (as far as was in his power) under the banner of his Divine Master. He loved the young, of whom he was the father rather than the chief; and he himself kept to the end of his life, by his warm feelings and hearty enthusiasm, the perpetual youth of the friends of God. He loved all that suffered—the poor, the sick, the oppressed, the conquered, the humble. He loved the army, to which he gave forty years of his life and all his strength and all his sons; and for which he strove to procure every glory and every virtue. His country had no more devoted son—devoted in her reverses even more than in her days of success; devoted to her honor even more than to her fortune. He loved the Church as one loves a mother; and, in the Church, all her faith, all her laws, all her worship, her independence, her ministers, her institutions, her religious orders, especially her supreme Pontiff, for the defence of whom he would have gladly died. He had for the Mother of God that filial piety which marks with a sign of grace the race of the elect. She was more of a Mother to him than of any one else, and he was more of a son to her; and on the night of his bloody agony at Loigny, there passed between him and her hours of ineffable and eternal remembrance. But the love which, in him, surpassed all other, was the love of Him to whom from his youth upward he had engaged himself 'never to refuse anything,'—Him of Whom he wrote in the decline of his life: 'When one once begins to love God, he feels he never can do it

enough.' The Heart of Jesus Christ was the life of his heart. We may say that he only breathed in and for Him. To Him were addressed his adorations, his aspirations, his vigils, his tears, his struggles, his hopes, his joys. We shall see throughout this book how he speaks of this love, and what a supernatural grandeur was given to his harmonious life as a Catholic and a soldier by this alliance of the truest Christianity with the most brilliant heroism." To Englishmen, this life will appeal with the greater force as no nation has a higher reverence for a conscientious discharge of duty and the absence of all human respect in the practice of religion. Already, in the lives of Henry Dormer, of Rudolph de Lisle, of Walter Pollen, and many others, we have seen the highest military virtues combined with a genuine and earnest piety, which won the respect and affection of all their comrades. To them, as to General de Sonis, an apostolate was given; and who shall say how many souls have been saved by men like them, who boldly and honestly have stood up for their faith, and proved by their deeds that the greatest bravery and every military virtue may be allied with a strong love of God and His Church? To those who are striving to lead a Christian life in the army this book is full of encouragement. In the words of Monseigneur Baunard, General de Sonis "fought as a hero, lived as a saint, suffered as a martyr, and died as one predestined to eternal life." He has left a glorious memory, not only to the French army, but to all whose blood is stirred by heroic acts. May his example be followed by us all, and may he thus perpetuate after his death the good he never ceased to do during life.

—MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

GUADELOUPE. FRANCE. COLLEGE LIFE. 1825—1844.

The recollections and notes of the General—His birth, family and baptism—The French Antilles—Guadeloupe—Point-a-Pitre and his paternal home—Madame de Sonis—Her sufferings—Her children—His first impressions of God—A fine night—The sea—The idea of the Infinite—Corpus Christi—Basse-Terre—Excursions in the Mornes, and la Soufriere—Separation—The Colbert—Return to France—Life at Paris in the Rue Tronchet—His pious grandmother—Death of Madame de Sonis—Mourning—Gaston at Stanislas College—His ardent piety—His First Communion—Gaston at Juilly College—Louis de Seze—Preparatory schools for the sea—and for St.-Cyr—Intimacy between father and son—Counsels—Hopes—The father dies at Bordeaux—A night of agony—The adieux—The priest—Death—The son and daughters—God's visit—Pere Poncet—His conversion.

FOUR years before his death, M. de Sonis undertook to record for his children the principal events and lessons of his life, and began his memoirs as follows :

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. I write under the eye of God, and I place this simple statement under the protection of Mary, Queen and Mother of all Christians, but especially mine, as I belong to the Third Order of Mount Carmel. May St. Louis my Patron, St. Joseph and my Angel Guardian guide my pen, so that I may write nothing which may not be true, sincere and useful for the glory of God and the instruction of my children ! . . . I only wish to jot down certain notes," he added, "and intend this little journal to be solely for my own family, so that they may hear my voice after my death."

Unhappily, he had neither the time nor the strength to go on with the work. He had hardly described the events of his childhood and his college life, when death tore the pen from his hands. We will give the substance of these notes in this chapter.

Louis Gaston de Sonis was born at Point-a-Pitre, in the Island of Guadeloupe, on the 25th of August, 1825,

the day of the Feast of St. Louis, whose name was accordingly given to him. His father was a soldier—a Lieutenant in the 13th Infantry, stationed at Guadeloupe. He had married a Creole lady of great beauty, Marie Elizabeth Sylphide de Bebian, the widow of a M. Chanais de Lestortieres, who had died, leaving her with one little girl, Charlotte Josephine, who was still a baby. When Gaston was born, he found, besides this maternal sister, another named Aline, who was two years old. Marie and Theobald followed Gaston a few years later, so that there were soon five children in this bright and happy home. Gaston's godfather was his mother's uncle, Louis de Bebian ; while his godmother was Marie Louise Latran de Lagrange, who was also his maternal grandmother.

Never in after life did Louis forget the extreme beauty of his early home, with its tropical vegetation and wealth of color. Guadeloupe is divided into two parts by the Salt River, the one to the East being called "Grand Terre," composed of vast plains richly cultivated ; and the other "Basse Terre," the West, forming a range of volcanic mountains, with a crater always smoking like Vesuvius, their base fringed

with magnificent forest trees. Here grow palms, cotton-trees, cocoanuts, bananas, caroubiers, and a multitude of other tropical trees, while birds of the most vivid plumage flit among their branches. Beautiful rocks of coral and madrepora form a natural rampart to the shore on the sea-side; while the azure blue ocean is studded with little islands glittering in the sunshine. The town of Point-a-Pitre contained at that time between 12,000 and 15,000 inhabitants. It had not yet been devastated by the fearful eruption of February, 1843, which destroyed the greater part of it. M. de Sonis had a vivid recollection of their town-house, a large building looking on the quay, belonging to his grandfather de Bebian, and which had a large balcony, stretching round two sides of the first story. There he and his brothers and sisters lived; while above were the apartments of his grandparents, whom he daily ran upstairs to visit. But his tenderest recollections were those connected with his mother. "She was very beautiful," he writes, "with great dignity and distinction of manner. She was always beautifully dressed, and I can see her now in the evening walking up and down the balcony and watching the sea, while a shade of sadness used to pass over her face." She had, in fact, suffered very much during her first marriage, although the tenderness of M. de Sonis and her passionate love for her children were beginning to dispel her melancholy. "One day," Gaston writes, "my father, being obliged to make a short journey, thought he would like to take me with him, little as I was. We were to start in the middle of the night, so I was consequently awoke and dressed and wrapped up in I don't know how many

shawls before starting. But then came the parting with mamma. It was our first separation, and I felt a sort of terror lest I should not see her again. She covered me with kisses, and we both cried; though my father, who had a woman's tenderness, took me in his arms and did his best to console me. They laid me on a soft mattress at the bottom of a boat, rowed by eight or ten strong negroes, my father kissing and petting me from time to time to dissipate my sadness. I have never forgotten that beautiful night. The sky was studded with stars, each more brilliant than the other. The silence was only broken by the regular cadence of the oars. This was in reality the first visitation of God in my soul. I was only six years old; but my whole heart was filled with admiration of, and wonder at, His glorious creation, and the most vivid realization of His presence."

The future General early developed a passion for military exercises, which seems innate in all Frenchmen. "I remember so well," he writes, "the quay and the square where the soldiers used to drill at Point-a-Pitre, and which was called 'Victoria.' I used to coax my nurse, an old negress, to take me there every day, if possible, and, as she loved me like her own child, she generally consented."

It does not seem, however, as if much religious instruction were given to the child. "I remember the church," he writes, "at the end of this square, and assisting at a great procession, which was, I suppose, for the Blessed Sacrament. But no one explained anything about it to me."

The Revolution of 1830 occurred soon after, and this made a change in the little Gaston's daily life. The government of the island had been trans-

ferred from Baron Vatable to Admiral Arnoux, who at once appointed Gaston's father to be his aide-de-camp with the rank of Captain. But he transferred his residence to Basse-Terre and placed his aide-de-camp in a house adjoining his own. "They were large and spacious houses," Gaston writes, "placed on a rising ground, with beautiful cocoa-palms and other trees, and a magnificent garden which delighted us children. I have never forgotten the exquisite smell of the hedges of large white jessamine all round it."

From hence they made frequent expeditions into the mountains, his father on horseback, his mother and the children in a litter, drawn by two mules and led by negroes. The wild beauty of the scenery enchanted Gaston, especially when they had to cross rivers, converted into torrents, in which there was a spice of danger. "My father would often take me out of the litter and place me in front of his horse," he writes, "which was my greatest joy, and then we had interminable talks together. In this way we paid a visit to the great volcano and the hot springs, which filled me both with fear and admiration."

But this happy time did not last long. A fresh change took place in the administration of the colony. Captain de Sonis lost his father at Neufchateau in the Vosges; and it was finally decided that he should return to France with his three eldest children, leaving Madame de Sonis with the two youngest in Guadeloupe, where her father's great age made it necessary for her to remain a little longer, if possible, the old man being so dependent upon her.

Gaston was then seven years old. They embarked in September, 1832,

and to spare both mother and son the agony of separation, both were assured that it would be for a very short time; and so the "good-byes" were hurriedly said, and the boy started with his father full of hope; but he never saw his beloved mother again.

The passage in the *Colbert* lasted forty-one days. Captain de Sonis did all he possibly could to cheer his children during this weary voyage, drawing sketches for them, singing all their favorite songs, and telling them stories, of which he had an inexhaustible store. They landed at Havre, but were kept there several days in quarantine, on account of cholera, which then ravaged France, and which made the French mistrust every vessel coming from the West Indies, where it was supposed to have originated. Captain de Sonis, therefore, hurried through Paris, and went straight to Neufchateau where his whole family were waiting for him. This meeting would have been a very happy one save for the absence of the wife and mother, which weighed heavily on Captain de Sonis and his children. He had been appointed to the 2nd Dragoons, which were garrisoned in Paris. His mother, who had so lately become a widow, consented to follow him and keep his house in Paris, till her daughter-in-law could join them.

The years 1833 and 1834 were consequently passed in a small apartment in the Rue Tronchet, where the thoughts of all were engrossed in the education of the children. Captain de Sonis's regiment was soon after sent to Versailles, but he came back to see his children as often as he could. "He never was happy," writes Gaston, "unless he was in the midst of us, and his arrival was always a fresh joy. He was very demonstrative, and loved

to feel his children's arms round his neck and their kisses on his cheek."

Their good grandmother was very pious. She got up at five o'clock every morning, and her prayers and Mass occupied her till nearly eight, after which she devoted herself to the cares of the little family. Soon more cheerful news came from Guadeloupe. Madame de Sonis could no longer bear the separation from her husband and children; and, her father being better, she proposed to sail for France in the autumn. This was in 1835, and the days to her expected arrival were being joyfully counted by Gaston, when a letter arrived which gave a death-blow to their hopes. Madame de Sonis took the fever, and a subsequent letter announced that all was over. "Our sorrow was positive despair," writes Gaston. Her poor old father followed soon after, not having been able to survive the death of his favorite child. His widow implored Captain de Sonis to send her back her eldest grandchild, Josephine de Lestortieres, who was accordingly at once dispatched to Guadeloupe; and, as the old grandmother was obliged to return to Neufchateau, Gaston was sent to the college of Stanislas.

"I have the happiest recollections," he writes, "of my stay in this college. My masters were most kind and considerate towards me, and I very soon became devoted to them. Our religious instruction was most carefully attended to, and my naturally pious disposition found all that it needed for its development. I was broken-hearted at that time at my mother's death, and I remember how, when I came into the dormitory at night, I used to throw myself on my knees and pass a long time in prayer for her. My confessor, Abbe le Blanc, admitted

me at once into a congregation which had Abbe Buquet for its director, a very zealous and holy priest, who was afterwards Vicar-General of Paris. Under his care I made rapid progress in piety, so that at ten years old I was allowed to make my First Communion. I prepared myself for this great act with the tenderest devotion, and really hope that I brought my baptismal innocence to that altar. Ah, I have never lost the recollection of that delicious First Communion. The thought of it has been a consolation to me in my saddest hours. I have always thought that it was the blessing of my whole life."

In 1837, Gaston left Stanislas to enter the college of Juilly, according to his father's wish; it was at the time when that old and illustrious college had just been re-established. M. de Salinis and M. de Scorbiac were its directors, and upwards of two hundred and fifty students, belonging to the best families in France, filled the vast building, around which was a magnificent park.

"I found another Stanislas here," wrote Gaston, "the same traditions, the same principles." Here he passed through all the different classes with distinction, and formed friendships which lasted him through life. The first day of his arrival, a bully in the college, seeing the tall, delicate and graceful boy, fell upon him and tried to knock him down. But another of the elder ones took up his cudgels, and dealt his enemy such vigorous blows that the attempt was never made again. This was Louis de Seze, of whom we shall often hear in this biography, as well as of Henri Lamy de la Chapelle, and many others. One amongst them, Gaston Tristan de l'Hermite, writing

of the future General about this time, says: "De Sonis was the most sympathetic of companions, towards whom one felt drawn at once and for life. There was nothing extraordinary about him, but a great sweetness and dignity, together with an admirable simplicity. The charm was in his character, which won all hearts. His piety was genuine and strong, yet modest and gentle. Physically, he was tall, well-grown, rather graceful than strong, with delicate features and limbs, and a singularly high-bred and aristocratic bearing. He excelled in all our games, especially at the manège, where we were taught riding and equitation. The courage and calm with which he rode a difficult horse, and the way in which he conquered all difficulties, pointed out the future cavalry officer and the hero of many battles."

One day, the subject for a composition given by the professor of history, M. Leon Bore, was *Jeanne d' Arc*. De Sonis drew so stirring and eloquent a picture of her mission and her patriotism that he was given the third place out of forty, and the honor of a public recitation before the whole college.

To serve France—that was his one wish, his one aim. His father had just been sent to the 8th Hussars on his promotion to the rank of Major, and afterwards to command a squadron of Chasseurs in garrison at Carcassonne. Gaston at that time fancied he would prefer the navy to the army, and consequently was sent to a naval school to prepare for his examination. This college was a detestable one,—“a hot-bed of vice,” he called it; and very soon he became so disgusted that he implored to leave it and to enter St.-Cyr. For that purpose he had to seek another preparatory college,—“as bad

as the last,” he writes,—but, determined to persevere, he worked hard, and passed the necessary military examinations in July, 1844.

His father was waiting for him at Libourne, where his regiment was then quartered, and had lately passed through a serious illness. However, he considered himself cured, and was delighted with the prospect of having his son once more with him. “I used to go out riding with him every day,” writes Gaston, “and he confided to me all his plans and hopes for my future. Our interesting talks never ended; and I could only daily more and more admire the real treasures of goodness and affection in the heart of my dearly-beloved father.”

There were other lessons of honor and disinterestedness which Gaston learned at the same time. Writing to his own son many years after, who was a soldier in Algeria, he says: “What you say, my dear Henry, confirms a doctrine which my father always impressed upon me, and which I have since personally followed—namely, that one ought never to ask to go to the right rather than to the left, save to march against the enemy!”

One day towards the end of September the Commandant came early into his children's room, saying that he was starting for La Fleche, where he was going to place his youngest boy, Theobald, at school, and that he should be away for a couple of days only. Every one was merry and gay, and his little girls made him sundry compliments on his handsome appearance out of uniform. The next morning Gaston, not being very well, had not got up as usual, when to his great surprise an intimate friend of his father's, Commandant de Planhol, came into his room with tears in his eyes, and, coming up to his bed, exclaimed: “My poor child! your dear father is very ill. He has had to stop on his way, and is in bed at Bordeaux.”

Gaston at once guessed the full extent of his danger; he and his sisters

made instant preparations for departure. A friend lent them his carriage and horses, and towards evening they arrived trembling at the Hotel du Midi, and found their beloved father stretched on a bed, deadly pale and motionless. He had had a terrible hemorrhage, which had so exhausted him that he could not say a word, but could only look at his children and lift up his eyes to heaven. They were in mute despair; holding his hands they sat on each side of the bed, their eyes fixed on his. Suddenly a priest appeared on the threshold. Gaston, almost beside himself, rushed to the door to stop him, fearing that the sight of the priest would reveal to his father the hopelessness of his state. The priest spoke. "My son! I am here to fulfil a sacred duty of my ministry. If you will not let me accomplish it, I will go home; but on you will rest the responsibility."

The sisters dragged Gaston out of the room. The dying man made his Confession and received Extreme Unction, while Gaston, more dead than alive, sobbed out his heart on a little bed in the next room. When he came back he was surprised at the calmness of his father, who asked by signs for his watch which he afterwards gave with the chain to his son. It was his last farewell.

A fresh hemorrhage left no hope. Several devoted friends arrived, among others the de Grailly family from their Chateau of Bomale. The hotel was a very noisy one, and unhappily that day there was a fete given in the adjoining salon, and the noise of the merry voices next door jarred sadly on the weeping children in the room of the dying man. At last night came, and with it silence. The doctor in a corner of the room drew near the bed from time to time to watch the passing breath. The sick man was motionless. At last, the doctor lifted the officer's hand, felt his pulse, placed his hand on his heart, lifted up his eyelid, and then looked at Gaston with eyes of the deepest compassion.

"We understood but too well," he wrote; "our beloved father was no more." He adds: "The doctor re-

turned in silence. We remained alone sobbing and kissing the body with the tenderest love. My sisters knelt by the bedside, and I sat on the mattress by his head, holding his hand and trying to warm it in mine. Oh, God alone knows what I suffered that night!

. . . . Early in the morning the door opened gently; a priest entered, whom we did not know. Having prayed by the dead body, he turned to us and said: 'My children, I have just heard of your terrible sorrow. I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and I am come to share your grief and to bring you divine consolations.' We were all silent, and he began talking to us in the tenderest and most admirable way; every word told; there was not a word which did not go to our hearts. From the very first moment I felt consoled at hearing expressions which during the last two years had been strange to me. My old piety revived. Jesus had once more taken possession of my heart; . . . my despair was over. . . . This holy priest was a Jesuit and a saint, and his name was Pere Poncet."

Such was Gaston's account of the memorable effect of God's grace in the midst of his deep sorrow. The Christian life of de Sonis, we may say, dated from this hour, never to slacken or to cool, but to go on, from one stage of fidelity to another, till he arrived at the highest sanctity.

The next day the five orphans, the eldest of whom was only nineteen, found themselves again at Libourne, without either home, family or fortune. Their grandmother de Sonis had died the year before at Neufchateau. Gaston, who was too ill even to attend his father's funeral, only heard the musketry-fire announcing that all was over. A few days later he received the notice that he was admitted into the military college, and must start at once. His sisters soon after embarked for the Antilles under the care of an uncle of Josephine's, M. de Bernay.

Forty-eight hours had been enough to destroy their happy home and disperse these young lives far and wide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ADMINISTRATOR OF BOLOGNA—TROUBLE IN BOLOGNA—TUMULT IN THE
CITY—BLESSED PETER SPEAKS TO THE ANGRY CROWD AND PACIFIES
THEIR WRATH—TREATY BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND
BARNABO—SEPTEMBER, 1363—MARCH, 1364.



ACCORDING to the preliminary conditions of the truce signed at Milan in the month of September, 1363, the city of Bologna and its territory, the principal objects of litigation,

were to be confided provisionally to the care of the King of Cyprus. Albornes, therefore, who was then in possession, resigned the government of this factious city into the hands of the Archbishop and his colleague de Mezzieres, as representatives of Pierre de Lusignan.

During the few months that this intermediate administration remained in operation, Peter Thomas had, more than once, occasion to show that strength of soul is not less the virtue of Church-men than of warriors.

A wave of insurrection swept over

Italy from north to south, but nowhere was it more perceptible than at Bologna. As yet the pacification had not fully materialized. In spite of the armistice there were frequent skirmishes. There were the roadmen, turbulent spirits, who look upon quiet as a calamity, mercenary spirits who sell their services to the highest bidder, and these regarded the cessation of hostilities as a misfortune.

Then, there were the feudatory nobles of the Holy See, who, in time of war, received subsidies from Cardinal Albornes. These did not conceal their dissatisfaction at a state of affairs which forced them to disband their troops and lead a life of dull inaction. These disaffected ones did not hesitate to show their special discontent against the two who had promoted the armistice, and were not slow to say that they only waited for an opportunity to be revenged.

And, indeed, one day, whilst crossing a large plain, the Archbishop and

his companion beheld, making a precipitate descent upon them, lance in hand, a band of thirty Croatian cavaliers ready to run them through. The prelate stood unmoved. Having first raised his eyes to heaven and breathed a silent prayer, he awaited the furious troop.

"Where to, art thou come?" he said, simply, using the words addressed by his Divine Master to the soldiers, led by the traitor Judas.

Dazzled by some sight—or vision—we know not what—the would-be assailants turned, and swiftly galloped away.

These road-men being always eager for the fray, and being no longer able to exercise themselves upon the battle field, resorted to unlawful measures. The country became infested with banditti. Sometimes the two administrators, as they quietly went from one castle to the other, to pursue the thread of their negotiations, would see, lurking in ambush, bands of men eager for robbery, or even murder. More than once they were so fortunate as to rescue from their persecutors their unfortunate victims, and send them rejoicing to their friends.

During their visit to the province, the spirit of discord seemed to be let loose in the city of Bologna. A rumor was promulgated that the two ministers from Cyprus were bought by Barnabo, that they were resolved to give him the place. The nobles, dissatisfied at the departure of Albornoz, wove a plot against Thomas and Mezzieres and already laid plans for their death.

One morning, whilst they awaited their return to the city, the conspirators sounded the tocsin from the belfry, and, as is generally the case, the masses were easily led, and hastened

to the scene. The instigators excited them to revolt, and the watchword, "Death to the tyrants!" urged them on to the point of assassination.

The two friends were at a castle at some distance from the city. They had gone to treat with the lord of the manor, who up to that time had been inimical. They were surprised at first that no one met them, for their return had always been the signal for marks of deference and regard. Indeed, it was not unusual for a cortege of nobles and a throng of all classes and occupations to meet them even beyond the city gates. Presently they met a few country people on their way home from market, and learned from them the tumult raging in the city. The faithful creatures entreated the Archbishop and his companion not to venture in, or at least to choose the most unfrequented streets. Surprised, but not disconcerted, the Archbishop said, "God is our witness that we have not done anything wrong. It is the evil one who strives to stir up feelings of enmity against us, and to frighten us, but he will not succeed. The Lord is upon our side. In His name let us go on."

Having entered the great gates, they perceived that the peasants had spoken the truth. They were met by averted looks or glances of hate. They reached their apartments without molestation, however, and, later on, some alarming intelligence was brought by a few friends who had succeeded in gaining admittance unobserved. The tumult from without confirmed the recent tidings. Howls and yells of execration came nearer, borne by the wind which seemed to wail in mournful cadence for the persecuted friends. "Death to the traitors!" was the cry.

Mezzieres, who certainly was no coward, confesses to a thrill of terror, and believed that his last hour had come. The Archbishop, seeing his colleague thus overcome, sought a Counsellor who never withholds His light. Celebrating Mass in their private chapel with angelic fervor, he thus communed, heart to heart, with that God who deigns to dwell upon earth with us.

After Mass he unfolded his plan, and proceeded to put it into action. By his order the great bell in the municipal palace, which always sounded the tocsin for meetings of the people, now unexpectedly pealed its warning call. This at once sent the surging multitude to the public square. The two deputies soon made their appearance, under the protection and escort of some faithful friends. Calm and dignified they came on, although the crowd plainly manifested unwillingness to let them pass.

The nobles surrounded them as they entered the palace, but indeed their demeanor was not encouraging. They looked now at the people, now at the deputies, as if undecided which part to take.

The Archbishop raised his hand, to enjoin silence, and then began to speak, but it was with great difficulty at first that he could make himself heard beyond the foremost ranks. But as he continued, the tumult ceased, and silence prevailed. After having demonstrated the grave nature of the insult offered to the Holy Father and the King of Cyprus in the person of their legates, he shattered without mercy the edifice of calumny raised against himself and Mezzieres. Before long he had overthrown it from turret to foundation by clearly proving, and that without any attempt at vain

glory, the constant integrity and uprightness that had ever distinguished his conduct and that of his friend.

At this sincere and persuasive language, replete with texts from Holy Writ, according to the style so much in vogue at that epoch, the more reasonable amongst the audience grew calm, as if by magic. They withdrew, no longer having any dread of Barnabo, and many of them expressed regret at having listened to so infamous a suspicion against the deputies. The general opinion was now one of the highest esteem for the Archbishop, so eloquent, courageous and saintly.

One portion, however, refused to be satisfied, and that was the numerous and easily excited bands of students in attendance at the University.

Bologna, the wise, as it was styled in those days, sheltered within its walls legions of turbulent students who came from afar to go through the course at the famous institution of learning. From the early days of his administration, Peter Thomas, formerly professor of theology at Avignon, had evinced a special predilection for the University of Bologna. His reputation had already secured him the esteem of its professors, and his respect of their rights and privileges had won their gratitude. But it was different with the students. They had had no occasion to know him intimately enough to attach themselves specially to him.

In all countries the germ of sedition fructifies more readily *in the heart of youth*, but more particularly in the youth whose "local habitation" happens to be in the university towns.

The discourse of the Archbishop of Crete, which had disarmed so many, was not enough for that hot-headed

class. Fortunately, one of the masters, a celebrated professor of law, took up the cause and made a most flattering commentary upon the holy Legate's address. Passing on to his personal merits, he enumerated all that the illustrious Carmelite had accomplished, and dwelt upon his incomparable virtues. He concluded by advising submission and subordination to one so faithful, and his words had so much of an effect that the students gradually became quieter, and finally dispersed without disturbance.

All being happily adjusted, it was not long before Bologna and all belonging to it could not do enough for the provisional government. The keys of the city, of the fortress and of 120 castles were given into the hands of the Chancellor, Mezzieres. The happy Chevalier, ravished at so favorable a result, rendered thanks to God and to his saintly friend.

Meanwhile, all was not proceeding smoothly with the truce at Milan. Barnabo, still true to his turbulent instincts, even before the opening of the solemn conferences, made the condition that Cardinal Albornoz should be removed.

Nothing seemed to him so terrible as to feel himself always under the surveillance of this grand and gifted statesman, and Urban V., burning with the desire of arriving at a definitive conclusion, accepted the unwelcome condition. In his place he named Cardinal Androin as minister plenipotentiary. The new functionary set out at once and was received with all possible honor upon his arrival.

The definitive treaty was concluded March 3, 1364. Androin, whether with justice or otherwise, is accused of having therein sacrificed the rights of the Roman Church. Barnabo re-

nounced unequivocally all his claims to Bologna, and restored to the Pontiff and his allies whatever he had wrested from them. But he stipulated that the Pope would pay him 500,000 florins and that Cardinal Albornoz would have nothing henceforth to do with the legation of Bologna, of which he was still titular, although the ambassadors from Cyprus were in charge. The Sovereign Pontiff pondered long and deeply before ratifying the conditions accepted by Androin. To cast an apparent censure upon the valiant Albornoz by taking away his title of legate, seemed, on the part of the Pope, an act of weakness, the most critical that could be committed by a sovereign—the abandoning of his friends. To pay to Barnabo the enormous sum of 500,000 florins would be to place himself almost in a state of inability to sustain the expenses of the crusade. Nevertheless, the ruin of the papal treasury would be more disastrous still if they would continue a war which seemed interminable.

On the other hand, to become reconciled with the representative of a race whose enmity had endured one hundred years would be a grand example for Europe, and a vast aid to create universal peace.

A careful consideration of the question from every point of view finished by gaining from the anxious Pontiff his signature to a wise capitulation. The devotion and noble generosity of the great Albornoz soon dissipated all apprehension that he would do aught to interfere with or delay the ratification of the treaty. He at once responded to the request of the Holy Father—couched as it was in the most affectionate terms—he relinquished all claim to the definitive title of the legation of Bologna. Yielding the govern-

ment to Cardinal Androin, he was satisfied with the administration of the frontier of Ancona, and the patrimony; and until the day of his death he never ceased to merit universal admiration. It remained now for Cardinal Androin to remove the ban of excommunication from Barnabo and his accomplices, as also to release Milan from the interdict which had for so long rested upon that city. Then he took possession of Bologna, and entered upon his new duties.

The two administrators, faithful to the last, had provided a dwelling for him, suited to his dignity and position, and arranged a fitting reception to greet him. Then, their mission accomplished, they lost no time in resuming their relations with the holy cause and directed all their efforts to further preparations for it. A letter from the King of Cyprus, enjoining them to give special attention to everything connected with the fleet was for them a favorable opportunity to decline the invitations and honors with which the new governor would have overwhelmed them. Having placed in his hands the keys of Bologna, and its fortified castles, they went to Venice to see that all was in order regarding the naval force.

CHAPTER XX.

EUROPEAN COLDNESS—EFFORTS OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF TO EFFECT A RECONCILIATION BETWEEN CHRISTIAN PRINCES—THE KING OF SPAIN IS DISAPPOINTED AT THE RESULT OF HIS VISITS TO THE PRINCIPAL CITIES—THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY SEEMS ON THE WANE—1363—1364.

In order to raise a powerful force against the Turks, the quota of every state was essential and it was custom-

ary, and right that it should be so. But first it was necessary to extinguish the firebrand which discord had lighted in many of the Christian provinces. To this end the holy Father did not content himself with the example of his reconciliation with Barnabo, he brought all his authority into play to bring the coolness between several of the ruling powers to a happy termination. The Apostolic nuncios were enjoined to do their utmost to prove to these disputants that the cause in which they were engaged—the crusade—should be placed far above any personal quarrel.

The Count of Savoy and the Marquis de Montferrat were at war with each other, a legate interposed and eventually induced them to lay down their arms. The Kings of Hungary, Denmark and Poland were leagued against the Emperor of Germany. Urban V. himself effected the desired reconciliation. Whilst these four monarchs were assembled in congress at Cracow, the King of Cyprus went to learn their opinions and decision, but despite his best efforts, he could not induce them to make any positive promise. Many fine words were spoken, they held out hopes of future assistance, but nothing definite was uttered.

Poland, it is true, could scarcely make any definite suggestion or arrangement for the future. This nation, exposed from day to day to intestine quarrels, through the defective nature of its constitutions, could not give full scope to its well known bravery. Besides, it had enough to do to repulse the Muscovites, the Cossacks and the Tartars, all either schismatic or pagan foes.

It will be remembered that the King of Hungary, when he had received the title of "standard bearer of the

Church" had vowed to take up the cross before a decade of years should have passed, and under its holy shadow go forth against the infidel. (1356). He did not mean to be false to his vow, but perhaps foreseeing that he would soon have to defend himself and his interests against the Turks, he temporized and deferred as long as possible its so much to be desired fulfillment.

Disappointed more than he could say, Pierre I. turned his attention to the league of the holy Empire. He first went to Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the residence of Charles IV., King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany, and remained three weeks. Charles IV., however, was a mere phantom of an emperor. Although not devoid of religious feeling, he was weak and irresolute, avaricious, apathetic, and utterly unable to arouse his enthusiasm for the cause. His was one of those colorless natures without passions, but without virtues. His friendships scarcely merited the name, and his enmities would not be recognized as such. He promised to examine into the merits of the cause, and to confer with the Holy Father. It may be that he supplied some light subsidies, but that was all that could be gained from him. He did not go to Avignon until the spring of 1365, and returned June 2, having decided to aid the work. Would to God that he had kept his word: his assistance would have been most opportune and acceptable.

The King of Cyprus visited in succession the Dukes of Juliers and of Brabant, as also the Count of Flanders. He went to Paris, and from thence to the court of the King of England, Edward III.

The disposition of this country was

not at all enthusiastic for the holy war. Witness a recent trait of its generosity. England proposed to pay annually to the Holy See, under the name of "Peter's pence" a thousand marks of silver. So small a sum proves that it was accorded less as a token of gratitude towards the Church which had given the nation the precious gift of faith, and as a result thereof, the boon of civilization than as a tribute from which the kingdom could not escape. But for thirty years not even this had been paid.

Urban V., trying every means at command to raise funds for the tremendous undertaking, tried to gather in the sums which were owing to him from the different countries. He wrote to Edward III., urging him to acquit himself of a debt, the fulfillment of which had been promised by one of his predecessors, and which the present sovereign was in honor bound to redeem. Before replying, the King consulted the Parliament. The decision was that King John (Lackland) could not bind his successors, or engage for the future, and so the payment was refused.

To the court of England came also about the same time the King of France. John the Good had hastened, without doubt, to repair the fault of his son, who was a prisoner upon parole, and had escaped from English surveillance. But he wished at the same time to provide for the safety of his domains during the levantine expedition. He hoped to carry in his train to the Orient the troops of his too fortunate conqueror, by urging them to enter into rivalry with his on the most glorious field that warriors could find. But, alas! death surprised him at London, and his fondest hope was never realized. He died May 8,

1364, and in him the crusade lost not only its best swordsman, but its most active and enthusiastic commander.

With his death, the favorable turn of affairs regarding the holy war underwent an entire change throughout France. It was soon understood that it was not the new king who would put himself at the head of the distant expedition. Whilst his royal father had shown himself brave almost to the point of rashness, Charles V. was, both by temperament and on account of feeble health, self-contained, placid and tranquil. His disposition was to wait and temporize rather than to urge matters on with resistless ardor.

Duguesclin, whom Providence had specially raised up, it would seem, to enlist new soldiers for the glorious cause, might have, in place of the King, given to the crusade the benefit of his experience and intrepidity, but at that very time he was engaged in following up, step by step, the perfidy of the King of Navarre, a rebellious vassal of France. Brittany also claimed the attention of the illustrious captain.

Jean de Montfort, sustained by the English, continued in that province the revolt against its legitimate duke—Charles de Blois, the ally of France. At the battle of Amay, (September 29, 1364) Charles de Blois fell, facing death like a valiant warrior and a hero, whilst Duguesclin and Beaumanoir were taken prisoner. In Spain Arragon, to which Pope Boniface VIII. had admitted, under the name of fiefs, Corsica and Sardinia was to pay to the Holy See an annual quit-rent of two thousand marks of silver, but for ten years no notice had been taken of the obligation. Pope Urban V. wrote several letters and waited, even after

those appeals, for another year. Finally, to bring the delinquents to a sense of justice, he was necessitated to resort to threats. He was less fortunate, however, in restoring peace. Despite his efforts, Arragon and Castile became involved in the mazes of an implacable war.

At Naples, Queen Jeanne found it most difficult to keep possession of a throne shaken by contending factions, whilst in Central Italy a number of castles in which noted brigands had taken up their abode continued to claim the attention and exert the vigilance of Cardinal Albornoz. The nobles of Florence had returned no satisfactory response to the letter written by Pierre I., June 15, 1362, before his departure for Cyprus.

On the fifteenth of the following September, the same king addressed a letter to Nicholas Acciaiuoli, Grand Senechal of Sicily, which elicited no favorable reply.

Venice, too, was sadly in need of the presence of Peter Thomas to prevent her forgetting all the fine promises so readily made. To the noble and generous sentiments with which the vacillating republic had responded to the appeal had succeeded opinions prompted by the sordid meanness of crafty politicians. What, then, had caused such a change? The Sultan of Egypt, master of all Syria, tolerated in some ports of his empire commercial relations with Venice. Would it not be a most ill-advised move to excite the wrath of that mighty potentate? Would it not be the height of temerity? For the crusade was no longer regarded with that rapturous transport which had marked the proclamation. King John's death had just been announced and no other European prince seemed to make a move. "If some ruined

nobles, and brigands whom it would be a boon to be rid of had offered themselves for the holy war, money would certainly not be the heaviest part of their luggage. Could they pay the indemnity agreed upon? Besides," and this was the most serious objection, "Crete was in a state of revolt on account of a new tribute demanded. The Venitian Governor Leonard Dandolo, taken as a hostage, sighed behind bolts and bars, and several valuable vessels had been seized by the insurgents. Was this the time when the Venitian colony was devastated by broils, to go seeking to adjust those of Cyprus? What! Whilst the Republic enrolled for Crete one thousand chevaliers and two thousand auxiliaries, without counting their equipments, would there remain a surplus sufficient to furnish vessels and advance funds for an expedition which, after all, might be merely the evolution of a chimerical idea!"

Behold how over and above all hovers the spirit of gain! Always the same, personal interest must take precedence of everything. It obscures the view of the general good, and permits the voice of selfishness to stifle the universal cry of distress!

Peter Thomas was the very person for this emergency, both on account of his gift for managing the most difficult entanglements and the prestige with which, in the eyes of the Venitians, he was environed through his title of Archbishop of Crete. It was to their interest to yield to a prelate who by his influence might bring back their straying flocks.

Decided, nevertheless, not to consent they adopted the following plan to render their refusal less bitter to those who were so deeply interested in the sacred cause.

From amongst the nobles they chose four of the wisest and most learned in the ranks, two clerics and two from the laity to confute the arguments which the two friends would bring forward at the discussion.

Then for several weeks the four sages would daily, once at least and not infrequently twice a day, enter into conference with the two champions of "the folly of the Cross." The contest, notwithstanding the ability worthy of a better cause displayed by the Venitians, could not fail to be most unequal.

For, the two ambassadors, elevated by their Christian sentiments far above the arguments of ordinary interests—even as the divine surpasses the terrestrial good—adduced such powerful motives touching upon the honor and moral advantages which would accrue to the Venitians, that they ground the arms of the enemy to powder.

And yet it was only after forty days that the four orators, deprived of their very last pretext for argument, agreed to acknowledge themselves conquered.

The conferences over, the clauses of the convention, which had only been indicated summarily, were specified. The Republic was to have in readiness, for the beginning of the year 1365, vessels sufficient to carry two thousand soldiers, a proportionate number of horses, implements of war and munitions, not forgetting provisions to last during three months.

This fleet was to be subservient to the order of the King of Cyprus, at a moment's warning, to set sail when he would see fit. As to the expense of the expedition, the King and the crusade were to pay the half, whilst the Venitians agreed to defray the rest.

After the conclusion of this important affair, the deputies, in order to give the Sovereign Pontiff and the King the earliest possible tidings of the result, left each by a different route. But if they had to be apart for a few weeks, their two hearts, we may rest assured, were linked together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE BREAD OF ANGELS."

A Thought for Corpus Christi

BY THE REV. ELISEUS RICK, O.C.C.



THE religion instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ is not a purely spiritual one; that is, it does not only teach us the sublimest mysteries and a spiritual union with God by loving and adoring him in spirit and truth. Christianity is also eminently realistic; spiritualism together with realism is the flower of Christianity, because its founder is God and Man. A sect, a community cut off from the only true Church, may be one-sided, confess spiritualism or realism, or the one may absorb the other; but true christianity or catholicity is essentially a connection of the one with the other, an alliance between heaven and earth. This is shown most forcibly by the feast of Corpus Christi, the institution of which is a remarkable instance of the inscrutable ways by which God governs His Church and how He sees that His divine Will be accomplished. There lived in a monastery near Liege in Belgium an humble nun, Saint Juliana, whom God had chosen to give the impulse for the institution of this hitherto unknown feast.

This saintly religious lived in a continual intercourse with God, and among other celestial favors she had frequent visions, in which she often saw the church-year under the image of a full-moon, of which, however, one side had a large dark spot. As she prayed for

an explanation of this vision, Juliana heard a voice saying, that it signified the want of a special feast in the Church militant to commemorate the institution of the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and that God in His infinite wisdom had selected her to effect the introduction of such a feast. For about twenty years she besought Almighty God to charge one more worthy and powerful than she with such an important task. But in vain; having been admonished repeatedly, she at last communicated her visions to some saintly friends and then to her confessor, who in his turn made them known to the Bishop of Liege, the archdeacon James Pantaleon, and several other pious and learned men, who, after a severe and critical examination, pronounced that such a feast, far from being detrimental to the faith, was in perfect conformity with the teachings of the Church. Now Juliana engaged a learned priest to compose a Latin office in honor of the blessed Sacrament and having changed it somewhat (for she was well versed in the Latin language), she had it approved by the first theologians of the country, who were full of praise for her good work. But now great persecutions arose from different sides, objecting that a lowly nun should have been chosen by God to introduce a new feast into the Church. It was evidently God's will, who wished to show again that with what ease He could overcome every obstacle which man would put in His way. In time Robert, Bishop of Liege, recommended by a pastoral

letter, to the clergy and laity of his diocese the celebration of Corpus Christi on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and so it was celebrated with great solemnity for the first time in the year 1254. But soon after it fell again in disuse, and it appeared as if the desire of St. Juliana, who died in 1258, would never be fulfilled. Three years after her death, the former Archdeacon of Liege, James Pantaleon, ascended the papal throne under the name of Urban IV., and the new Bishop of Liege, Henry of Geldria, begged him to sanction, by his apostolic power, the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi in his diocese. The Pope granted the request, and in 1262 the feast was solemnly introduced throughout the diocese of Liege.

St. Juliana had prophesied that the whole Church would celebrate the feast, and Pope Urban was inclined to order its celebration; already he had taken the advice of St. Thomas Aquinas, who was at once enthusiastic with the project; but he hesitated to issue a bull on this tenor, until God manifested His will by several miracles, the greatest of which is known by the name of "the Mass of Bolsena." When in 1264 Urban IV. sojourned in Orvieto, a priest in the neighboring town of Bolsena spilled a drop of the holy blood on the corporal, which he folded in order to hide his fault. But imagine his consternation when the little drop spread through the whole cloth and appeared all over like large blood-red hosts. As the priest could not hide the miracle, it soon became known and also the Pope witnessed it. This manifest miracle convinced Urban and he hastened to issue a bull ordering the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi for the whole Catholic Church. At the same time he engaged St. Bona-

venture and St. Thomas Aquinas to compose an office for its uniform celebration. When finished, they were summoned before the Sovereign Pontiff and St. Bonaventure was so affected by the wonderful unction and power of the words of St. Thomas, who read his composition first, that he secretly tore his in small pieces; and so when his turn came he produced those pieces saying: "Thomas has been more fortunate than I!" In 1264 Urban IV. celebrated the feast in the presence of a great number of bishops and prelates; but after his death in the same year, as his successors did not show the same zeal, the feast was again neglected and for over forty years there were few churches, outside of the diocese of Liege, where Corpus Christi was celebrated. But at the oecumenical Council of Vienna in 1311, Clement V. had the decrees of his predecessor, concerning this feast sanctioned and republished, and since then it was received and celebrated universally. John XXII., the successor of Clement V., ordered the magnificent procession, in which the Blessed Sacrament is carried, and whose splendor distinguishes this feast as one of the greatest in the Church-year. The Popes did much to excite the devotion to this most adorable Sacrament in the hearts of the faithful by granting Indulgences and approving the confraternities in its honor.

So this feast, the institution of which had been announced to the world through the mouth of an humble nun, grew from century to century, up to our times, in spite of the greatest contradictions, and the zeal of the faithful people for this solemn celebration gives testimony that God's hand worked in it and that his ineffable love embraces all mankind with the same tenderness. The rejoicing that marks the celebration of this feast, the exterior pomp accompanying it is but natural to the Catholic heart. Last year it has been asserted by some papers that the procession of Corpus Christi is neither prescribed nor in accordance with the usage of the Roman Church. In the history of the feast we see that the former objection

is disproved, that John XXII. prescribed the procession for the whole Catholic Church. And it is a well-known fact that the procession was held every year with the greatest solemnity in the city of Rome itself and that up to the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese in 1870 the holy Father assisted at it in person with all the bishops and prelates present. For one who has witnessed this procession it is without doubt one of the grandest remembrances of papal Rome. With more or less splendor it is throughout the world where Catholics can venture a procession outside of the church without fear of profanation. We say outside of the church, because especially on the feast of Corpus Christi, the building becomes too small for the joy and the jubilation of the Catholic people and they have to come out in the open air and wend their way through the fields or the streets of the city to accompany their God with loud prayers and joyous hymns. Nothing is more natural for one who believes that under the species of bread, which the priest carries in the remonstrance, our Lord Himself, the God of heaven and earth, is present as He was when He walked among men.

For four thousand years the world had longed for God because the heart of man is created by God and for God; therefore this insatiable longing after Him. Even the pagan worship of gods and the fables of mythology are a proof of that ardent desire to have God present with men. At last the plenitude of time arrived; amidst the jubilation of the angels God appeared in the flesh. Should this longing have been satisfied for only thirty-three years? But it was not even satisfied, for He came unto His own and His own received Him not. Only when His heart had been pierced they knew Him. Besides the Twelve and some pious women should there be none to enjoy the presence of God except those who had eyes and saw not? The ardent desire of the children of God for the immediate presence of Christ could not remain unheard. The presence of God in the incarnation demanded His pres-

ence in the Holy Eucharist. The innate desire of man for a union with God leads us to such a belief even without that supernatural faith in the divine revelation of the great mystery of the real presence. But let us go further: The Israelites were the chosen people and God showed them favors and graces especially by giving them the Tabernacle and the Ark of Testimony: "They shall make me a sanctuary and I shall dwell in the midst of them!" (Ex. 25, 8.) With what rejoicing the Ark was brought by David on Mount Sion! What lamentation was there for the loss of the sanctuary! When the Jews had forfeited their title of the people of God, the Christians became their heirs, not only as the children of promise but, moreover, they became the children of fulfillment. So among other things also the tabernacle, which had been a mere figure, had to receive its fulfillment and consummation in Christian Church. Here is more than Solomon, more than the temple and its Holy of Holies; here is the God of heaven and earth present with soul and body in His divinity and His humanity. Therefore the rejoicing of the Catholics for this mystery of the New Testament should not be less than that of David, in spite of the sneers of Michol. It is indeed a soul-inspiring sight to behold a whole congregation walk in procession, in their midst the eucharistic God, filling the air with their prayers and joyous hymns of praise; and where a priest full of zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, introduces the Corpus Christi-procession, he should rather be encouraged than criticized, the more so because he is in perfect harmony with the precepts and the wishes of the Church. In our days of religious indifference and when the faith is constantly waning, it is a powerful means to rekindle the flame of divine faith in the hearts of those who had allowed it to grow dim or even to be extinguished. By participating in it, the Catholic can show to the world that he belongs to the Church instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and that he is not hindered by a cowardly human respect from professing the same.

ROMAN LETTER.

THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

ROME, May 16, 1899.

The usual celebration which is held annually in the Sistine chapel on the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of His Holiness Leo XIII., and which could not take place last March on account of the sickness of the Pope, was held on Sunday, April 16, in St. Peter's church. This was done by the order of the Holy Father himself, who wanted to give his children the consolation of seeing him perfectly restored to health, and with him give thanks to the Most High for having preserved him in his old age.

At 6 o'clock a.m., the bells of the large Basilica rang out with a joyful peal on the air, announcing the approaching ceremony, whilst from all parts of the city immense crowds of people in carriages, trams and on foot began to move towards St. Peter's church.

The large square of St. Peter's filled with such a great number of people, intermingled with the bright uniforms of the soldiers and officers, who had been stationed there to prevent the people from passing till the appointed time, with the blue heavens above, the surrounding colonnades and the two large fountains, whose waters formed a mass of silvery spray, upon which the sun had painted a most beautiful rainbow, all presented a sight beyond description.

Several times the soldiers had to make use of their bayonets to keep the anxious people back; but when they heard the bells ringing 8 o'clock, and saw the doors of the church thrown open, they broke through the

rank of the soldiers in one place, and perhaps they would have done the same thing in other parts if the soldiers had not allowed them to pass at that moment. The way being free, a struggle ensued for the first entrance into the church and the best position from which the Pope could be seen.

At 8.30 the church was filled with almost sixty thousand people, all waiting impatiently the arrival of the Supreme Pastor. The nave of the church was divided into two parts, with a large space in the middle for the passage of the procession in which the Palatine guards were placed. The service of order in the church was entrusted to the Papal gendarmes.

At 10.30 the procession began. First came the Vatican chapter, then the representatives of the different Religious Orders and the various persons attached to the Papal court; following these were a few Bishops, and the Most Eminent Cardinals Serafino, and Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mocenni, Ledochowski, Masella, Rampolla, Di Pietro, Satolli, Gotti, Jacobini, Agliardi, Ferrata, Cretoni, Macchi, Steinhuber, Segna and Pierotti. Suddenly all eyes turned to a certain direction for at the entrance, carried high up on his sedia gestatoria and preceded by his noble guards and domestic prelates, appeared the Vicar of Jesus Christ in the person of Leo XIII.

As soon as he appeared from behind the curtain, he was greeted with immense applause, waving of handkerchiefs and many "Long live the Pope! King of Rome!" in different languages. The band placed at the rear of the church began to play, but it was useless, for the noise of the shouting

rendered it impossible for the music to be heard.

As His Holiness, with a paternal smile on his countenance, now proceeded up the aisle, the applause became louder, occasionally arising from his chair, turning first to one side then to another, he raised his trembling hand to bless his dear children, at which the people, looking on his candid face crowned with the silvery locks, and with the bright eyes, which seem to pierce the very depths of your mind, and charm all that saw him, became insensible to the surroundings and gave vent to their feelings of joy in a continued acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs, which only ceased when the Pope had reached his throne.

The throne erected for the Holy Father was both in dimension and style according to the ancient custom observed before the year 1870.

Around the Confession of St. Peter some tribunes were erected for the nobility and some Belgian and Dutch pilgrims.

The solemn High Mass was sung by His Eminence Cardinal Camillo Mazzella at the Papal altar over the Confession by a special dispensation of the Holy Father. The music was rendered by the choir of the Sistine chapel, under the able direction of Maestro Mustafa.

As soon as the Mass was finished and the procession began, the applause also commenced again. The Holy Father proceeded to the Confession of St. Peter to give the blessing. As if by some enchantment, the great noise suddenly ceased, and prostrated, all listened attentively to hear His Holiness singing the long formula for the Benediction, and finally he stood up and imparted the Apostolic Benediction. A solemn and precious moment

indeed, in which the venerable Pontiff raised his trembling hand and blessed the immense throng prostrate at his feet. A profound silence reigned throughout the Basilica, and the voice of His Holiness could be heard invoking the blessings of heaven upon his beloved children. No sooner was this completed than the applause began again; not satisfied to shout and wave their handkerchiefs, they clapped their hands, and this increased always, until the Pope, about approaching the door, arose in his chair and turning around, gave all his blessing, when all raised such a roaring acclamation which seemed forcible enough to raise the roof from the church.

The services being finished, the people left the church and in a few minutes the spacious square and neighboring streets were crowded, and it was only after an hour or so that the city assumed its quiet state again.

Any one who ever has had the happiness of assisting at these ceremonies in St. Peter's church, cannot but be impressed by them. To see such a great number of people, at least fifty and sixty thousand, both Italians and foreigners, and among the latter many Protestants, all as it were overcome with joy and charmed at the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, giving expression to their intimate feelings in every possible way, is a sight that would affect the very pagans themselves. Some foreigners came here expressly for the occasion.

All this exertion did not seem to do any harm to the Pope; for when he arrived in his apartments after the service, he said: "There, this is done too," and during the following weeks, instead of giving two hours of audience as before, he gave three hours. May God preserve him yet for a long time.

A. W., O.C.C.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

"And what is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days." No better pen picture of this month of beauty is needed than the words of James Russell Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal." Read it and try to remember two lines which are worthy the pen of a saint :

" 'Tis only heaven that is given away,
'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

Are they not a text in themselves for the month of the Sacred Heart?

Each month, as it comes to us with its own special devotion, seems like a very well-spring of grace, but June is the crown of them all because it brings to us Infinite Love begging, pleading for the hearts of men.

There is something very touching about devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is so real, so life-like and so full of human nature that in spite of themselves men and women have been won by its fascinations, until to-day it seems as if the whole Catholic world were members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

How edifying are the crowds (who throng the churches) on First Friday mornings. Surely, it seems as if the plaint of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, "Behold the Heart which has loved men so much and is so little loved in return!" is not as true now-a-days as when it was forced from His Sacred Heart, yearning for the love of His own creatures.

And yet there are multitudes who know Him not and love Him not, and for them too the cry still rings out in pleading.

Dear children, we must all pray hard for sinners this month. The holy souls have friends everywhere, but very very few care for poor sinners. Suppose each one of us should take one whom we know or have heard of and pray earnestly every day for his or her conversion.

The Secretary knows some one who saw a poor forlorn creature sitting in the back of a church one day. She was a young woman, very much intoxicated, and yet had something pleasing in her face, notwithstanding her dreadful condition. Perhaps the Lord in his mercy sent her to that church to become the object of prayer; for every day since the friend of the Secretary met her, the poor sinner has had earnest prayers offered for her—"that she may not die in mortal sin." Join in the league, dear children. Take some one—you need not know the person—and say one Hail Mary every day for his or her conversion—using the words, "that he, (she) may not die in mortal sin!"

Poor sinners! our Lord lived his life for and among them. Those who love Him best are full of pity and tenderness for them, and prayer—secret, silent prayer for them is working miracles daily. Begin the apostolate this June and keep it up as long as you live.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." They are the

words of Eternal Truth—win their realization in your own case, dear children!

You know the world is so hard, so unkind to those whom they call "tramps," to the poor afflicted ones, homeless and friendless. Suppose they are unworthy. What did our Lord say? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Many times it is unwise to help such unfortunates with money or material aid, but a prayer is never thrown away. Begin to pray for the forlorn ones who are outcasts and have no dear ones to pity or pray for them.

Long ago there was an old song which we used to sing in the convent school:

"Be kind to the unhappy, for oh!
their friends are few!"

Prayerful kindness is the truest kindness. It is a very comforting thing to have secrets which are only known to the good God. You meet a poor sinner on the street, and for the love of the divine Heart of Jesus you say an aspiration for that soul's conversion. You forget it—God does not, and there will be plenty such surprises when you meet our Lord in judgment. Don't be selfish in prayer. Every one loves the open-handed, generous giver. Don't be niggardly during June, but forget yourselves and pray for sinners.

And, of course, you will not give up the daily Mass so perseveringly offered during May. Thirty Masses in June. What will they not, must they not do to give souls to the Sacred Heart. He loves His own—yes—but He yearns for sinners. Pray for them, and even if you think you are forgetting yourself, you'll soon find out your mistake. Don't forget Saint Paul—the great, glorious, generous-hearted Saint Paul.—when he speaks of sinners he says—

"of whom I am the first." So don't fear that you will be forgotten when you pray for sinners.

Keep the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9, as a day of pleading for them and your devoted friend,

• CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. It is my irrevocable wish to belong to the Heart of Jesus, and to do all through love of this Divine Heart.—Blessed Margaret Mary.
2. The Heart of Jesus loved us from the first moment of the Incarnation and will love us forevermore.—Archbishop Walsh.
3. Say often in the midst of your contradictions: This is the way to heaven; I see the harbor, and I am sure that storms cannot hinder me from reaching it—St. F. de Sales.
4. What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days.
—James Russell Lowell:
5. Our Lord sometimes leaves us alone, and yet at that very time our dear Father loveth us never the less, but does it for the great love He has for us.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is "O" the noisiest of all the vowels?
2. Of what trade are many authors?
3. In what case did Adam put the animals when he named them?
4. Why is the world ruled by a bee, a goose and a calf?

FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. What was the trade of St. Paul the Apostle?
2. What is the meaning of the word Abraham?

3. Why is St. John compared to an eagle?
4. What was meant by the horn of salvation in the Canticle of Zachary?
5. Who was the father of St. Joseph?

ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. 750 ounces of silver, £187, 10s. sterling.
2. Parchments on which were written the ten commandments.
3. A place in the temple where the people put in their gifts. The poor-box of the Old Law.
4. King David.
5. The sweet singer of Israel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. When it is ground.
2. Hooker.
3. Rotatory motion of the earth.
4. When you take it into the pen.
5. Four quarters.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

To the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

OH dearest Jesus, ever good

To those who dwell with Thee apart,
Draw us, with golden cords of love,
To rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

Thou knowest the fleeting joys of
earth

Can never lasting peace impart;
Oh, grant us, more and more, to seek
For rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

We pray Thee, make us all Thine own;
For this Thou need'st no other art,
Than that most gracious love divine
That burns within Thy Sacred Heart.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

St. Aloysius was born in the castle of Castiglione, March 9th, 1568. His mother was lady of honor to Isabel of

Spain, and was remarkable for her piety and devotion. She taught her little son, as soon as he could speak, parts of the Catechism and the sign of the cross. His father was a marquis in great favor at the court; so that our young saint was surrounded by every temptation to be proud and haughty. But from infancy he was humble and meek, very kind to the poor, and always gentle to his servants, never using tones of command.

He used to hide away in corners to say his prayers, and those who found him declared he looked more like an angel than a child.

His father wishing him to be a soldier, gave him little guns and other weapons for toys, and took him to the camp and left him, where he remained long enough to learn from the officers unbecoming words, the meaning of which he did not know, being only seven years old. His tutor hearing him use these bad words, chid him, and he never again could bear the company of those who profaned the name of God.

Young as he was, he never omitted his prayers, even when ill many months. He was so faithful and studious, that when only eight years old he had made great progress in his studies.

When going down stairs, he said a Hail Mary at every landing, such was his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Humility and obedience were his favorite virtues, and his discretion was so great, as he grew older, that he was often called upon to settle disputes, and no enmity could resist his meekness and charity. He converted many from their sinful habits, and died, after living a pure and holy life, at the age of twenty-three.

Editorial Notes.

An Invitation to Our Readers.

We call the attention of our readers to the article on the Hospice of Mount Carmel, appearing on another page in this number, and forming the first instalment of a series of articles under a new department, exclusively reserved to notices on the Hospice and its workings.

In this first article, our Very Rev. Father Provincial announces the solemn opening of the Hospice by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto on Thursday, June 15th next. We cordially invite all of our readers and benefactors to come to Niagara Falls on this occasion, or, at least, during this summer. Other days of public pilgrimage will be Sunday, July 16th, feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Tuesday, August 15th, feast of the Assumption of Our Lady—these being days of special Indulgences. Every day of the year the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady can be made, and a Plenary Indulgence gained, at the first annual visit. Every subsequent visit during the same year is favored with an Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines. Catholic lay persons, men or women, who wish to arrange for a retreat, should write for particulars and address: Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Saint and Soldier.

Our readers will be pleased to observe that this month we give them the first instalment of the life of General de Sonis, who, according to his biographer, "fought as a hero, lived as a saint, and died as a martyr." This sketch will be of interest to all, particularly those whose lot is cast

amongst the soldiery. They can learn therein to imitate this great French soldier, to be as prepared to meet their God as they are prepared to meet an enemy. It is also timely that this biography be now brought to light in this month of the Sacred Heart, for to de Sonis—to quote a fellow-officer—"is due the honor of having unfurled the banner of the Sacred Heart on that very battle field where, four centuries before, the banner of Joan of Arc had floated." De Sonis died as he lived. He requested to be buried as a poor man, without any ceremony. On his grave was to be simply inscribed, at his request, the words—"Miles Christi," "Soldier of Christ." His whole life, indeed, could be summed up in two words, "honor" and "sacrifice." Devout Carmelite as he was, he gave us an object lesson of pure and fervent love of the Mother of God, of whom he himself had said to his own soldiers as they lay dying at Loigny: "Mary is placed on the threshold of eternity to give courage and confidence to those who are about to cross it."

Peace Without Christ.

A peace conference is being held at the Hague, in Holland, without a representative of the Vicar of Christ, the "Prince of Peace," being invited to its meetings. It is the old mistake of the world. Futile efforts are to be made to keep the passions of men in check without invoking the only power on earth able to do it, the power of Christ. If you take away the cross you must substitute the bayonet, and whenever you silence the tongue of the Christian apostle, you must expect to hear the roar of the guns.

Man, unsubdued by the meek voice of the Crucified One, will only bend to brute force, and yet they come together to speak of disarmament, and leave out Christ and His Vicar on earth. "And behold they have cried: 'Peace, peace,' and there was no peace."

They might, at least, have invited Oom Paul and Aguinaldo—Uncle Sam is anxious enough to have Aguinaldo disarm—but there seems to be no prospect of such a one-sided proceeding as yet. Oom Paul, too, seems not to believe in unarmed innocence, and, while they are talking of peace at the Hague, is preparing his Boers to give a warm reception to the peaceful overtures of England.

The Town Council of the Hague has given a proof of its love of justice and fair play in refusing to give an official reception to the delegates of the Peace Conference, because the Vatican and the Transvaal had not been invited to take part in it.

A Breach of Contract.

An interesting lawsuit is now pending between Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Duke of Parma. The Prince is suing his father-in-law, to recover the annuity fixed upon the Prince in the marriage contract between himself and Princess Marie, the Duke's daughter. Since her death the Duke has refused to pay it, on the ground of a breach of contract on the part of the Prince, who had his son, Prince Boris, baptized in the schismatic Greek Church, in spite of the protestations of his pious Catholic mother. It will be interesting to note the decision of the court. In our country the Church also insists on certain promises on the part of the non-Catholic parent in cases of mixed

marriages. In most cases a written promise to allow the Catholic party to have full liberty in the exercise of her religion, and in the Catholic education of her offspring, must be signed before witnesses in order to obtain the necessary dispensation. As far as our experience goes, these promises are hardly worth the paper on which they are written, much less have they any legal value before our American courts. Men of honor, who would keep their word under all circumstances, do not need this additional formality to give value to their promises, whilst those, who do not believe in any sacred obligations, will not be bound by a document, which cannot be enforced by court of law. The sense of honor, which, outside of the Catholic Church, is about the only moral restraint on the passions of men, seems to be gradually swallowed up by the growing selfishness of the times, leaving as sole guardian of law and order—a corruptible policeman.

Philanthropy and Charity.

Millionaires and capitalists on both sides of the ocean are indignant at the apostasy of one of their number. Andrew Carnegie has retired from business, and intends to spend his accumulated millions in the promotion of the public good, for the common weal of the commonwealth. His famous saying: "He who dies a millionaire, dies disgraced," has struck home more forcibly than all the pulpit utterances of the fashionable preacher. Were he a Catholic, the shock given to the world would not be so violent, for Christian charity has more than once, even in modern times, stripped itself of every earthly possession for the least of Christ's brethren. That it does not happen frequently, is owing

to the fact that good Catholics find it very hard to become millionaires honestly, and even when they do accumulate wealth, very often do so at the sacrifice of their supernatural virtue of charity. Mr. Carnegie, whatever may be the cause of his decision, be it merely a humanitarian principle, or, as we may charitably suppose, a true Christian motive, is giving a much needed example of unselfishness to a world, which is becoming brutal in its thirst for riches and pleasures. A few more such practical applications of the advice given to capitalists by our Holy Father in his immortal encyclical on Labor, would soon disarm the desperate anarchist, and pacify the turbulent socialist.

Benevolent Assimilation.

The great American Republic, with its colossal achievements in material progress, has for so long a time served as a text to the followers of Republicanism all over Europe, that we sympathize with their present feelings of disappointment at the latest developments of our institutions. Fiendish delight in roasting negroes alive, "having lots of fun," as one of our soldiers expresses it, in killing Filipinos, and shelling villages of women and children in Samoa, are the latest process of "benevolent assimilation" used in giving equal rights to all men, regardless of color or creed. We had as an excuse hitherto, when reproached by the world for our inhuman lynchings, the manifest disapprobation of our government, which was only prevented from putting down forcibly such breaches of republican fraternity by its delicate regard for the rights of individual States. But what can we say now? Now, when the Government orders such doings? No wonder

our present antics must be as surprising to outside admirers of our American institutions, as the action of the good Sunday-school boy, who, being patted on the head by an admiring deacon of the church, unexpectedly stuck out his tongue at the good worthy.

The Holy Year.

On the feast of the Ascension of Our Lord last month, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. caused a bull announcing a universal jubilee in the year 1900, to be promulgated from the vestibule of St. Peter's Church, as is the custom. We have seen no official translation of it, but according to cabled accounts the bull opens with the pathetic statement that this proclamation may be the last act of the ministry of the reigning Pontiff. Then he refers to the last Holy Year, a name given to the great Jubilee, which occurs every 25 years. Owing to the condition of Rome and the Holy See there was no jubilee in the years 1850 and 1875. He refers to the last one, held in the Pontificate of Leo XII., and regrets that the coming one cannot be celebrated in Rome with the same solemnities. He speaks of the virtues and failings of the present century, especially of the ever-increasing greed for the goods of this world. The Holy Year opens in Rome with the first Vespers of Christmas, 1899, and ends on Christmas Day, 1900. He invites the whole Catholic world to visit Rome during the Holy Year and prescribes the conditions necessary to gain the Indulgences, Confession, Communion, and a visit to the three basilicas, St. Peter's, St. Paul's and St. John's. He also asks all good Catholics to stay away from all profane shows and spectacles during the holy season.

A Wise Step.

The government of the United States could not have selected a better minister to Spain than Mr. Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati. He is a convert to the Catholic Church, and will be, therefore, not only far more acceptable at the Catholic court of Madrid, but will also be far better able to understand the affairs of Spain, and the relation between Church and State in that country, than even the best-meaning non-Catholic. Had Uncle Sam displayed the same wisdom in the selection of a Chief Justice for Samoa, whose population is almost entirely Catholic, all the disgusting and brutal interference on his part with the rights of the great Catholic majority in those islands would have never blotted his escutcheon.

Uncle Sam's Index.

We don't object to it. We never believed in the so-called liberty of the Press. There should be no restriction put on good and wholesome literature. But the Church and every decent government have found it necessary from time to time to put the ban on literature, subversive of authority and morals. Uncle Sam is learning a lot of lessons since he became a centurion. Now, he has adopted the Index, and the first publications placed thereon were Atkinson's pamphlets against Imperialism. He does not dare, so far, to enforce the Index at home, but he wishes to save his poor bought subjects in his imperial possessions abroad from being corrupted by Boston culture, and therefore forbids the exportation of such literature. We'll have the terrible days of the Inquisition next, "if we don't watch out."

Another Catholic Invasion.

Uncle Sam's Walhalla has to make room for another eminent Catholic. The State of Maryland has lately voted the sum of \$25,000 for the erection of a statue of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, to be placed in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol in Washington. This illustrious citizen of Maryland, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a most devout son of the Church. We are satisfied in our own mind, that this fervent Christian is now enjoying the company of the great Jesuit missionary, Pere Marquette, in the eternal realms of bliss above, and, therefore, find it most appropriate that their effigies on earth should be in each other's company under the same dome of the old Legislative Chamber.

A Golden Jubilee.

Loretto Abbey, in the city of Toronto, the mother-house of the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin" in the New World, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation on the 13th, 14th and 15th of this month. The Sisters have lately erected a beautiful chapel in connection with the Abbey and their flourishing Academy for young ladies. His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, will bless the chapel and open it with a Pontifical High Mass on the morning of the 13th of June. Then will follow two days of receptions and entertainments to their numerous friends. The Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Minto, and all the prominent dignitaries, Protestant as well as Catholic, will be present at these celebrations.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ont.

V. REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

Opening of the Hospice.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel, projected by Archbishop Lynch of saintly memory, begun under the late Archbishop Walsh, blessed by the Holy Father, and approved by Cardinal Gibbons and many archbishops and bishops of the United States and Canada is now entering upon its first stage of public utility.

On the 15th of this month of June, His Grace the new Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor, D.D., will solemnly bless the building and thus officially open it for its sacred purpose. This first building is to serve as a house of retreat for the Catholic clergy and laity.

Although the building is ready for occupation, many things must yet be done to bring it and the grounds adjoining it to that point of perfection which will put it in harmony with its surroundings and make it worthy of the glorious Queen of Mt. Carmel, under whose title and protection it is placed. Owing to the long-continued spell of hard times, which has been hanging over the whole country for several years back, we have not been able to carry out all our original plans.

Most of all do we regret that we were unable to begin the erection of a new church to take the place of the present pilgrimage church. Dear as the old shrine is to the thousands who have visited it, and have there found an answer to their prayers for temporal and spiritual favors, the present chapel is in a ruinous condition and almost beyond repair. Nor is it large enough to accommodate the pilgrims,

who come here annually to pay homage to the Mother of God and to gain the many spiritual privileges attached to it.

But the beginning is made, and well made. The Hospice building in its massive beauty is the herald of the noble church edifice, which, sooner or later, will occupy the centre of the entire structure.

Realizing the needs of our present generation, we have provided all modern improvements. By an agreement with the Niagara Power Company, we have secured sufficient electric power to light the building not only, but even to heat it throughout, to do the cooking in the kitchen, and to supply all motive power needed.

The private rooms are furnished with simple but neat and substantial furniture, enamelled white steel beds, wardrobe, dresser, washstand, table and chairs. There are nine bathrooms in the house, with porcelain lined tubs and cold and hot water, the latter being supplied by electrically heated boilers. The water supply is obtained from an inexhaustible spring on the grounds, which furnishes the purest and most wholesome drinking water out of the heart of the rock, at a depth of over a hundred feet.

The rooms are dedicated to saints, each room bearing the name of a saint. We have allowed benefactors, who have contributed the sum necessary to furnish a room, viz. \$50, the privilege to select the name of a saint to whom they wish the room to be dedicated. So far, but eight of the fifty rooms

have been paid for in this way, but we have hopes that all will be christened in the same charitable manner.

All our subscribers and readers are invited to attend the solemn ceremony of the opening on Thursday, June 15. An excursion train on the Michigan Central to the Hospice grounds will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m. on that day. The fare for the round trip will be only 50 cents. Trains will leave the grounds about 8 p.m. Our friends who are coming from other points in the States will do well to connect with this train at the New York Central station in Buffalo. Canadian visitors can easily reach the grounds by the Canadian Park Electric Railway. This trolley line connects with boats from Toronto at Queenston, Ont., and with

the Grand Trunk Railway at the Bridge. We hope to see a large gathering of our friends on this solemn occasion.

After the 15th of June we can offer hospitality to a limited number of visitors. To secure lodging at the Hospice, our friends, who contemplate a stay of a few days, should notify us at least ten to fifteen days ahead. A certificate as benefactor or subscriber to THE CARMELITE REVIEW will be sufficient to make you a welcome guest. Those who have hitherto not been in communication with us must present references from their pastors or confessors to be admitted.

The dates of retreats, as soon as we are ready to give them, will be made known in these pages and in the principal Catholic papers of the country.

A Famous Shrine.

There are famous shrines of Mary throughout the world, but few are more ancient or more curious than the chapel of "Our Lady of Peace" in Normandy. An oak under which the Druids offered their heathen rites, paying actually divine honors to it; a tree consecrated by the earliest apostles of Gaul to Jesus and Mary; a tree beneath whose shade William marshalled his Norman hosts before he led them to the conquest of England; a tree under which the returning warriors of the first crusade told to wondering crowds the story of their strange adventures in the Morning Land; a tree which time hollowed out to form a crypt for a chapel in honor of Mary—it still stands revered by all hearts as their dearest monument. This venerable tree, the last of the chapel trees, is thirty-five feet round the trunk, and in spite of its centuries, each spring still robes it in green. The statue of Mary had dedicated it to her, so when ages ago time hollowed it out,

the people lined the hollow trunk with white marble, and set up within this crypt an altar surmounted by a beautiful marble Madonna. In this tree-shrine Mass is celebrated. A flight of steps leads up to it; and above, amidst its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross surmounting a little hermit cell, to which a winding stair encircling the tree leads you up. Even this little chapel is ancient and the people cling to it so devotedly that, when during the French Revolution the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, and this was the only spot where the old faith was openly practised in that part of Normandy, hearing on its portal amid the hurricane of civil war and desolation its long honored title: *Notre Dame de la Paix*—"Our Lady of Peace."

PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., will be pleased to send their catalogue to any one desirous of learning where to purchase anything in the line of good books, church ornaments and religious articles of all kinds.

Messrs. Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York and Cincinnati, publish in cheap form (paper covers at 50 cents) two valuable books by James J. Treacy. The titles are: "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," and "Testimonies of Distinguished Converts." These works will form a powerful auxiliary in the propagation of truth and spreading of light among our separated brethren. In the alphabetical index of distinguished converts, comes first the name of a very "distinguished" convert—or rather pervert, if we are not mistaken, viz., one William E. Addis, who in former editions of the now revised Catholic Dictionary gave a shock to every client of Mary by slandering the holy Scapular and things held sacred by the venerable Order of Carmel. The name of a pervert should have no place in such a role of honor. The compiler and publishers, without a shadow of doubt, acted in good faith, and in printing a new edition will probably expurge the name in question from this valuable work now, that we call their attention to what seems an oversight. In the meantime we give timely notice to any of our readers who shall come in possession of these desirable additions to Catholic literature.

In interesting narrative the Rev. John MacDivett, D.D., tells us "The Story of a Great Servant of God" Father Hand, Founder of All Hallows' Catholic College. As the author says in his preface, "the story of his (Father Hand's) life cannot fail to be interesting, and especially interesting to all belonging to the Old Country," and also we should say to all who know and revere the zealous and self-sacrificing Irish Catholic priest at home and abroad. Price, in paper cover, fifty cents. To be had from the publishers, Fr. Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay street, New York.

"The Echoes" from "The Pines" unfolds to us a beautiful home of piety and learning situated in the picturesque Canadian town of Chatham. The Ursuline Ladies have charge of this highly recommended educational institution.

A "Short Catechism of Church History" for the Higher Grades of Catholic Schools, by Rev. J. B. Oectering, is a compact little volume bound in cloth, which is a veritable *multum in parvo* touching on everything which graduates from our Catholic schools should know to complete their education. It is published by B. Herder, 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price: bound in cloth, retail 30 cents; wholesale, 20 cents; introduction price, 15 cents.

The Feasts of Corpus Christi, The Sacred Heart, and St. Anthony occur in June and some new books appropriate to each devotion can be had from Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York.

Three neat little volumes in uniform binding have just been issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York. Each book sells at 75 cents. The author is the Rev. Joseph Keller, who has also given us an interesting book on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The other three works referred to are in the form of anecdotes. One is devoted to the popular St. Anthony. Another volume contains some beautiful "Anecdotes and examples to illustrate the honor and glory due to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar." The third book will promote devotion to the Sacred Heart, and is most seasonable now that the Catholic world is once more to perform a solemn act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In answer to an enquirer, we beg to say that the beads of the Infant of Prague is recited as follows: The "Our Father" three times, said in honor of the Holy Family; then the "Hail Mary" twelve times, in honor of the twelve years of our Divine Lord's Infancy. Before each bead should be added the words: "And the Word was made flesh, etc." 300 days Indulgence by Pius IX., Aug. 9, 1855. We purposely call this little devotion the *beads* of the Infant of Prague. The *rosary* can only refer to the Dominican beads.

Favors for the Hospice.

Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; Miss N.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss I.G., St. Louis, Mo.; H. and A.C., Lancaster, Pa.; Miss M.M., Williamsport, Pa.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N.J.; J.M.L., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; F.J.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; W., Laporte, Ind.; N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: St. John's Church, Johnsville, N.B.; Rev. C. O'M., Watertown, N.Y.; Sydney, C.B.; Baltimore, Md.; Walkerville, Ont.; St. Peter's Lewiston, N.Y.; Dalhousie, N.B.; Drayton, Ont.; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; Good Shepherd Convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Martin's, Starkenburg, Mo.; Sacred Heart, Florissant, Mo.

Names received at Carmel Convent, Scipio, Kansas, from: St. Peter's Church, St. Charles, Mo.

Names received at New Baltimore Monastery from: Chicago, Ill.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Peoria, Ill.; Merrill, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.; Columbia, Mo.; Goodwin, Wash.; St. John's Church, Bellefonte, Pa.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Auburn Centre, Pa.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

WILLIAM DIBE, who departed from this life at London, Ont., fortified by the Sacraments of the holy Church.

JAMES SCALLAN, one of our first subscribers, who went to his reward at St. Andrew's N.B.

MRS. M. DONAHUE, who died at London, Ont.

JOHN M. MCCAFFERY, who died January 29th.

MISS CATHERINE DALEY, who died April 12th.

SISTER M. ST. ANNE JILBERT, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, on May 15th.

JOHN COLLINS, killed at Pittsburg, Pa., May 8th.

MRS. SARA WHALEN (nee BOLGER), who went to her reward on Sunday within the Octave of Ascension, May 14th last.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PETITIONS.

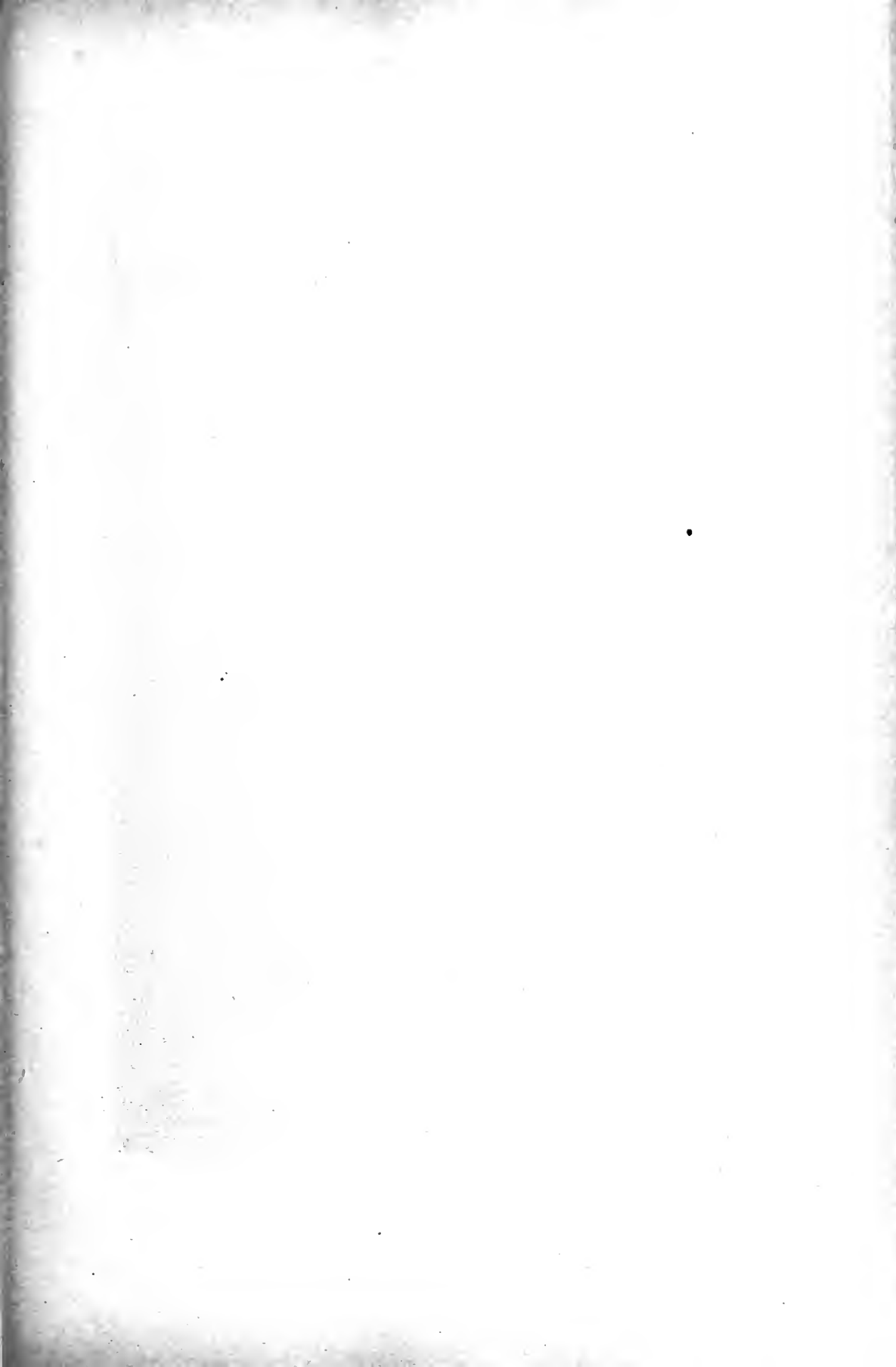
"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For restoration to health; for recovery of failing sight: happy death, 1; health, 2; spiritual, 1; First Communicants, 125; 9 Sunday Schools; careless Catholics, 6; sinners, 5; vocation 2; restoration of ill-gotten goods; payment of lawful debts; prevention of several mixed marriages; for a family; for parents, 3; prevention of scandal; peace in families, 6; employment for a reader; special, 2; all the intentions of our readers; all the intentions of THE CARMELITE REVIEW; for all our deceased readers; all intentions of the Church and of all other pious confraternities, leagues or unions.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.







An Invitation to Carmel.

"Rosa cordis mei, tu mihi sponsa esto!"

"Rose of my heart, be thou my spouse."

—Words of our Lord to St. Rose of Lima.

I.



DIDST thou hear a soft low whisper
 In the silent "gentle air,"
 Like the plaintive night-wind's sighing
 Through the trees in moonlight fair?
 Did the strains of organ-music
 Thrilling in a cadence grand
 Echo to thy listening spirit
 Like the songs of Angel-land?

II.

Lifting up the aspirations
 Of thy youthful, tender love
 To the white-robed virgins singing
 Sweetly round the Lamb above?
 Chosen flow'ret of His garden!
 Child of Mary, "Mystic Rose,"*
 Thou hast heard the invitation
 To Mount Carmel's sweet repose,

* To Rose, E. de M.

III.

Now respond with holy ardor
 Kindled at the Altar fire :
 "I will scale the rugged mountain
 Till the shadows all retire." †
 Ah ! though life, like roseate morning,
 Seemed so fair with hope and joy,
 Yet thine eyes were gazing upward
 To a bliss without alloy.

IV.

Fair the scenes, O Sponsa Christi !
 From that Mount thine eyes shall see :
 On the hill of fragrant incense
 Joys of spirit wait for thee,
 And like silvery star of guidance,
 Mary's love will lead thee on
 Till the golden day is breaking,
 And the shadows all are gone.

V.

Keep thy mystic lamp e'er burning
 Still more brightly day by day :
 Watch the coming of the Bridegroom
 From His fair land far away.
There a glorious crown awaits thee
 Chosen by eternal love.*
There thy voice will sweetly mingle
 With the Virgin's song above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

† "Till the day break and the shadows retire. I will go to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense."—CANT. I.

* "Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus praeparavit in aeternum."

An Advice.

GO to the home of our "hidden God,"
 And let thy refuge be
 Within that Heart which, on the Cross,
 Its life-blood shed for thee.
 There shall the weary troubled soul
 Find peace. Within that breast
 Is Heaven, itself though still on earth
 Love, joy, eternal rest.

—E. DE M.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER II.

ST.-CYR. CASTRES. PARIS. LIMOGES. 1844—1854.

The College of St.-Cyr then and now—Gaston at college—*Élève d'élite*—His fidelity to God—Gaston at Saumur—Pilgrimage to Solemes—His engagement never to refuse anything to God—Sub-Lieutenant of Hussars at Castres—He marries Mlle. Anais Roger—He breaks off his connection with the Masonic Lodge—Domestic happiness—First separation—At Pontivy—The military home—Studies—Birth of his daughter—Gaston at Paris—His sisters—Their union of soul—Solitude—Art—Conferences of Notre-Dame de Paris—Birth of his son—His two sisters become Carmelites—Gaston de Sonis at Limoges—M. and Mde. H. de Lamy—The *Coup d'Etat*—Independence—The Lieutenant's vote—The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul—De Sonis's action in the Conference—His report to the Bishop—His retired life—He makes his faith respected—His fall at the race-course—He thinks on eternity—Progress in Christianity—Contempt of the world—Military piety—His pious exercises—He overcomes human respect—The Blessed Sacrament passes—The Way to the Cross—A holy anger—The nocturnal adoration—Table-turning—His strict fasts—His apostolate—His children—His paternal care—His brother Theobald—Visit to his cloistered sisters—His good advice—Conduct towards his men—His apostolate in the garrison—He is made Captain, and leaves Limoges for Algeria—Adieux and regrets.



THE military college of St.-Cyr at this moment is an admirable one. We may say that it is the refuge of those who prefer serving their country by the sword to sacrificing to a modern government all their most cherished beliefs and opinions. The young men who enter it can fulfil all their duties as Christians as well as those of sol-

diers, and no one dares say that the one interfere with the other. It was not thus in 1844 when Gaston was admitted. Believing Catholics were rare, and those who practised their religion were more rare still. "We never see the chaplain except at the altar," sadly wrote De Sonis. It was necessary to receive the Sacraments in secret, and the ten or twelve who wished to do so had to wait for their turn to go out to be able to find a priest who would hear their Confessions. De Sonis felt this terribly. Each time that he went to Paris, his first act was

to go to Confession and Communion. But his religious feelings did not hinder his delight at St.-Cyr. and its studies and exercises, which accorded so well with his naturally chivalrous temperament. His companions were not slow to find it out. "*Eleve d'Elite*" was the name they gave him, and his promotion was speedy and brilliant. In consequence of the high place he quickly won, he was appointed to serve in the cavalry. Nothing could have suited his taste better. His passion for horses was proverbial, and on the 1st of October, 1846, he entered the school of cavalry at Saumur. There he distinguished himself above all the rest by his great proficiency, and left it with the reputation of being the best cavalry officer in the college.

The only recollection he has preserved of his life at Saumur is an account he has given us of a visit to the abbey of Solesmes. "It is more than thirty years ago," he wrote in 1875 to a friend who had become a Benedictine, "that I went from the training college at Saumur to Solesmes, with a friend who has also become one of your Religious, M. Ezechiel Demarest. That day is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. I was most kindly received by them all, and I remember towards the evening a young monk, Dom Leduc, saying to me, 'Why do you not stop with us for good?' I have often felt the echo of those words in my heart, and yet I felt convinced that I had not in me the stuff to make a good Benedictine. God drove my bark into other waters, probably more in accordance with my nature, and I thank Him for it, although I have always preserved the highest idea of the monastic life, for which I ever had a secret leaning."

Is it there that de Sonis made that

vow of fidelity to which he refers in a letter from Africa in 1869? "I know that God has led me by the hand," he writes, "through many dangers; but before running such risks, I had promised my Divine Master that, aided by His grace, *I never would refuse Him anything*. It does not become me to praise myself; but I feel that one cannot *marchander avec Dieu!*"

The year 1848 had scarcely begun when the February Revolution broke out at Paris, followed by events which determined the Provisional Government to break up the school of cavalry before the end of the term. On the 26th of April, de Sonis left Saumur, having got his commission as Sub-Lieutenant of the 5th Hussars. His regiment was quartered in the town of Castres, where he arrived towards the end of the summer of that year.

The arrival of a fresh regiment is always a great event in a small town, and all the world was at their windows to watch the entrance of the Hussars. Sonis rode in front with the advanced guard. An officer, who had remained behind to give up the command, told him about the principal inhabitants, and especially about one family with a charming daughter, living in one of the best houses. Suddenly this young lady herself appeared on the balcony. De Sonis was struck by her from the very first moment, and she also had remarked this young and distinguished-looking officer, whom soon after she met at the house of a mutual friend. Her name was Anais Roger, and she was the daughter of a lawyer living at Castres. Very soon they began to understand each other. "Our feelings were pure and simple," she wrote, "and we only asked that God might bless our union." But Mademoiselle Roger was only seventeen, and Gaston

was but twenty-three. Neither the one nor the other was rich ; so that, though the parents gave their consent, they were told that they must wait. However, Gaston's noble character speedily won every heart ; so that prudence was forgotten, and on the 18th of April, 1849, Louis Gaston de Sonis and Jeanne Antoinette Anaïs Roger were united together before God for life,—“and also for eternity,” adds the Christian wife.

It was about this time that God opened his eyes to an illusion into which he had fallen through simple ignorance. One day at Saumur he had been enrolled in the sect of the freemasons, believing that it was a purely philanthropic and charitable institution. He had never set foot in a lodge and had never heard of any ecclesiastical censures being pronounced against it, when one day his commanding-officer asked him to take the duty of an officer who was going to a great masonic dinner. “I wonder,” replied de Sonis, “why they did not ask me too.” “But, surely,” exclaimed the Colonel, “you are not one of them?” “Yes,” answered de Sonis. “Is there any harm in it?” “Go and see, and judge for yourself,” was the Colonel's reply. De Sonis went. Except some mysterious and symbolical signs about the dinner table, he saw and heard nothing at first ; but then began the speeches. One spoke of the end of superstition, of the religion of the future, of the emancipation of the conscience, and so on. Then another attacked Catholicism, its mysteries, and its priests. De Sonis could stand it no longer. Starting up from the table, he exclaimed :

“Gentlemen ! into what trap have I fallen ! They told me you respected religion, and you insult it ! You have

not kept your promises. I am freed from mine. You will never see me again ; good night !” and with an emphatic gesture he threw down his napkin, and stalked out of the room, leaving the guests as surprised as they were furious. Twenty years later, in 1871, this very lodge boasted of having caught him in its nets, and tried to turn the fact against him in the legislative elections of Tarn.

His domestic happiness consoled him for everything.

“We were indeed very happy,” writes the poor widow, who daily weeps for his loss, “and I really think our happiness was as complete as can be dreamed of on this earth. Every day we thanked God, Who had given us to one another. We really had but one heart and one soul. That of my beloved Gaston was a real treasure of goodness and tenderness ; his heart was most exquisitely sensitive ; yet he united with it a strength of soul and a firmness of purpose which are as rare as they are admirable. Any one will easily understand what such a husband was to me, and how gladly and joyfully I consecrated my whole life to his.”

The day came, however, when they had to be separated. A quarrel which broke out between the inhabitants and the garrison, obliged the Hussars to leave the town, and they were sent to Pontivy.

De Sonis started, leaving his young wife at Castres till he could prepare for her a fresh little nest in Brittany. But this absence seemed too hard for her ; and scarcely had he arrived when she followed him with her father to Nantes. In the interval, the young couple had written almost daily to each other, which they never failed to do when separated by the exigencies of military service.

Gaston now began a serious course of study, especially of military history, thinking it was the duty of every young officer to become thoroughly conversant with all that regarded his profession. He read and annotated all the works of General Jomini, of which he analysed each volume. His young wife shared in his studies, and was delighted to find that she could follow them with him without too much difficulty. Thus she early became associated with her husband in all his work, and gave a valuable lesson to other young married couples. At the end of a few months they came back to Castres for Madame de Sonis's confinement, and on the 15th of February, 1850, she had a little girl, who was baptised "Marie," and who is now a nun of the Sacred Heart. During this time, the 5th Hussars had been sent to Paris, and there de Sonis and his wife and child joined them. We need not be surprised at these constant changes of residence; it was their fate to the end of their days. All his family were now in Paris. His sister, Celine, was about to marry Dr. Flandin; the two others, Josephine and Marie, were to follow a higher vocation. On the 30th of November, 1850, he was promoted to be Lieutenant.

Their life in Paris was much the same as in Brittany. "We lived far from the gay world," writes his admirable wife, "and entirely for one another." Their pleasures were in the galleries, as de Sonis had a great taste for painting, and in the churches, where Lacordaire was electrifying the congregation of Notre-Dame by his wonderful Conferences on *The Divine Government*, and on *The Action of Jesus Christ on humanity*. "We used to come away from the sermons in a state of enchantment," writes de Sonis, "and

filled with the love of God and of His Church."

On the 4th of June, 1851, a little boy was born to them, who received the name of Gaston. Soon after they left Paris, where they had only spent eighteen months, and at the end of October were settled at Limoges, where the regiment was then quartered. Then his two sisters became Carmelites. Josephine, having paid a visit to her father's relations in Poitou, there became acquainted with the monastery at Poitiers, and found there her real vocation. Marie, who liked the world and enjoyed everything about it, had at first no idea whatever of following her sister's example. But having gone in 1853 to pay a visit to Josephine, she herself received the grace of a vocation, and determined to follow it. De Sonis simply states the fact in a letter to a mutual friend: "Two of my sisters have become Carmelites. One was professed a week ago; the other took the habit last year and will make her profession in October. They are two angels."

At Limoges he had met with the warmest welcome from his old college-friend, Henri Lamy de la Chapelle. He, too, was married, but had no children. The two young wives became intimate friends, and very soon agreed to form but one family. Nothing ever interrupted this warm friendship on both sides, and de Sonis spoke of it afterwards as one of the great joys of their lives.

M. de la Chapelle was one of a group of fervent, practising Catholics, such as are still found in France, and quickly associated de Sonis with all their works of charity. He introduced him also to a very holy priest, M. l'Abbe de Bogonet, who became his director.

At Castres and at Limoges he was

the same Christian soldier which he continued to be to the end of his life : faithful to his convictions, firm in his conduct, severe towards himself, indulgent towards others, esteemed and loved by all from the straightforward loyalty of his character, edifying the whole town by his practice of a simple piety which no ridicule could touch, and devoted to his profession. His virtue was strengthened by that love of which he often said, "When one begins to try and love God, one finds one can never love him enough!"

He had soon to give a proof of his strength and independence of character. It was the moment of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, and the army, as well as the rest of France, were to vote "Yes" and "No" to the question of the Presidency. The army was prepared to vote "Yes," seeing in the act only the apparent re-establishment of order and authority. De Sonis, on the contrary, declared that his vote would be in the negative. It was to expose himself to lose all chance of promotion, and his Colonel remonstrated with him accordingly. But he stood firm.

"Lieutenant," he exclaimed, "you are not fit for the present day!"

De Sonis knew it, but had chosen the line he thought right and kept to it.

On the 3rd of May, 1852, he became a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and very soon was distinguished as one of the most devoted of the brothers. Not only did he attend the Conferences with great regularity, but he specially delighted in visiting the sick poor in their own homes. He would sit by their bedside, find out their wants, console them body and soul, raise their courage, fill them with hope and charity, and make the sacrifice of what he liked best to help

them, for he himself was very poor. Writing to his bosom-friend, Count Louis de Seze, about this time, he says :

"I am delighted that you have started a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in your parish. It is a work which does immense good, and especially in reconciling the poor to the rich and bringing back souls to God. My life here with my dear wife and children is a most happy and peaceful one. I have got over the money difficulties which were such a trouble to me at Versailles, and I do not owe a farthing to any one. I live very simply, it is true ; but we can live without running into debt, and that is a great thing : there are so many who have not bread to eat ! I am even able to save a little for my dear poor, but I am often terribly sad at having nothing to share with them. Those who are rich and give nothing have much to answer for !"

It is incredible how his energy and zeal were felt in these Conferences. First he proposed a plan for instructing the young soldiers, which was carried out ; next he inaugurated a military fete, which brought in a good deal of money for their works ; then he wrote a pamphlet on the observance of the Sunday, pointing out the best way of enforcing it ; and this move was so warmly approved of by the Bishop, who attended the Conference, that he founded an association to carry out his plan, which had an extraordinary success. Another day he got leave to take one of the regimental waggons, and himself went round with it through all the principal streets of the town, collecting old clothes, linen, and other things, with which he was able to supply the wants of almost all the most destitute among his poor. On

the 21st of January, 1853, the General Assembly of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was held at the Bishop's Palace, on which occasion he was selected to read the report, and made a magnificent speech, in which this humble and good soul set forth the origin of the Society and the incalculable benefits which it had produced.

In addition to his charities, M. de Sonis devoted a certain portion of his day to study, not only of military works, but also of philosophy and religion.

"I have access to some excellent libraries here," he wrote, "where I can get as many books as I want. But to read steadily, I have given up my painting. I only made sketches after all, and what sketches! Perhaps I should never have done anything better, though such is the vanity of man that I have had some difficulty in persuading myself of this fact!"

In his relations with his brother-officers de Sonis was always the most charming of comrades, but he did not follow their habits. "I only meet them on parade," he writes, "but rarely enough at the Cafe. They think me very strange, I fancy, and I have no doubt declare I am a 'Jesuit,' which is the general title given to those who love our good God." If ever he went to their circle, it was to get the military news. If religious questions were started, he would avoid discussions, and go to some corner of the room with his newspaper or a review. "I have never had quarrels on this subject," he adds, "nor can I say that I have ever had anything to complain of, though this does not prevent my pitying with all my heart these poor young officers who do nothing but eat and drink and smoke their pipes. What a life!"

We have alluded to de Sonis' passionate love of riding. "We used often to go out together, writes Madame de Sonis, "for, to prevent his giving up this exercise which he was so fond of, I had learned myself to ride; so that we made charming expeditions into the country round Limoges, which we both enjoyed immensely."

De Sonis had at that time a very fine English mare, whom he called "Miss Anna," and he thought he would enter her for some races which were to be run in Macy. With this view he used to go every day and exercise her at a race-course which was a few kilometres outside the town. One day, having made a round of the course and being about to take a second, the animal, seeing the gate open, made a violent bound in that direction which threw de Sonis with such violence against the gate, that he had his ribs broken, and remained unconscious on the spot. Two men working on the road saw him, and hastened to carry him to their hut. It was some time before he recovered his senses; but then he exclaimed directly: "I will not die here; help me into my saddle, so that I may get back to the town. I will manage it somehow." Accordingly he got on his horse, though in great agony and almost bent double, and fainted away on arriving at the barracks. Some one hastened to tell his wife, and a few moments after he was brought into his house on a stretcher, unconscious and speechless. The moment he came to his senses, he sent for a priest, made his Confession, and prepared himself for death. He realised then, as he had never done before, how little this life is worth compared with that which is to follow. A month of horrible suffering followed, which to

him was a month of continual meditation on eternal truths. What passed during that time between his soul and God? That is his secret; but all we know is, that he rose from that sick-bed more full than ever of generous resolves and of the warmest love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1853 he wrote to his most intimate friend, Louis de Seze: "The longer I live the more I see that everything in this world is vanity."

On New Year's Day, having come to pay a visit to Madame Lamy de la Chapelle, he said to her, with that frank, sweet smile which was habitual to him, "Madame, I come to wish you a happy death." Such a wish would have seemed strange in the mouth of any one else; but, knowing him as she did, it only touched and pleased her.

Another time, when the two young wives were boasting about the good taste of a certain dress which one of them had bought, de Sonis, at their request, good-naturedly went to fetch it, and holding it up said with his fine smile and a shade of contempt in his voice: "Ladies! *sic transit gloria mundi!*"

His friend Louis de Seze having congratulated him rather prematurely on his promotion, he answered: "Your felicitations, my dear good friend, instead of coming too late, come too soon! But I fancy I shall soon have a change of position, though nothing is yet settled. It must be as God wills. Some will say: 'This man is a philosopher.' I only pretend to be a Christian, which title is worth many others, and which every day I appreciate more and more."

But what he does not say in this letter is his extreme and almost scrupulous delicacy, which so often came in the way of his advancement. His

Colonel, who had a great esteem for him, said to him one day: "De Sonis, I am going to present you for promotion." "Do not think of it," he quickly replied, "I do not want to pass over the heads of my comrades." As a Christian, he thought he had a special reason not to appear the object of any particular favor. This was well known, and one day, when his wife and her friend ventured affectionately to remonstrate with him about it, he answered gravely: "There are certain feelings which a woman can never understand!" Yet this young officer was a man of no fortune, with a wife and two children, and expecting a third in the autumn!

"I strive to work hard for God and heaven," he wrote about this time. "God knows I do it very badly, but at any rate it is my sole wish and intention."

This piety found an outlet especially before the Blessed Sacrament. After his serious accident, de Sonis determined to go to Mass daily whenever possible. He went to Holy Communion every week—it had become a necessity to him. He also never failed to spend a short time in meditation and pay a visit daily to the Blessed Sacrament. He called it his "waiting" before the throne of the great King, and he never failed to give public homage to Him in all places and at all times. He used to laugh over one instance of this which he described as follows:

"One day," he said, "I was doing my duty with the other officers in the mess-room and leaning against the chimney-piece with a newspaper in my hand, when I heard a little bell ringing at intervals, which I fancied was for the Blessed Sacrament being carried to some sick person. I had a

moment's struggle. Should I stand like the rest, or kneel? But then I thought, 'If it were the Emperor, or even the General of Division, passing, would not every one salute him? And this is my God!' Accordingly I went to the window, quite determined to kneel on both knees as It passed, when, what do I see?—a vulgar cart, which an itinerant hawker was driving through the town with this hypocritical bell! Well, our Lord, I hope, was satisfied with my good will."

One Sunday, coming back from a Review in full uniform and passing before the parish church of St. Michael, he went in to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament according to his usual habit. It was just the end of Vespers, and the congregation was dispersing; but all stared at this handsome young officer in a way which made him rather shy and uncomfortable. However, conquering his disinclination to remain, he said to himself: "Why should I not do the Way of the Cross here? Why should I blush for adoring Jesus Crucified?"

Upon this he knelt down, and did all the Stations from the first to the last. Then he was seized with a scruple. Had he not made too great a parade of his religion? He went to find M. de Bogenet, and told exactly what had happened.

"You wished to break yourself of human respect," that wise director replied, "you did well. But do not try it again."

It was dangerous to scoff before him at anything relating to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. One morning in July, on the Feast of St. Vincent of Paul, M. de Sonis was going to the General Communion of the members of the Conference, when in the square

before the Bishop's Palace he met the Holy Viaticum, which was being taken at that time with great ceremony and respect to a dying man. The young officer in uniform knelt in the road in the midst of the dust, to adore his God. At that very moment a young lady passed in an open carriage and, seeing him on his knees, burst out laughing. De Sonis heard her, and, horrified at this insult to his Lord, rose and exclaimed: "You dare to laugh—you!" The young lady turned pale at his indignation and the contempt expressed in his voice; but de Sonis felt himself so upset by the occurrence that before receiving Holy Communion he went again to Confession to conquer the emotion he had felt. But he was to render a still more effectual homage to his Eucharistic Lord by establishing the night adoration, which he thus describes in a letter to M. de Seze dated 1853. "I must tell you, my dear Louis, that we have had the idea to unite once a month in the nightly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We began on Shrove Tuesday this year, to try and make reparation to our Lord for all the insults offered to Him. There are eight of us, and we meet very quietly, almost like conspirators. We thus pass delicious nights in a chapel of the convent of the Oblates of Mary. This evening, which is the feast of our Lady Help of Christians, we meet again for the same purpose, taking care in each month to choose the vigil of the greatest feast. I have written to my Carmelite sisters, so that they may join us in this our little act of reparation."

When each of these nights was over, de Sonis seemed to have acquired fresh sanctity, and a still more vivid realisation of the presence of God. No foolish or bad example had any power

to influence his conduct.

At that time there was a mania for turning tables, and one evening at a friend's house he found them all engrossed by this superstitious game. They wanted him to join them, which he civilly declined. "But the Church has not forbidden it," they exclaimed. "No, not that I know of," he replied. "But the Church mistrusts it, and that is enough for me." They went on, therefore, without him, and he stood quietly by in an attitude of grave reserve. But they tried in vain—this time the tables would not budge! Was it owing to the presence of de Sonis? Every one thought so. This same firmness made him observe the precepts of the Church with the utmost strictness. Often during Lent he was detained on horseback from early in the morning till two in the afternoon on military duty; yet he kept the fast rigidly all the time, not allowing himself a morsel of food, although, of course, he could easily have been dispensed on account of his service. De Sonis was, in fact, a real apostle, by example even more than by precept. Madame de Sonis speaks of this in a touching manner.

"My husband," she writes, "was always encouraging me to advance towards perfection, for he loved my soul more than anything in the world. Sometimes—I am ashamed to own it—I was jealous of his piety. He used to reproach me tenderly, saying that I could not be jealous of our Lord; that the more we loved Him, the more lasting would be our own affection for each other; and that the reason why so many marriages did not go on being happy was, that in such cases God was not the great link and centre. I felt he was right, and admired him more and more, while I strove to follow him

—but at a great distance!"

The education of his children had the same character. His eldest daughter writes: "Owing to his ardent faith which respected our baptismal grace, he never would *tutoyer* us, as most parents do. With what care did he watch over our young souls, and correct the little faults of our childhood!" Among those faults, the one he hated most was a lie. "The smallest approach to it was punished in a way which made us remember it," she continues; "and as the blessing of a father always brings happiness to his children, so, in the evening after our night prayers, our much-loved father always made a little sign of the Cross on our foreheads, (as he had marked us in our cradles), before giving us our last kiss."

His brother Theobald, who has lately died, like his brother, a General and a fervent Christian, was at that time indifferent to all religious matters. This was a great sorrow to Gaston. "How happy I should be," he wrote to M. de Seze, "if Theobald were not an exception amongst us. I am ready, I hope, to accept all the sorrows God may send me with calmness and resignation, but this I cannot accept! Please pray for him, dear Louis!"

His sisters found in him a loving guide in all their difficulties. The eldest, Josephine, had already won the admiration of the whole convent by her superiority both in nature and grace. But Marie, with her quick temper and natural impatience, had a harder battle to fight. One day when he had been to see her and found her mortified and discouraged at some fault which her Superior had reproved, he tenderly consoled her, and revived her courage, saying:

"But, my dear little sister, would

you sadden the heart of our dear Jesus, Who claims you as His spouse? When one has given oneself altogether to such a Master, can one refuse Him anything henceforth?"

His words were felt and understood. Marie turned to the Blessed Sacrament, and there poured out all the love of her young heart. She took the name in religion of "Marie du Saint-Sacrament," and had a sensible realisation of her Lord's Divine Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

His regiment was looked upon by M. de Sonis as another family. His soldiers found him strict, exact, even severe as regarded their military service; each felt that his duty must be done, and he was the first to set the example. But, on the other hand, he was honorable and just in his treatment of them, so that they both respected and loved him. He insisted upon his men being treated with consideration and humanity. "To abuse one's authority over those under one," he would often say, "is as mean as to flatter those who are above one." His soldiers knew his strong religious feelings, and respected them; several imitated him, which gave him great pleasure. "I can never think without emotion of some of my young soldiers," he wrote, after having left them. "They often edified me greatly, and were really in the regiment the grain of mustard-seed mentioned in the Gospel." The least religious amongst them respected the faith of their chief, and that less from religious motives than from affection for himself. One day when he was superintending some operation to the horses of his squadron, one of the men uttered a foul blasphemy. Then, quickly turning round and seeing that de Sonis was too far off to have heard him, he exclaimed:

"Ah, so much the better. If he had heard me, it would have hurt him too much!"

Several of the officers became his neophytes. We see his anxiety for them by his letters after he had left Limoges to M. Lamy de Chapelle, begging him to watch over them and confirm them in their good resolutions.

Yet his discretion was as striking as his zeal. He never worried them by premature advances, or forced religious subjects upon them. His own frank and modest piety was what attracted those around him the most, together with his sweetness of manner and great charity. It was his daily life which worked miracles.

But de Sonis was getting impatient at not being employed in active service. He ardently wished to go to the Crimea, and one day wrote joyfully that he was going to embark with his regiment for the East. But the orders were countermanded, and he remained at Limoges. However, on the 1st of May, 1854, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and his regiment was ordered to Montpellier on the way to Africa. He was obliged to leave his wife and three little children in France, for Madame de Sonis was expecting a fourth and could not travel. It was a bitter separation, but duty called, and the young Captain had to start. It was for France and God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For every one of us there is an upper room, away from the world's bustle and strife, into which we may enter, and where we may bar the door. And there, as we sit and pray, One in Whose hands are the print of the nails, on Whose brow the scars of the thorns, shall come in, saying, "Peace be unto you."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XX. (Continued.)



PETER THOMAS was accorded a welcome reception at the center of Catholicity. The good tidings, which he was fortunate enough to bring, were received all the more joyfully

that such happenings were becoming rare. For, from one quarter tales of disturbance and vacillation would come, from another payments delayed or perhaps repudiated, from a third some unforeseen misfortune which seemed to carry a more fatal one in its train. The death of the Commander-in-Chief was followed by that of Cardinal de Talleyrand, Legate of the crusade. Their loss was deeply felt by the Sovereign Pontiff, who therein beheld the fading from earth of one of the most brilliant lights—one of the greatest glories of the Roman court. His diplomatic talent, and the immense influence which he exerted in favor of the crusade, justly inspired the most sanguine hopes for the holy war. The cordial relations, based upon mutual esteem, existing between the Cardinal and the

Gallic prince then ruling Perigord, was a pledge that the former would persuade his suzerain to take part in the glorious expedition. Small cause for wonder, then, that his death was so keenly felt!

The "Black Prince" had received from his royal father—King Edward III.—the government of Aquitaine, and held his court at Angouleme or at Bordeaux. According to an English author, it was the most brilliant court of that epoch. Called as he was the "flower of Chivalry," he evinced only the most elevated sentiments, and his example had something magnetic it would seem, especially for men of war, whom it could have influenced by thousands. Unfortunately, after the death of Cardinal de Talleyrand he turned, with his warlike inclinations, to Castile, embraced the cause of Peter the Cruel, and prepared an expedition to aid him. The King of Cyprus visited him, but could not change his decision. The heroic Lusignan had gone far and wide, but met with disheartening disappointments. But the palaces and the mansions once peopled with valiant advocates of the sacred cause now seemed empty, for the spirit of holy chivalry had flown. The Chris-

tian provinces were naught but sterile fields where the noble sentiments he had implanted had never fructified, although they had given such hopes in the past.

The short-sighted politicians could see nothing beyond their own frontier, they could not comprehend that the perils of one Christian kingdom were common to all the rest. If Mahomet were to invade Cyprus and the other isles of the Mediterranean, might not Italy, Germany, France and England in turn fall under his dominion?

But, alas! faith slumbers and wisdom languishes, materialism prevails. The generous ardor of the Pontiff, the noble enthusiasm of Lusignan are disdainfully styled chimerical. Royalty recoils, kings show themselves frightened, disunited, parsimonious. They place political interests—national, so called—above the demands of honor and humanity. Their lives are filled up with petty scheming, not ennobled by putting great principles into practice. Their vague promises will never bring forth any fruit. A deadly LETHARGY had taken possession of Europe and paralyzed her energies until she knew not what she intended or desired.

Alas for the gallant promoters of the crusade! They beheld vanish every point of support they had placed under the edifice of their aspirations. Those upon whom they had every right to rely failed them, one after the other. Circumstances went against them with a relentless and persistent cruelty, with a vigorous fatality. The cause for which remains a secret known only to the Most High.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SKIES BRIGHTEN—PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—PETER THOMAS, PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE—PACIFICATION OF THE GENOESE—RETURN TO VENICE—JULY 1364—MAY 1365.

The true minister of God's holy Church, veritable hero as he is, can never be vanquished by discouragement. In proof of this, witness the superhuman virtue with which the saintly Pontiff Urban bore up under his various disappointments. As successor to King John, the Good, he named Pierre de Lusignan. This valiant hero was as worthy to be General-in-Chief of the Christian army as King of Cyprus, while to fulfill the duties of Legate of the Crusade in place of the Cardinal of Perigord, he appointed Blessed Peter Thomas. Could his choice have fallen upon two more worthy or more capable men? The choice of the Legate especially gave promise of a fortunate termination and superabundant blessings. His incomparable zeal and the experience he had acquired in his intercourse with mankind rendered him by far the one most fitted for so difficult a place.

The Bull naming him Legate plenipotentiary of the Holy See for the Christian army bears the date July 7, 1364. The eulogies contained therein from the Sovereign Pontiff are almost equivalent to a canonization. Urban V. says that Peter Thomas is *a man after his own heart, of remarkable virtue, tried faith, and very great learning; that his humility has in it something sublime, his gentleness is infinite; he is prudent and circumspect and deeply versed both in the law of God and the Catholic faith.*

The Pontiff gave him, anew, auth-

ority over all the Orient, and over all the dioceses of the Greek empire and the Kingdom of Cyprus : also over the territories of Smyrna, Patras, Athens, Thebes and Corinth ; over the isles of Crete, Rhodes, Naxos, Corfu and others. His jurisdiction included all the powers which could be delegated by the Holy See. As an additional token of his esteem, and to give the Legate greater prestige the Pontiff gave him the honorable office of PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, at that time the most august title within the Catholic hierarchy after that of Sovereign Pontiff. Brilliant honors ! Just discernment ! St. John Chrysostom could not have had a more worthy successor. At the time of his investment into these spiritual powers, considerable sums were placed at the disposal of the Legate to aid in sustaining in a fitting manner his eminent dignity, and to provide for a suitable retinue. For this the Sovereign Pontiff confirmed, for the rest of his life, his title to the sees of Coron and Crete. He also assigned him ten florins a day from the private coffers of the apostolic treasury. Even with all this assistance, the way which the finger of God marked out for the Patriarch was none the less hampered with obstacles, and the horizon which stretched before his view was vast and almost without limit. From the coldness now accorded to the renewed movement of the Crusade, it was easy to perceive that the Legate, laden with honors and splendid titles as he was, would be none the less subject to the most bitter trials, and would even be, perhaps, sacrificed to the holy cause. But he—full of confidence in God,—the filial protegee of a miraculous Queen, would he for a moment hesitate when called upon to give a proof of love and de-

votion without limit ? His theology was not content with wandering in the region of abstract theories. In the daily walk of life he never forgot the strengthening principle which teaches us that the power of the Christian for great duties as well as for small is the power of the grace which imposes them.

Urban V. made known his desire. Peter Thomas heard the appeal and responded. Yes, to hear and to respond were with him one and the same. "*Ad sumus a vos ordres, St. Pere,*" was at once upon his lips, the eager cry of assent.

The actual situation besides appeared to him most specially alluring. To immolate himself through obedience : twofold happiness ! Irresistible attraction for his passion for sacrifice !

It was then, even more eagerly than usual, if that were possible, that he obeyed unreservedly. He was giving the whole of his time, his strength, his heart and his life to be consumed upon the altar of the Church with a joy equal in magnitude to the labors which he foresaw. A few days after therefore, taking up once more the pilgrim's hat and staff, he set out upon his journey. According to the custom of mendicant friars, he travelled generally as a pedestrian. Neither his dignity as Legate, nor the debility which was the result of an utter disregard of his strength when upon duty, nor the burden of sixty years, seemed to him sufficient reason to dispense with this custom.

He would be indeed utterly prostrated by fatigue to consider himself exempt from this rule, and then he would accept only the most unpretentious equipage.

Preaching the Crusade as he went, he directed his steps for the seventh

time perhaps, to Venice, the centre where the great body of the expedition was to form.

There he found assembled a certain number of the nobles and the people. His arrival gave occasion for demonstrations of heartfelt satisfaction. The entire city united in venerating him as a Legate *a latere*, and all obligations were publicly renewed. But this satisfactory state of affairs died away in a sad series of discouraging delays.

The King of Cyprus had promised to be at the general rendezvous towards the end of summer, but not having been able to effect any favorable concurrence on the part of the kings whom he had consulted, he could not overcome his disappointment. However, even after fifteen months' vain solicitations he could not resign himself to give it up. Winter was approaching and the new generalissimo had not made his appearance. And now the feeling that there was something wrong—some deception being practiced, began to creep in amongst the troops stationed at Venice. One after another the leaders withdrew, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Legate, and every day witnessed the departure of one or another portion of the troops. In the city itself the mercantile party, which had always been opposed to the Crusade, resumed its caustic criticisms, and the doge entirely suspended all preparations. O! what a trial for the Patriarch!

Happily the saints have for one of their maxims to hope against hope, and never to believe themselves stronger than when they are despoiled of all. "When I am weak I am powerful," says St. Paul, and such was the strength of Blessed Peter Thomas. "It was his invariable way," says Mezzieres, "in whatever he had

to do, that when human means failed him to a greater extent than usual, he redoubled his prayers, and renewed his confidence both in God, and in the divine Patroness of his Order. He practiced greater mortifications than ever to counteract by a more austere life the influence of the malicious demon to whom he attributed the greater portion of the troubles. The consolation which he derived from these practices of penance and piety not only aided him to overcome all anxiety for future success, but also to raise the drooping spirits of those who well nigh "had fainted by the wayside." Thus it was that he could bear himself bravely though a thousand hostile forces raged against him. The month of February, 1365, beheld the advent of a new tribulation. Up to this time the Genoese had been favorable to the sacred cause. But is there anything more variable than the methods of a democratic government? More rapid than the swift turns of a bird upon the wing are its frequent changes. At the unexpected termination of a lawsuit at Cyprus, between some officers of that kingdom and some Genoese merchants, the latter indignantly left the island and suspended all future relations with it, whilst the Republic, jealous of its dignity, resolved to declare war against Cyprus.

Strongly moved at this intelligence, Pierre I. sent ambassadors with assurances that all proper reparation should be made, but "Genoa the superb" would listen to no overtures of peace. She began to get her galleys in order for an attack upon the kingdom with a view to delay the Crusade and thus deprive the gallant Lusignan of some well-merited glory and additional strength.

In this extremity the Sovereign

Pontiff in concert with the King of Cyprus selected as a mediator the holy Carmelite who had so often changed the angry lion into a gentle lamb. For success in this difficult mission they could surely rely on the intelligence, energy and faith of him who never despaired because his appeal for aid was always from above.

More than once Blessed Peter had been received at Genoa with marked deference, especially by the doge Simon Boccanero. But the Genoese, with that changeable temperament of which we have spoken, united the fickleness of the child to the petulance of age, the vagaries of the boaster with the brigand's base treachery. Boccanero had been poisoned early in the year 1363. Gabriel Adorno who had succeeded him inherited his power but not his firmness. He sanctioned the passing of an edict "by the Republic" refusing to pay honor to any one sent by Pierre I. Nay more. Although the chief of this embassy bore also the title of Legate of the Holy See it was intimated to the citizens that they would probably be prohibited even from giving him lodging.

The spark thus carelessly thrown enkindled more speedily than had been anticipated. The masses were only too ready to work themselves up to fever heat, and it was not long until with threats upon their lips and stones in their hand they stood before the Legate, crying out violently "for war."

Upon hearing the cries and execrations of the frantic mob, the majority of the Cyprians drew back. They might well hesitate to face that rain of falling stones, but the valiant Patriarch, who had faced so many dangers with no shadow upon his reputation for courage, had no thought of flinching

now. Tracing the route to his companions, he penetrated into the city, and by main force took up his position at the commanderie of St. John's Knights.

To be received even there and secure food he had to bring forward all his prerogatives as Legate of the Holy See.

The popular effervescence having somewhat subsided, the Ambassador went to the ducal palace to confer with the doge and the council. Those prejudiced spirits who had already shown themselves insensible to the conciliatory letters of the Holy Father and of various princes breathed nothing but animosity and vengeance. To lead them to thoughts of religion and justice, sometimes using the most persuasive exhortations, and again placing to view international threats and the punishment of heaven, the former experience of Peter Thomas taught him how, with exquisite tact, to conduct long and difficult negotiations. His angelic patience and communicative charity finally succeeded in changing their acrid hearts and inclining them to concurrence.

A letter of Urban V. to the Genoese, which came towards the end of March, gave definite assurance of the triumph of peace. The confirmation of this great boon was, according to Wadding, taken to the Sovereign Pontiff by Peter Thomas himself. Nothing need astonish us on the part of this intrepid traveler. Being half way between Venice and Avignon, he went to entreat a final benediction from the representative of divine authority, and to obtain from him additional assistance. The passage must have been made with unusual celerity. A few days later the holy Religious, tearing himself from the loving arms of

his brothers of Avignon, gave them rendezvous upon the celestial Mount of Carmel's lofty heights. He repaired to Venice to devote himself with an ardor henceforth to be uninterrupted to spiritual preparations for the Crusade. The men at arms who had not been totally discouraged by so much disappointment and so many delays were indeed a comparatively small number, for even the most reliable amongst them had begun to lose courage and hope. But from this hour a new spirit of faith and confidence seemed to re-animate the army of the *holy passage*. Whilst the veterans drilled the recruits in handling the lance or using the bullets, the man of God gave the Cross to those who had not as yet received it. His exhortations began to inspire all with a spirit of prayer, to lead them to the practice of Christian virtues, and to fill their hearts with sentiments appropriate to the true Crusader.

As for Pierre de Lusignan he had for a long time borne bravely the burden of an adventurous and busy life. From Aquitaine he had returned to Paris, where he wished to confer with the King of Navarre. He was at Rheims at the consecration of Charles V., May 19, 1364. But wherever he went the hoped for concurrence failed to materialize. Certainly his solicitations merited to be taken into consideration! Thanks to the mediation of the papal ambassadors peace now reigned throughout Europe.

And all this while the singular apathy on the part of the Christian states towards the holy cause remained the same.

"O! what a burning shame," cries Mezzieres. "What paltry excuses unworthy the lips of Christian princes do they offer to the brave and chivalrous de Lusignan. Unmoved by the earnestness of his entreaties as well as

by the dangers to which his Christian kingdom is exposed they would leave him alone in his peril."

Alas! the will was wanting, and the world with its false glitter and wicked ways had ensnared their hearts, and blinded their vision to the grandeur of that Christian idea to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre!

Deceived in his hopes the Generalissimo finally resigned himself—long after the intended time—to set out for Venice. The royal reception prepared for him could not compensate for his long and difficult journey—for his adventures—which had only the trifling result of giving him a little glory at the tournaments held in his honor. So much travelling had exhausted a great portion of the sum—by no means munificent—which he had in reserve—and failed to give him any in return. He deplored his fruitless exertions, his wasted time and the loss of his golden begants.

But Peter Thomas, who grew more determined as circumstances grew less promising, hastened to console him with the sweetest words of encouragement, and the most comforting promises taken from the sacred Scriptures. And the Christian King, realizing that victory comes from God, rather than from riches or the multiplicity of warriors, decided to pursue his intention and to unfurl his standard, a blood-stained lion, with golden crown. All who had remained faithful enrolled themselves beneath its glorious folds.

Discouragement and defection were over. The departure was announced to take place at an early day; everything was bright and prosperous. Noble and heroic soul of the saintly Legate! Its influence seemed to enliven the spirits and raise the hopes of every warrior in that valiant little army!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lilies of July.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



H! the snow-white lilies blooming
In the glowing summer-air,
And on zephyrs soft is wafting
Sweetest fragrance everywhere.

Oft I gaze upon their beauty
When I seek the garden shade,
For they image one fair lily,
Purest which His hands have made.

See those fragile waxen blossoms,
(Far above all works of art),
Round the dear and holy statue
Of our Saviour's loving Heart.

Near the silent sacred altar,
Breathe those flow'rets stainless white,
Emblems of the blessed angels
Watching through the day and night.

All the convent seems so perfumed
With those lilies snowy fair,
Whispering of mystic flowers
Which should ever blossom there.

For the souls so dear to Jesus,
Spouses of that Lord of light,
Should be like the Summer-lilies,
Sweetly fragrant, purely white.

Ah! yes, pure and very stainless
Fragrant with His holy love,
Waiting till His hand transplants them,
To the gardens far above.

July 16th. Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"THE whole of Mary and all the benignity of her queendom, and all the glory of her exaltation, and all the splendor of her graces, and all the mystery of her motherhood are because of the Precious Blood.

"No part of creation has been made so white by its redness as her unspotted heart. She is the creature of the Precious Blood, its daughter, its mother, its servant and its queen."

These beautiful words of Father Faber seem especially worthy of remembrance on the feast of Carmel, coming as it does in the glowing days of July—a month dedicated to the Precious Blood. She is indeed its mother, for it sprang from the pure fountain of her heart, and all "the splendor of her graces" and exaltation were because of it. She is its queen, for the empire of grace purchased by Its outpouring on the Cross, is placed by Jesus under His Blessed Mother's powerful intercession, under her gentle jurisdiction.

Saints have "washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb," but Mary's robe was ever Immaculate from the pre-ordained merits of that price of our Redeemer.

She is the fairest flower refreshed by Its celestial dew, and Its most glorious trophy in the eternal kingdom.

Mary was present at the first Blood-shedding, which the devout writer from whose beautiful work we have quoted calls, "those real snow-drops of His Infancy, the first blossoms of His Precious Blood."

She was present also at some, if not

all, the stages of His Passion, and when "all was consummated," she watched with unspeakable anguish, the last drops that "stole gently down the Side of Jesus, kissing the Flesh it had animated so long."

How pleasing, then, to our sweet Mother will it not be when contemplating her Immaculate Conception, her maternity, her dolors, her glorious throne above where, like another Esther, she intercedes for her people, to remember that Divine love poured forth copious streams from the fountain of that Precious Blood, by which we are redeemed.

"It flowed from thine, Immaculate, And made thee all thou art."

The spirit of Carmel is one of prayer and praise and "zeal for the Lord of Hosts." And what prayer more efficacious than that by which we unite with the voice of His Blood ever pleading for mercy? What praise like that which anticipates the celestial hymn, "Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood, etc."? What zeal like the fire enkindled in Apostles of the Word and hidden apostles of cloistered atonement and prayer, by the contemplation of how precious to Jesus are the souls of His creatures, when He paid for each one an infinite price? Not content with one drop, which would have more than sufficed, He shed even the last that remained in His Sacred Heart.

Let us ask our Blessed Mother for this Carmelite spirit of love, of prayer, of ardent zeal, in order that we may one day join in praising forever the "Lamb that was slain," and who loved and washed us in His own Blood.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

ROME, June, 15, '99.

OUR most Rev. Father General Aloysius Galli is about to give another proof of his activity and zeal for the Order of which he is supreme ruler. No sooner was he raised to this supreme office, than he began to embellish the church of S. Maria in Transpontina here in Rome, adorning the nave and chapels with pictures and precious marbles, thus making the church, which before was so empty and bare, appear very beautiful and rich. After this was completed, he built a new monastery in the town of Nocera Umbra, in the province of Perugia, and last year he restored and enlarged the old monastery of Albano, which he bought from the government. At the time when the Italians took Rome from its lawful ruler, they also seized upon the monasteries and convents of the Religious Orders, together with all the precious things they could find, among these the libraries containing many valuable books and manuscripts which the friars had for many preceding centuries gathered with so much trouble and care.

Until the year 1894, however, only a part of our monastery of S. Maria in Transpontina was occupied, the remaining part having been left the few friars that remained after the oppression. But in that year the last portion of the monastery was taken also and used for barracks, and the expelled friars together with the Father General had to seek for another habitation. The house which they rented and which they occupy up to the present was not fitted out for a monastery, and is in-

sufficient to hold the number of the students, and for this reason Rev. Father General has determined to build a new International College. It will be situated near the mausoleum of Adrian, now the castle of Sant' Angelo, not far from the church of S. Maria in Transpontina, and within view of the Vatican. The ground has been bought and all the plans and designs are arranged so that in a short time we can expect to see it completed.

As announced before, on May 28th the feast of the Most Holy Trinity the council of the Latin American Republics was opened. It began with a solemn High Mass, at which all the Bishops, about 50 in number, assisted. The council is being held in the Ecclesiastical College of the Latin American Republics overlooking the Tiber, where most of the bishops have taken up their lodgings during their stay in Rome. The first few days were spent in electing the officers of the council. They asked the Pope to appoint a Cardinal to be president of the council, but the Pope, desirous of giving them as much liberty as possible in their discussions, entrusted the presidency of the council to the Archbishops, whom he constituted his delegates.

On the feast of the Ascension, May 11th, the Bull announcing the Jubilee during the coming year was solemnly published in the four large basilicas of Rome having the Porta Sancta, viz.: St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Paul's and St. Maria Maggiore. These are also the four basilicas which must be visited in order to gain the Indulgence.

A Recent Favor of Our Lady.

THE following personal experience just mailed to us by a zealous priest is most edifying and appropriate for publication in this month in which we solemnly commemorate our Blessed Lady of the Scapular :

Attending a patient whose mind was so affected that I had all reason to fear the most distressing results, I promised to the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel that if the investiture with the Brown Scapular would help, I would publish the case which is as follows : I was called to see a person on a certain afternoon. The person was reported very sick. On entering the sick room I was greeted very unceremoniously by the patient. He asked me in gruff terms what I could do for him, since he had only a few hours to live. He told me that he was condemned to die at a certain hour. He was anxious to receive the last Sacraments, but I saw no reason whatever to give them. After trying in vain to dispel this fiction of a diseased mind, I had to promise that he would receive the Sacraments as soon as it was necessary. Being told by an attendant that on a former occasion the patient had succeeded in firing six balls into his body before the revolver could be taken from him, his violence, his threats against his attendant and myself alarmed me some. Suddenly it came to me to invest him with the Brown Scapular. As none was at hand I took off my own and invested him with it even against his will. When I was putting the Scapular on him he said to me, "If you think anything of it you had better keep it!" He then raised himself on his bed and said, "If you two do not wish to be

hurt, get out of here." Had he wished to put any such threat into execution he surely could have done it. He was a very strong man and not wasted by disease, since he had only been in bed a half-day. Confiding in our Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel I left. A short time after the patient, who had not slept for a number of nights, fell into a good sound sleep. Two days after he came to me in person and asked pardon for having treated me so rudely. I found out subsequently that on that very day when I was called the patient had left the house intent on committing suicide. A voice had told him to return home and go to bed which he did. Having promised to publish the fact if all went well with my patient, I now fulfill my obligation.—REV. F. A.

A Favor of the Scapular.

From Badacsony-Fomay (Hungary) comes the following: A man of suspicious appearance had penetrated into a lonely house, where at that time the servant was alone. The criminal intending to kill her, seized her; but as his hands touched the Scapular, he was repelled as by an invisible power and released her saying: "I see, you are a pious girl; I will do you no harm." He then went away in a hurry, whilst the young servant rendered fervent thanksgiving to our Lady of Mount Carmel for having preserved her from a cruel death.—*Stimmen v. Berge Karmel*.

He is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

One word is on the tip of your tongues just now—I might better say all tongues—Vacation ! Yes, it is only work that can win the reward of rest ; and as we have all worked, we may justly rest.

For us of the school room it means a long, long rest. Ten weeks of sweet doing nothing, as the Italians call it. Well, long ago I think we decided that the hardest kind of work is, doing nothing. Therefore it would be very wise to make a sort of plan for the vacation, not for work's sake, but for pleasure's.

Most of us revel in reading, so let us talk of that. No, not preach—far from it, but talk sensibly and reasonably and so be sure to meet those who will agree with us.

Don't read novels all summer, but do try to get in some solid and yet delightful reading. I will not join the army of those who are going around with their placards, "One hundred best books !" No, you all have hosts of friends who will tell you what to read. The Secretary will rest contentedly after saying. Don't read trash !

If there is one thing for which you will be truly grateful in the future it is having cultivated a fine taste in reading. That is one of the many things which a Catholic education does for a boy or girl, cultivates good taste in literature. Don't go to public libraries for their lists of "500 best books." Take your own people for

guides ; your priests and professors and teachers who know what is good and solid, yes and elegant too. The best in art and science and literature—the standards of good taste in all things you will find in the Catholic Church—so don't go abroad like the "new rich," looking for good things. Stay at home. No better guides can be found than the priests and doctors and professors of our own land. So be proud of them and be led by them and so be safe.

Only one word about the vacation. Keep out of danger. Don't commit sin and then do what you like. St. Philip Neri tells us that. Don't go in the country where you cannot hear Mass on Sundays. People die, you know in the country as well as in the town. One can't afford to die without a priest. Be faithful to our Lady's Scapular. Stick to it all summer and keep her feast on July 16.

May you have lots of fun, dear children, sweet innocent fun that God can bless,

Wishes your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. Her heart to God, to her neighbor the hand she lends.—Visitation—Southwell.
2. Blessed be God for the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.
3. The price of our ransom is the Precious Blood.—St. Ignatius.
4. The Scapular is the livery of the predestined.

5. St. Martha! Saint of the busy hand and heart.—Faber.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. At what season did Eve eat the apple?
2. What is good diet for a wise man?
3. How do bees dispose of their honey?
4. What has never been seen by the eye of God?
5. Where lies the path of duty?

ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Maker of nets.
2. Father of a great multitude.
3. Because of his Gospel beginning with Divinity of Christ—flying so high that more is not possible.
4. "Horn" means strength and power—hence powerful salvation.
5. Jacob, whose brother was Heli.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Because all the rest are inaudible.
2. Paper stainers.
3. Nominative case.
4. Because they give us wax, pens and parchment.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

All the Children.

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long,
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O, the babble of the Babel!
O, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.
Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been—
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;

While of children, O how many,
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? Who will
scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint—
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would
break!

O, the babble of the Babel!
O, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

Story of a Shoe.

"Yes," said a new morocco shoe, as it lay under the bed last week, to its companion, an old slipper, "I have travelled about a great deal, and seen life in many strange varieties."

"I should like very much to hear the story of your life, if you are not

too tired," said the slipper, in a low voice, weak with age.

"Oh, I should be only too happy to accommodate you, replied the shoe. He was a great talker, and never so well pleased as when thus engaged. "Well," continued he, "my first recollections are of growing on the back of a goat near Buenos Ayres, in South America. Those were certainly the pleasantest days of my life, for I had nothing in the world to think of but how to enjoy myself. But pleasures never last long; at least, I found it so in my own case. One day the owner of the goats came to the pasture, and selected twenty-five of the best, the poor goat of which I formed a part being among the number. We were driven to the slaughter yard, and I shudder even now when I think of what followed; so I will not attempt to describe the process. It is only necessary to say that after sufficient time had elapsed, I found myself a bare hide, packed in a bale with hundreds of others, on board of a steamer bound for Boston. Though very much crushed and in need of fresh air, there was one evil I was free from, and that was sea-sickness. Arriving in Boston, I was quickly disposed of to tanners and carried to Peabody. Then commenced my days of suffering; I was soaked in water, pounded and whipped, and dressed with sumac. I went through so many different changes that you would be astonished; so I will pass them by, till the day I first appeared as a shining piece of morocco. To tell the truth, I did feel a little vain; but I didn't have much time to admire myself, for I was sent over to the shoe-maker's at Lynn, not many miles from Peabody. Here I was brought into a room where there were a great many men, all working as fast as they could.

One of them took me and cut me into a pair of number three ladies' shoes; then I was sewed on a machine, fastened on something called a sole, and finally I appeared as I now am. Then I was packed in a box with others like myself and sent to Boston, and placed in a large boot and shoe store. There I remained about three months, when a western merchant came in to purchase goods for his store in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He took quite a fancy to me, and the result was that I soon found myself again on the wing, bound for "the land of the West." After coming to Milwaukee, I spent a year very peacefully on the shelf of the shoe store; then the merchant sent one of his agents still further west with samples, and I happened to be among them. After travelling about for some time, we came to the beautiful city of Fort Dodge, Iowa. The agent, after much bantering, sold me to a merchant keeping a store on the corner of Market and Sixth streets. He put me on a shelf in the back part of the store, and here I staid for nearly six weeks, when one Saturday night a girl came in to purchase a pair of shoes. The merchant was tired and cross after his day's work, so he said quite sharply, 'Saturday night isn't a fit time to buy shoes; you will have to wait till next week.' 'But school commences on Monday,' replied the girl, 'the Sisters' school, too, and they are so particular.' 'Oh, that alters the case; go down there, and pick out a pair.'

"The girl obeyed very quickly, and began tossing the shoes about, and complaining that now-a-days it was almost impossible to find a good pair of shoes. However, the minute she saw me she changed her style of talking, and began praising me so much that only for my complexion I should have blushed forty colors. She took me home, and since that time I have been in constant use. And now my dear Miss Slipper, this is the 'Story of My Life'; so I will say good night, and wish you pleasant dreams."

Editorial Notes.

The Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

By an encyclical letter dated May 25th ult., the Holy Father ordained, that "on the 9th, 10th and 11th of June, in the principal church of every town and village, certain prayers be said, and on each of these days there be added to the other prayers the Litany of the Sacred Heart, approved by our authority. On the last day the form of consecration shall be recited which We send you with these letters." It is to be regretted, that owing to the distance, most of our congregations on this continent did not receive the official translation of this encyclical letter in time to prepare the faithful for this triduum of consecration to the Sacred Heart. But in Europe, and in all the centres of the League in the United States and Canada this beautiful act of consecration was made and the new litany recited. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for this month contains a most devotional musical setting of this litany by the gifted Jesuit composer, Father Bonvin, S.J. For the benefit of our readers we publish the Act of Consecration sent by the Holy Father and the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, approved by him for public and private devotion. They will be found at the foot of these notes.

The Holy Year.

The bull of the Holy Father proclaiming the jubilee of next year has now been published throughout the country. The synopsis given by us last month was correct as far as it went, although based on an unofficial report. The Holy Father calls attention to the great need of prayer at the

present time for the conversion of men's minds, and of penance to wash out the faults each one of us has committed. He then dwells most feelingly "on the solemn homage which is to be paid all the world over on the confines of two centuries to Jesus Christ, our Saviour," by the various devotions in connection with the jubilee. After stating the conditions necessary to gain the Indulgence of the jubilee viz.: the reception of the Sacraments of penance and of the Holy Eucharist, a pious visit of the basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, at least once a day for twenty days for residents of the city of Rome, or on ten days for pilgrims from a distance, and the usual prayers for the intentions of the Holy See, the Holy Father ends his letter by a magnificent tribute to the city of Rome, as the seat of Christ's empire on earth. The Papal letter exhorts all the pious Christians of the world, who are able, to visit the city of Rome during the jubilee, and there fulfill the conditions laid down. It makes no provision for those who will be unable to visit Rome but, no doubt, in due time the usual extension of the Indulgence to the world, together with the commuted conditions for those unable to go to Rome, will be communicated to our bishops.

The Papal Delegate to Canada.

According to the latest dispatches from Rome, the Holy See has not only determined to send a Papal Delegate to Canada, but has fixed its choice upon the Bishop of Aurengo in Italy. His name is Monsignor Diomede Falconio. He is to have an authority

in Canada similar to that of Archbishop Martinelli in the United States. Monsignor Falconio is a friar also. He belongs to the Franciscan Order. He was born in Pescocostanzo, Italy, in 1842, and is therefore in his 57th year. He joined the Franciscans at an early age, and was elected to various more or less important positions in his Order until in 1895 he was appointed Bishop of Aurengo. For some time the question of an Apostolic delegation to Canada has been before the Church and Government of Canada, especially since the visit of Monsignor Merry Del Val a few years ago. The position of Apostolic Delegate in Canada is attended with many more delicate relations to the civil government, than that of the Apostolic Delegate in the United States. The Church in Canada can have so much influence, on account of its numerical strength in the Lower Provinces, on the action of the Government that every one of her movements is closely watched by a bitter and prejudiced opposition. Hardly a day passes in Parliament that the religious question is not dragged into partisan debate and nearly always provokes heat and passion. Under such circumstances the new Apostolic Delegate will have to be "wise as a serpent" without sacrificing the simplicity of Christ.

The Great Scapular Feast.

One of the feasts most dear to the heart of every wearer of the Scapular is the annual commemoration of "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel," which the Church celebrates on the 16th of July. This year the feast falls on a Sunday. Great preparations are being made to celebrate it with becoming splendor in all our Carmelite churches throughout the country, but especially at the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Our readers will find full particulars of the pilgrimage organized for that day on another page, and we hope to welcome a large number of our subscribers among the army of devout pilgrims. It is a source of great consolation to us to witness the gradual increase of devotion to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" throughout the country, and it is our most ardent desire that this love of "Our Queen" may manifest itself in its highest degree at the shrine of the "Scapular" here at the Falls. We wish to make this sanctuary the official centre of the devotion to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" in America, and in time to build a church worthy of her and in harmony with the sublime surroundings. May our Dear Lord, who loves to see His Mother called Blessed by all generations, inspire the hearts of all the faithful wearers of the Scapular of "Our Lady" to aid us in this great tribute of homage and devotion to the "Queen and Flower of Carmel."

The Act of Consecration.

The following is a translation of the Act of Consecration which the Holy Father has issued with his encyclical letter on the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart :

"Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down with favor on us humbly prostrate at the foot of Thy altars. We are and we wish to be Thine ; but in order to unite ourselves to Thee by the strongest ties, we consecrate ourselves to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. A vast number of men have never known Thee ; they have despised Thee and transgressed Thy law. Have mercy on them all, O Sweet Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou, O Lord, the King not only of the faithful, who are

near to Thee, but also of the prodigal sons who have abandoned Thee, and grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger.

Be Thou King of those whom erroneous doctrines have deceived, or who have strayed away from the Church in a spirit of heresy; bring them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that there may be but one fold and one Shepherd.

Be Thou King of all who are plunged in the old superstitions of the Gentiles, and draw them from darkness into the light and the Kingdom of God. Grant to Thy Church, O Lord, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with this one word: Praise be to the Divine Heart of Jesus that wrought our salvation; to Him be honor and glory forever. Amen.

Litany of the Sacred Heart.

(By decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites dated April 2, 1899, the following Litany of the Heart of Jesus is approved for the entire world, and the Holy Father has attached an Indulgence of 300 days to its recitation in public or in private.)

NEW LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us.
 Lord, have mercy on us.
 Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.
 God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us,
 God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us,
 Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father, have mercy on us,
 Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mother,
 Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God,
 Heart of Jesus, of Infinite Majesty,
 Heart of Jesus, Sacred Temple of God,
 Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the Most High,
 Heart of Jesus, House of God and Gate of Heaven,
 Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,
 Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,
 Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,
 Heart of Jesus abyss of all virtues,
 Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
 Heart of Jesus, king and centre of all hearts,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwells the fullness of divinity,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father was well pleased,
 Heart of Jesus, of whose fullness we have all received,
 Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting hills,
 Heart of Jesus, patient and most merciful,
 Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and holiness,
 Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,
 Heart of Jesus, loaded down with opprobrium,
 Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offences,
 Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,

Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
 Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation,
 Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
 Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconciliation,
 Heart of Jesus, victim for sin,
 Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who trust in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints,
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear

us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
 V. Jesus meek and humble of heart,
 R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

LET US PRAY.

O, almighty and eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy; be Thou appeased and grant us pardon in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

Unculled Flowers.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

O could I find some uncultured bud!
 Some leaf or shrub enshrined,
 And breathing mystic fragrance in
 The garden of the mind.

How gladly would I twine a wreath
 All fair in purity
 To grace poetic realms of thought
 With Mary's imagery.

But ah! her praises have been sung
 In sweeter tones than mine;
 And rarer flow'rets have been wreathed
 Around her holy shrine.

The beauties of our earth and sky,
 And of the sparkling sea,
 Are themes familiar to the souls
 That sing, my Queen, of thee!

And yet, 'tis sweet to feel it so!
 Whene'er we speak of thee,
 There is an echo of our theme
 In great heart's sympathy.



The Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

V. REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

Our Annual Pilgrimage.

Events
The feast of "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" on the 16th of July this year will be celebrated on a Sunday. We have made arrangements with the Michigan Central R. R. to run the usual pilgrimage train from Buffalo. It will leave New York Central depot on Exchange street on Sunday, July 16th, at 7.30 a.m., arriving at the shrine about 8.30. As it is a Sunday, and therefore essential that every one should be able to hear Mass, we will have a Solemn High Mass in the open air. The altar will be placed under the arcade of the Hospice and a sermon appropriate to the occasion preached by Very Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines. There will be Low Masses in the church from the time of the arrival of the pilgrims until noon. Holy Communion will be given only in the church.

In order that there may be sufficient protection against the heat of the sun, and unexpected rain, we will have large tents erected on the grounds of the Hospice, and intend to provide this shelter at all future pilgrimages.

In the afternoon the Papal Benediction will be given from the altar in the arcade, followed by a sermon in

German and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We will provide cold meats, bread and coffee for the pilgrims; also iced drinks, ice cream and cakes.

The Great Indulgence of Mt. Carmel.

All those who visit a Carmelite church from the time of Vespers, 2 p.m. on July 15, until sunset of July 16, can gain a Plenary Indulgence as *often as they repeat the visit*. The Indulgence is applicable to the poor souls in Purgatory. In order to gain this great privilege, the faithful must make a good confession and receive Holy Communion, and at every visit pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. Five times the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and *Glory be to the Father*, etc., is sufficient for the purpose. Pilgrims can obtain a booklet containing the necessary prayers at the Hospice. It is not necessary to receive the Sacraments at the shrine. Confession at home and even Holy Communion in the parish church is allowed. Only the visits must be made at the Carmelite church.

There will be Confessions heard at the shrine on Saturday evening, July 15th, and Sunday morning until 11

a.m. Holy Communion will be given at all Masses.

The Pilgrimage Train.

The pilgrimage train will leave N. Y. Central station at 7:30 a.m. and convey the pilgrims to the grounds of the Hospice. It will leave the grounds for Buffalo at 6 p.m. Tickets for the round trip will be only 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for children. They can be obtained beforehand at the Catholic Union Book Store, at the office of the "Rundschau," 218 Broadway, and at the office of the Michigan Central, 219 Main street, Buffalo.

Blessing of the Hospice.

On Thursday, June 15th ult., the new Hospice of Mt. Carmel was solemnly blessed by His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, assisted by Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, and a large concourse of clergymen from the United States and Canada. A steady downpour of rain, which lasted nearly all morning, prevented hundreds of the faithful, who were anxious to be present, from attending the ceremony. It also prevented the outdoor procession and all the ceremonies were held indoors.

At 9 a.m. His Grace the Archbishop said Mass for the pilgrims, who had come in spite of the rain, at the shrine of "Our Lady of Peace." At 10 a.m. High Mass was sung by Rev. Bernard Fink, O.C.C., of Englewood, N.J., and at 11.30 a.m. the ceremony of blessing the building took place. The visiting clergymen formed in procession, singing appropriate psalms, and passed from floor to floor of the building along the spacious corridors, while the officiating Archbishop sprinkled all the rooms with holy water. On returning to the portal the Te Deum was sung and the

ceremony concluded with the episcopal blessing.

In the afternoon at 4 p.m. Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, who had been pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Peace long before the Carmelite Fathers came to the place, preached an eloquent sermon on the many privileges and indulgences accorded to the shrine of "Our Lady of Peace" by Pope Pius IX., on the mission of the Carmelite Fathers to conduct retreats and inspire the faithful to a life of prayer, on the solemn ceremony of blessing the new Hospice, and on the object and work of this institution. He sketched in beautiful language the peace and happiness of a soul, reconciled to its God and animated to new love for the Creator of all the surrounding wonders of nature, after a period of retreat in this, the most desirable spot on earth. He spoke of that still nobler purpose of the building, to provide a home to those veterans of the clergy, who had worn out their vigor and strength in the vineyard of Christ, and would come here to spend their declining years in peace and comfort. Finally he exhorted all to spread the knowledge of the existence of such a beautiful haven of rest and refreshment for body and soul among their friends, asking them to spread the news still further, until the whole country would become aware of this house of prayer and spiritual blessings.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto then gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to the assembled pilgrims, and the congregation joined in singing the hymn: "Holy God, we praise Thy name," concluding the ceremonies by this public act of thanksgiving.

Visitors to the Hospice.

Among the clergy assisting at the blessing of the Hospice we noted the following: Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Richard A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough; Very Rev. M. P. Connery, Vicar General of Buffalo, N.Y.; Very Rev. V. Marijon, Provincial of the Basilian Fathers; Very Rev. James McGill, Provincial of the Vincentian Fathers; Very Rev. Deans Harris of St. Catharines and Egan of Barrie, Ont.; Rev. Fathers McHale, rector of Niagara University; Allain and Canning, of St. Catharines; Sullivan, of Thorold; Smythe, of Merritton; McColl, of Fort Erie; Hand and Cline, of St. Paul's, Toronto; Rohleder and Healy, of St. Michael's, Toronto; Minehan, of St. Peter's, Toronto; Brennan, C.S.B. of St. Basil's, Toronto; Dollard, of St. Mary's, Toronto; Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, Ont.; Kilcullen, of Adjala, Ont.; Gallagher, of Pickering, Ont.; Jeffcott, of Oshawa, Ont.; Kiernan, of Toronto Gore, Ont.

From other dioceses there were present: Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford; Rev. Fathers Crinnon of Dunnville, O'Reilly of Hamilton, Gnam of

Hesson, Ont.; Downey, of Mitchell, Ont.; Oberholzer, of Rochester, N.Y.; Becherimi, of Detroit, Mich.; Hamel, of Olean, N.Y.; Weber of Buffalo, N.Y.; Faber, S.J.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Schauer, C.S.S.R., Buffalo, N.Y.; Celestine Engelbrecht, O.S.B., and Athanasius Hintenach, O.S.B., of Erie, Pa.; Leddy of Warsaw, Conway of Norwood, Ont.; P. J. Harold, New York City; D. T. O'Malley, O.C.C., and Fink, O.C.C., Englewood, N.J.; Bruder, O.C.C., Pittsburg, Pa.; Feehan, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Brennan, O.C.C., Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Bros. Odo and Patrick, Toronto, Ont.

Notice.

The Hospice is now open to all visitors. There will be but one retreat during the month of July, very probably the last week, during which the clergy of the diocese of Toronto will hold their annual retreat at the Hospice. During the time when no special retreat is published, the building is open to all Catholic men and women who choose to visit the shrine. Write to us: *Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.*, for particulars.

Flos Carmeli.

A metrical version of St. Simon Stock's miraculous prayer to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

MOST holy Virgin, beauty of Mount Carmel !
 O Virgin Flower, blooming evermore !
 Bright ornament of heaven ! Maiden Mother
 Of God Incarnate, Whom we all adore !

Mother of holy love, of mercy, meekness !
 Mother, above all mothers, honored far !
 Be gracious to thy children dear of Carmel,
 And all who wear thy Sacred Scapular !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

PUBLICATIONS.

"Our Monthly Devotions," by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, published by Benziger Bros., New York. (635 p.p., cloth, gilt title, red edge. Price \$1.25).

This devotional book, by the author of "Our Favorite Devotions," will at once recommend itself to the pious reader on account of its comprehensiveness. It is just the book you have long wished for. The Litany of the Sacred Heart on page 275 for *private* devotion can now be used *publicly*.

One can read and re-read with profit all that Katherine Conway has written in her Family Sitting Room Series. "Bettering Ourselves" means all that the title suggests. This dainty little book can be had from the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

B. Herder, 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., puts on the book market "Christian Education" or "The Duties of Parents," by the learned Jesuit Father William Becker. The work is a book of German sermons on Christian Education. A second edition was called for in the original and we are sure there will be a great demand for this valuable work. Price, \$1.25.

The Herder house also publishes "In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories," translated by Mary Richards Gray. It is good for summer reading and sells at 50 cents.

Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, the author of the "For The French Lilies," recently reviewed in the columns of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, has transferred the publishing rights of her novel, "The Falcon of Langeac" to B. Herder of St. Louis, which firm will have the exclusive right in future to issue the book. Mrs. Whiteley is a sister of Mary F. Nixon, author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," and a well-known writer in Catholic magazines.

In the June number of the *Irish Rosary* Thomas More Madden writes interestingly of the ruined abbeys and monasteries which in times of yore lined the historic Shannon. The writer merely mentions an old Carmelite

shrine in Ireland, viz., Loughrea Abbey in the County of Galway. This shrine, we are told by Dr. Madden, was founded in the year 1300 by Richard De Burgo, for the venerable Order of Carmelites—or White Friars. Like most of the other monasteries of Ireland, it was suppressed and destroyed in the blood-stained reign of Henry VIII. Within comparatively recent years, however, its desecrated site has been again blessed by the successors of the exiled priests, and the town again become the scene of the labors of the Carmelite Fathers.

The famous Taber Prang Art Company of Boston have turned out a very pretty and unique souvenir for the good Carmelite Sisters whose Rose Festival on July 1st next is attracting the attention of thousands. The Sisters have kindly consented to send one of their beautiful June Roses to those applying for them. Write at once if you do not wish to be disappointed. In doing so you should enclose at least ten cents in coin and a stamp. Address, Rev. Mother Prioress, 61 Mount Pleasant avenue, Roxbury station, Boston, Mass.

THANKSGIVING.

For half-pay instead of quarter-pay granted a retired policeman.

For spiritual favors granted to a young man.

For blessings conferred upon a family.

For relief from troublesome illness.

For strength granted to avoid a dangerous companion.

H. H. of Pittsburg returns thanks for a spiritual favor.

For spiritual favor.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For the welfare of two young girls.

For the conversion of a Protestant young lady.

For the return of a family to their religious obligations.

For the return of a father to his religious duties.

For the return of a missing husband.

For the special intentions of four young persons.

For the reformation of a brother.

For the speedy recovery or happy death of two persons.

For the conversion of a brother.
 For success in a great undertaking.
 For restoration of sight.
 For the return of a wayward son.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received for registration at our Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from: St. Augustine's St. Louis, Mo.; St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown, Pa.; St. Hubert's, Danville, Pa.; St. Boniface's Peoria, Ill.; St. —, Sparta, Wis.; St. Edward's, Austin, Texas.

Names received for Scapular registration at Leavenworth, Kansas, from: St. Kevin's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Kas.; St. Leander's Priory, Canton City, Col.; St. Joseph's Church, Beatrice, Neb.

Names received for Scapular registration at Scipio, Kansas, from: St. Charles's church, Charleston, Ill.; Carrollton, Ill.; Argentine, Kansas; St. Mark, Kansas.

Names received for Scapular registration at our Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from: Church of the Visitation, Elm Grove, Wis.; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.; St. Vincent de Paul Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Frenchtown, Ind.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Priory, Somerset, O.; St. Thomas', Mo.; St. Teresa's Church, P.E.I.; St. Peter's Church, Wheelersburg, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Francis' Church, Naugatuck, Conn.; St. Bridget's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mt. Angel, Ore.; Island Pond, Vt.; Berdan's Church, Bradock, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Vincent de Paul Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; St. Thomas Aquin Church, Coal Centre, Pa.

Names received for Scapular registration at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from: St. Michael's, Camelton, Ind.; St. Francis', Frankford, Ont.; St. Charles', Suters, Pa.; St. Patrick's, Alpsville, Pa.; St. Peter's, London, Ont.; St. John's, Minta, Ky.; Jesuit College, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Rose, Lima, O.; Decarah, Ind.; St. Leo's, Ridgeway, Pa.; St. Stephen's, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Columban's, Ont.; Egaline, Ont.; St. Augusta, Minn.; Idaho Springs, Colo.; Java Centre, N.Y.; Tillbury, Ont.; St. Ann's Church, Guxton, N.S.; North Baltimore, O.

Favors for the Hospice.

Miss M.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss B.G., St. Louis, Mo.; F.C., Boston, Mass.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

THOMAS MURRAY, a Christian gentleman of amiable and sterling qualities, who went to his reward at Buffalo, N.Y., on June 20th.

HANNAH GARVEY, who died at Syracuse, N.Y., last month, clothed in the livery of the Blessed Virgin

MRS. J. RONAYNE, who died last month in County Waterford, Ireland.

JAMES J. FARLEY.

FRANK KANE, JR.

HUGH KELLY, who died 1872.

JOHN J. CORNEY, a subscriber to the REVIEW, who departed this life May 19th, after an illness patiently borne for several months.

MRS. WM. TURNER, who departed this life Feb. 18, '98.

JAMES PRENDERGAST, lately deceased.

MRS. MARY DENNIS, who departed this life March 2nd, '99.

CORNELIUS WHALEN, who died March 6th, '99.

JOHN DUNGAN, lately deceased.

The prayers of the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW are asked for the repose of the soul of Bridget Corrigan, widow of Daniel Devlin of New York. Mrs. Devlin reached the age of 76 years, and met her Creator with her hands filled with the charitable deeds of a lifetime. Her death occurred June 13th, '99, at Elizabeth, N.J.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





Die Krönung der seligsten Jungfrau.

COURONNEMENT DE LA SAINTE VIERGE | CORONATION OF THE HOLIEST VIRGIN

Carmelite



Review.

VOL. VII.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., AUGUST, 1899.

NO. 8.

Saint Rose of Lima.

E. DE M.



LOVELY flower of Lima !

We may well call thee "Rose !"
Love's sweetly scented symbol
Which in the Summer blows.

Yet thorns are circling round thee
O patient, suffering Rose !
To guard thy pure heart's fairness
Where Jesus will repose.

List to His invitation :

"Be thou My spouse, dear Rose !" *
To thy enraptured spirit
It will His love disclose.

Thou art the New World's glory,
O first-crowned, saintly Rose !
And in the Lamb's blest nuptials
Thy beauty softly glows.

Amidst His white-robed virgins
Thy blessedness o'erflows ;
O shed on us thy fragrance,
And pray for us, Saint Rose !

* "Rose of my heart, be thou My spouse !" — Words of our Lord to St. Rose.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr. Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER III.

ALGERIA. KABYLIA. 1854—1859.

Africa and his military life—A life of sacrifice—Phases of the French occupation of Algeria—Immolation and spiritual training—The population of Algiers—Immorality—Mgr. Pavy—The Lazarist Missioners—The Jesuits—Orphanage at Bouffarick—Ambition of de Sonis to Christianise the army—The cholera—Fever—In danger of death—Solitude and Sadness—His life with God—Retreat at La Trappe, Staoueli—Love of Jesus Christ—He establishes the nocturnal adoration at Algiers—His interior troubles—God alone and his family—His family join him at Milianah—Birth of a fourth child—De Sonis de Blidah—The move—*Deo gratias*—Catechism with his children—Return to Mustapha—Noble poverty—Sacrifices—Arabic studies—Expedition in Kabylia—His family return to France—The camp of Tizi-Ouzou—End of the campaign—His fifth child—His wish for the Arab Bureau—Disinterestedness—His dream of a life of peace, piety and friendship—Campaign of 1857—Great Kabylia—Fort National—The attack of El-Amiz—Submission of the Beni-Raten—De Sonis at Orleansville—He passes to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique—Return to Mustapha—His discreet apostolate—He is ordered to the Italian campaign—Duty above all—A letter of Turenne.



It was in Africa that almost all the military life of M. de Sonis was to be spent. He passed twenty years in Algeria. This country with its constant dangers and surprises suited this "child of the islands," as he called himself, and there he found what existed in no other part of the world for a French soldier—active service and a real soldier's life.

The country at that moment was under the command of General de Randon, who had been appointed Governor. In his Memoirs he writes :

"From 1830 to 1841 nine Commanders-in-Chief or Governors-General succeeded one another in Algiers. The army was admirable, and accomplished marvels with small means, like the taking of Constantine. But the home government seemed rather alarmed than pleased at these successes. From 1841 to 1847, Marshal Bugeaud devoted himself, not only to the conquest but to the colonisation of the country. He remained six and a half years in

Algeria, quashed the insurrection, which was fomented by Abd-el-Kader, proved the French strength in the battle of Isly against the Emperor of Morocco, and conquered a portion of Great Kabylia. Then he attracted colonists by founding villages, opening roads, and encouraging agricultural progress in every way.

But then came the February Revolution. From 1847 to 1848 no less than seven Generals were sent as successive Governors of the country. This naturally checked all the improvements of Marshal Bugeaud, and stopped all further attempts at conquest.

The tribes revolted in many places, and a great rising in Kabylia threatened to spread even to the gates of Algiers. It was to arrest this movement that General Randon was sent by the Emperor. The investment of Djurjura began in 1852; the following year the East and West of Kabylia yielded to the troops of Generals Bosquet and MacMahon. In 1854, the South submitted to their conquerors. But the centre of the country had yet to be subdued. The French army in Africa being reduced by the Crimean war from 75,000 to 45,000 men, the Commander-in-Chief was compelled to postpone the expedition for a short time; but the attack was imminent, so that de Sonis arrived at the right moment.

In the month of August, 1854, we find him established as Captain commanding a squadron of Hussars at Mustapha Supérieur, on the heights above Algiers.

"The camp is on the sea-shore," he writes to M. Louis de Seze, "but I live in a little house above. My lodging is not very spacious; it only consists of a bed-room and sitting room; but it is beautifully clean and fresh, while a

lovely panorama is seen from the windows. To my left is Algiers; beneath is the shore and the camp of Mustapha, while to the right are the mountains of Kabylia, the whole being bounded by the sea, which is always covered with ships. I feel quite ashamed of the time I spend at my window! Especially in the evening, I love to meditate there. . . . I have never before so keenly felt my own nothingness, but also I have never hoped more firmly in the mercy of God, Who has made us so little to excite us to raise our hearts towards Him Who is so glorious in His works." "The heavens in Africa speak to one of religion," wrote another. "It is under this sky that Cicero placed the dream of Scipio, which under its pagan prose reveals to us the evangelical depths of immortal life."

M. de Sonis was then thirty years of age. Separated from his wife and children, and voluntarily abstaining from general society, his time was spent in the exercise of his duties, and afterwards in prayer and charity.

He was painfully struck by the condition of Algiers, especially what was by way of being the Christian part of the population. He deplored the profound immorality of the French colonists, both merchants and soldiers, while around them, the natives, though absorbed in all the errors of Mahometanism, were eminently religious. He became intimate with the Bishop, Mgr. Pavy, an admirable man, whose one object was the moral and religious resurrection of Africa. The Cure of Mustapha was a Lazarist priest, and a worthy son of St. Vincent de Paul. The Conferences of that society, to which de Sonis had so long belonged, were held at the Bishop's house, and no one was more diligent than the

young Captain in his visits to the sick poor, who abounded in certain quarters of the town. He also made friends with the Jesuits in the Rue de Saluste, whose Superior was the Pere Reynaud, afterwards Provincial. "I often see those good fathers," he writes, "and when I am in the town, it is a great happiness to me to be able to refresh myself amongst them."

He was delighted also with the orphanages they had founded, one at Bouffarick, and one at Ben-Aknoun. Pere Brumaud had collected all the stray waifs he could find, and founded an agricultural school, which answered admirably. De Sonis writes of this: "I was so struck with the bright happy look of these children and the Christian atmosphere which one feels everywhere. I cannot help hoping that this work will be one of the principal elements for regenerating this poor Africa, and that the day [will come when God will be really loved in a land where He is now blasphemed."

He was very hopeful too about the future of the army. "Those who practice their religion," he writes, "are excellent Christians. It is the numbers which are wanting. There is an immense apostolate to be done in the army, for there is genuine, honest faith under their uniforms, which one sees especially in campaigns and in the midst of privations and death. A priest who accompanied the last expedition to Kabylia assured me that every wounded soldier had joyfully accepted the consolations of religion. Here in the military hospital, the chaplain told me that, of all the men who had died there during the year, only one had refused to go to Confession. When I am with my squadron and my Hussars take off their dolmans to file their arms, I almost always see a medal

of the Blessed Virgin or some religious emblem round their necks. It is very unlucky that we cannot establish here the same work we did at Limoges for the soldiers,—there is so much good in these poor fellows!"

M. de Sonis' frank and simple faith won the respect of all his brother-officers here as in France. "I find myself on capital terms with my comrades," he writes. "All the officers receive me most kindly, though I did not hesitate at once to profess myself a Christian. That is the essential thing; and, that done, our good God takes care of the rest and rewards one hugely for the little one does for Him." Our Lord, Who found in him so willing and faithful a servant, made him pass through the crucible of suffering. The cholera raged at that time in Algiers, and the sanitary state of the barracks was very bad. "Almost all the young men who arrive from France die after a few days," he writes, at that moment. "Fifteen died in one night, and on Sunday at the review two of our poor soldiers dropped down and never recovered."

It was not the cholera which attacked de Sonis, however, but fever, which brought him to the very brink of the grave. It seemed hard to die so young, away from all he loved! But His fiat was ever ready, and God restored him to health. He still suffered very much from the loneliness of his position and wrote to a friend:

"I am very solitary here, among people I scarcely know, and who do not in any way share my ideas. As soon as my daily military duties are over, as well as the officers' mess, I take my horse and come home. Then I read, write, and meditate till evening. At first I found it very hard to accustom myself to this life. I love

my wife and children so much that it seemed to me impossible to live away from them, but I have placed this at the foot of the Cross like all the rest. I hope also I may be better for this new state in which Divine Providence has placed me. I think of the words of Holy Writ: 'I will lead him into solitary places, and there I will speak to his heart. May I not be too unworthy to listen to that voice!'

He made a retreat at this time with the Trappist monks at Staoueli, under the guidance of the famous Father Francis Regis, who had founded this monastery in 1843, and had succeeded after superhuman difficulties in making the property one of the most fertile and beautiful oases in the neighborhood of Algiers. De Sonis came out of his retreat transformed, and full of fresh plans for the salvation of souls. Gathering together a little knot of men like himself, he began the night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Jesuit chapel. "Pray for us," he writes to his friend, "especially on the eve of the feast of the Assumption, when for the first time in Algiers we hope to begin the nightly adoration of the Divine Eucharist. I shall think of and pray much then for you and yours. The more I see of this country the more I long to make reparation for the many outrages which our Lord is continually receiving here!"

He could not conceal, however, the sadness which he felt at the separation from his family. He writes touchingly:

"I cannot turn away my thoughts from that dear little mother in her house a few miles from Castres, where she is living like a widow, surrounded by her children and waiting the arrival of another. She is certainly the best woman in the world!" He wrote to

her by every mail, even when he had broken his arm. Of this he was afraid to tell her, and therefore bore the suffering writing entailed, lest she should be alarmed.

"Ever since I have been in this world," he wrote, "I have been separated from those I love, losing father and mother, and brothers and sisters, whom God knows if I shall ever see again! But, in spite of all this, I should be blind indeed if I did not acknowledge that God has always guided my steps. How often has He given me a helping hand as a father, while I wandered hither and thither like the prodigal son!"

At last the happy moment of reunion came. Madame de Sonis and her children rejoined him in Algeria towards the end of the autumn. But at that very moment the attack upon Kabylia was decided upon, and the siege of a town called Tuggurt, whose sheik, Selman, had revolted with all the neighboring tribes. The expedition took place, and Tuggurt was taken after a bloody battle. But de Sonis' regiment was not called upon to take part in it, greatly to his disappointment. His regret was softened, however, by the arrival of his wife, who had given birth to a fourth child, Albert, a month before. She only brought the two eldest with her, leaving the little ones with their grandparents. They installed themselves at Milianah, where de Sonis' regiment was then quartered, and which stands in a good and healthy position. But three months after they were transferred to Blidah. He wrote:

"I hoped to stop at Milianah for some time, when orders came to start the very next morning for Blidah! I had to pack in the greatest haste, and make every arrangement besides for

the departure of my squadron, which drove me almost to despair, and I fear my Christian resignation was for once at fault. It was not on my own account, but for my little wife, who had to ride with my children on muleback by frightful roads, across rivers which became torrents every moment, and in which I myself was nearly drowned, for the rain fell in such torrents as this country only knows! One of the horses was carried away by the current for more than a kilometre. All this was not pleasant, and I had almost made up my mind to leave my family at Milianah, had I not been deterred by the prayers of my wife, who could not resign herself to a fresh separation which would have lasted till the spring. But, as usual, God came to our aid; the rain diminished, and we only took three days to march the twenty leagues to Blidah. It is true that the mule which bore the children in panniers fell and threatened to squash the whole family! But the poor beast got up, and I thank God that we had nothing worse than a great fright."

At Blidah, they lived in a Moorish house with an interior court planted with fine orange-trees, to the children's great delight. "Our life is passed entirely alone together," he writes; there are no society duties, and no one to go and see. You can guess how happy we are at last!" He began to give his children their first religious lessons, and speaks of "their long talks about the catechism," ending with, "I think our little darlings are quite disposed to become good Christians, and that is all I care for."

He was not allowed, however, to remain long in peace anywhere, and an order came in a few months for their return to Mustapha. "I was very grieved at first at having to change

my quarters," he writes, "as a move is always a great expense. But now we have come back here, where the air is so pure and the sea-shore such an amusement to the children, I thank God, Who always brings good out of what we fancy will be evil." His wife writes: "We ride a good deal together, and pay visits to the Arab chiefs among the tribes. We are so very happy to be together again that all minor discomforts are forgotten, and I should find even a charm in our frequent changes of residence, if only it were not for the money they cost."

This, in fact, was the real cross which de Sonis had always to bear—that of poverty. Even promotion was ruinous to him. "My new uniform is terribly expensive," he writes, "and one has to pay by a multitude of little sacrifices for each step in one's profession." He would not diminish any of his charities, however, and managed to continue them by depriving himself of what most men would consider necessities. He gave up smoking, his favorite newspaper, his visits to the Cafe, and made many similar sacrifices; but he did not give up the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. On the 20th of July, 1855, he writes: "We were all united, my dear Louis, on the 19th at the altar of God, as you doubtless were also, imploring our Lord to fill us with that spirit of charity which burnt in the heart of our great St. Vincent de Paul. There were three Captains, two Engineer-officers, and several naval men. May our numbers increase!"

Among other things which he undertook and carried out about this time was the study of Arabic. There are two branches of that language: the one learned or literary, known to the Marabouts, but quite unknown to the

mass of the people ; the other a popular dialect in use among the different tribes. De Sonis mastered both better than any other officer, which made him invaluable in dealing with the natives.

In the month of April, 1856, the 7th regiment of Hussars received orders to start immediately for Kabylia. General Deligny was sent to defeat the tribes who had risen simultaneously in the Djurjura, and Captain de Sonis was the next officer in command. As a soldier this was a joy to him, but it involved his parting again with his wife and children. "My expenses have been so heavy," he wrote, "in consequence of our constant changes, that I dare not incur any fresh ones, and must separate myself from what I love best in the world. But the price of everything in this country is enormous, and I dread above everything being in debt. I do not think my wife and I could have borne the parting, had we not sought courage and strength from Him Who is their only source."

He wrote this from Tizi-Ouzou, the only really fortified position at that time on the borders of Kabylia. A little later he had brilliant news to give of the success of their arms. They had carried the Forts of Djemma, which were supposed to be impregnable, and all the hostile tribes had been subdued one by one. The campaign only ended when the heavy rains converted the rivers into torrents. On the 10th of October, General Randon addressed his troops in a general order, praising them for their bravery and announcing his intention of resuming operations in the spring. De Sonis took advantage of this lull to pay a little visit to his family at Castres, where his wife was about to present him with a fifth child. He

was very much disappointed about this time at the post in the Arab *bureau* which had been promised him, being given to another.

Then there was a question of his being sent to Tunis to give military instruction to the troops of the Bey. But from one cause or the other all these things fell through. His independence of spirit and proper pride prevented his stooping to the ordinary ways of obtaining such appointments ; nor would he let others plead for him. Count de Seze having tried to bring about an improvement in his position through Horace Vernet, the great painter, de Sonis wrote at once : "I thank you, my dear friend, for having striven to interest M. Vernet in my case ; but I must repeat what I have so often said before,—that I will never ask for anything of anybody. This is not, believe me, from any foolish pride, but because I cannot bear to be an occasion of worry and annoyance to my friends, and never would do anything to curry favor with the dispensers of promotion ;—not that I do not think it is a duty to provide for my ever-increasing family ; but I have great faith in Divine Providence, and I do not think that God will ever leave those in misery who strive to be His faithful servants."

Sometimes, it is true, his love of home made him think with longing of a life where he could have devoted himself entirely to the education of his children and the care of the poor. But he felt that duty called him elsewhere. "God has willed it otherwise," he wrote. "Let us submit to His holy Will. To be a Christian, after all, consists in that ; and if I were to sum up in two words what I look upon as the essence of our faith, it would be *Love and Resignation.*" At the be-

ginning of the year 1857, his leave was over. "How quickly the time goes when one is happy!" he writes. "I have done my best to profit by the time of Advent, and to prepare myself for a separation which may be an eternal one. But I have placed my life at the feet of Him Who gave His own for us."

On the 17th of May, 1857, the army in three divisions, under the command of Marshal Randon, marched to the attack of the Beni-Raten, the most powerful tribe of Kabylia. The Yusuf division, in which was de Sonis, were ordered to carry the position of El Amiz by assault, and in two hours, in spite of the vigorous defence of the enemy, the heights of Souk-el-Arba were wrested from the Arab gunners, and the French army was triumphant. The battle was fought on the 24th of May, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, at five o'clock in the morning. A special Mass of thanksgiving was at once offered up by Abbe Suchet, Vicar-General of Algiers, on a temporary altar made up of military emblems, and crowned with a great wooden cross made of the branches of trees. When climbing up the rocks to the attack the soldiers had come upon an old Roman stone on which was the following inscription: "*Oh Christ, mayest Thou take possession of this land by means of Thy people!*" The Abbe naturally alluded to this in his little sermon to the men, telling them how for thirteen centuries this prayer had slept, as it were, on these mountains, till awakened by the victory of that day.

Before pushing their conquests further, the Governor-General thought it would be wise to make a military road uniting Tizi-Ouzou and the Fort which was to be built on the heights which

had just been won. The Engineers under General de Chabaud-Latour at once began the work, and in eighteen days a road of twenty-five kilometres long and six metres wide had been made through these hitherto impenetrable rocks. On the 14th of June, which was the anniversary of the disembarkation of the first French troops in Algeria, Marshal Randon laid the first stone of the Fort called "Napoleon," and which is now the Fort "National." That morning again a magnificent altar was erected, where Abbe Suchet offered the Holy Sacrifice, and in his sermon congratulated the army on having crowned those infidel heights with the sign of the Cross."

The Kabyles understood very well that this Fort would be the grave of their independence. An old chief, having come to Souk-el-Kara and asked a French officer what they were building, on receiving his reply, said: "Commander, look at me. When a man is going to die, he recollects himself and closes his eyes. I, a noted chief among the Kabyles, shut my eyes also, for Kabylia is about to die!" and he turned away with a sob.

The Beni-Raten having sent in their submission, the General now directed his troops to the attack of Beni-Yenni, another powerful tribe, separated from the rest by the deep valley watered by the Oued-Djemma river. The heights were carried by MacMahon's division, to the astonishment of the Kabyles, who had mustered 4,000 men, and kept up a murderous fire. On the 1st of July, General Massiat established himself on the summit of the Djurjura, on the mountain of Chellotta. The natives exclaimed that it was their death-blow. By the 12th of July there was not a village left in the whole of Kabylia which did not recognize

French authority. The Governor-General announced the end of the campaign in a triumphant proclamation. The Yusuf division returned to Algiers. Their glorious expedition had only lasted forty-five days; 27,000 soldiers had taken part in it; 1,500 officers and soldiers paid with their blood for the conquest of Kabylia.

In the beginning of the year 1856, we find that de Sonis was at Orleansville, and once more with his wife and family. But his care of them did not in any way relax his watchfulness over his soldiers. His daughter remembers at that very time having been at play in the hall of what was called the officers' quarters, and seeing a poor soldier going into her father's room, crying and exclaiming: "Ah, Captain! what shall I do? My poor dear mother is dead!" Her father took him in his arms and led him into a little room, where he remained consoling and strengthening him for a long time, till he had reconciled him to a calmer acceptance of the Will of God. But in all their troubles it was to de Sonis that the men invariably turned for advice and comfort.

Soon after, finding that the 7th Hussars were about to return to France, he begged to be transferred to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were in garrison at Algiers and only left their quarters to go on active service. He was warmly received by the Colonel, the Count Jules de Salignac-Fenelon, who shared all his convictions. One of his brother-officers writes of him at this time:

"I knew de Sonis when he first joined us. He was young, tall, well-made, and rather slight in figure, a wonderfully good rider, well-informed, modest, very kind-hearted, and charitable towards every one, but very severe

towards himself, and a strict observer of discipline and rule in the regiment. He very soon won all our hearts."

De Sonis took this time an old Moorish house at Mustapha Superieur, commanding a glorious view of Algiers and its harbor. He was expecting a sixth child in the month of November. His brother Theobald was at that time an attache at the Arab-Bureau of Blidah, and de Sonis worked quietly but steadily to make him as good a Christian as himself. The Cure of Mustapha, M. Alaudet, wrote about him at this time:

"His apostolate consisted in making religion pleasant and attractive to his companions by rendering them every kind of little service. If any of them were ill, he was the first by their bedside; and should any danger supervene, he would not only fetch the priest himself, but suggest holy thoughts to the sick man, and dispose him to receive me. He really was like a Christian of the Middle Ages. His interior life was more like that of a Religious than a soldier. Constant prayer and frequent Communion raised him daily nearer and nearer towards perfection. All I can say is, that whenever my ministry brought me into closer contact with this soul, I felt myself inspired to greater zeal and devotion towards my duties as priest and missionary."

One of his last joys at Mustapha was the erection of a great iron cross, which, with his Colonel and the Cure's assistance, was placed at the turn of the road leading to the Governor's summer palace. The whole parish assisted in procession, the Bishop blessed it, all the officers of the staff were present, and the military band played. It was a striking act of faith, and the Mussulmans were both astonished and edified by it. De Sonis

always felt "that Algeria would never be conquered by France till the Christian religion was firmly established ; and that more would be done by the cross than by the sword."

In the spring of 1858, he was sent with his regiment to subdue certain hostile tribes to the south of the colony, and there caught a nasty fever, which hung about him till the beginning of 1859. But he never would yield to physical discomforts, and in the month of February was preparing for a fresh expedition to Kabylia, when war broke out between France and Austria, and the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were ordered to take part in it.

"This Italian campaign did not please my husband," wrote Madame de Sonis. "But he was a soldier to the back-bone, and he loved his profession with a sort of passion. As for me, though I was full of fear and anxieties, I never ventured to hinder him—I do not mean from doing his duty—but from going wherever his wishes inclined him, however much I

may have had to suffer in consequence." She and her children returned to France during this campaign, and they parted as usual after Holy Communion together. He offered his life to God, and asked simply that he might do his duty. Two centuries before, on the 11th of June, 1660, another illustrious French Captain wrote to his wife before crossing the Pyrenees, as follows :

"We are just beginning the campaign. I have prayed hard to God that He may give me the grace to pass through it without fear, knowing no greater good than to have one's conscience at rest, as far as human frailty will permit. I am always in the same state of mind, praying that God may keep me in His faith and fear, and make me a better Christian than I am."

He who wrote these words was Turenne. True Christian heroes in all ages resemble one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the "Salve Regina."

There is not, perhaps, a more touching appeal to the Immaculate Heart, than that sigh of its "exiled children," the "Salve Regina;" and this, because it is at once a song of praise and a prayer of petition to the "Mater Misericordiæ." There is not one word which is not sanctified with the unction of mercy.

We call her "our life, our sweetness and our hope," for Jesus who is all things, in an infinite degree, came to us by her. We remind her that she is our "Advocate," like another Esther

raised to the throne "for the salvation of her people."

We will ask our "Mater Misericordiæ" to turn on us to-day the merciful eyes which gazed on the Crucified, and not only on ourselves but on every sinner or sorrowful soul ; the eyes of Jesus follow those of His Blessed Mother! Yes! and the love and mercy of His Sacred Heart incline to her prayers. Let us say to her "look on us, O Mother! in mercy now, let us look on thee in love and gratitude in our eternal home."—ENFANT DE MARIE.

A Trip to Acadia.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M.D.



WE were sitting on the veranda of the Carmelite Monastery which crowns the summit of the ledge and overlooks the far-famed Falls of Niagara. It was a beautiful afternoon

in July and we were discussing the merits and demerits of the various sea shore resorts : Coney Island, Manhattan, Atlantic City, Bar Harbor and many others were spoken of, but after much discussion pro and con the palm was finally awarded to the Land of Evangeline—"Acadia, home of the happy," as presenting the greatest and most diversified attractions to the seeker of solid comfort and midsummer sports.

The attractions of Niagara may well be "taken in" in three or four days, for they are all centered in the great gorge of seven miles length, bordered on either side by electric railways. But the tourist who has three or four weeks at his disposal can see more beauty and enjoy more pleasure in a trip to the Land of the Mayflower than to any other spot on the whole American continent.

There are many roads that lead to Rome, and there are many ways of reaching Acadia, or, as it is now called, Nova Scotia ; but to my mind, and I have travelled by all routes and speak in the interest of the traveller, the Yarmouth line of steamers from Boston to Yarmouth and thence by rail up

through the heart of Nova Scotia, is by far the most interesting and attractive. An item of considerable interest to the tourist, inasmuch as it enhances the enjoyment of a journey, is to have the officials one comes in contact with courteous and affable. This is most emphatically the case with the officers of the Yarmouth Line from the captain and purser to the waiter. Besides, it is considerably the shortest route and provides the greatest accommodations.

In speaking thus warmly of this line and its gentlemanly officials, I am certain I am voicing the sentiments of the merry party of six which left Boston on that July afternoon a few years ago, and after a most enjoyable night on the water, during which we reveled in a feast of music and song, landed bright and early the next morning at the pier in Yarmouth where we found the train "the flying Bluenose" awaiting our arrival. Ample time being allowed for breakfast, we started, after many adieus to the captain and other officers, on our journey through "the forest primeval."

"Where the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms."

It was a glorious morning and we sped away over rugged hills and through delightful valleys, along the borders of Annapolis Basin to the famous old town of Port Royal—the

oldest town in the Province, and the principal theatre of the early wars between the French and English when they fought for sovereignty on this continent.

Here may be seen evidences of the highest tides in the world as they flow in from the Bay of Fundy, rising in a few hours sixty or seventy feet. From here the train bears you up through the Annapolis valley in a few hours to the shores of the Basin of Minas where "distant secluded still lies the little village of Grand Pre"—the scene of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, as also the treasure-land of the various Indian legends. Off to the left of us at the head of the North Mountain range

"Old Blomidon a century grim
Stands out to stud the deep."

Blomidon, or as I heard an old Irish woman call it Blow-me-down, is a cape not far from Grand Pre.

One cannot do justice to this beautiful land in a cursory description like this. It is a veritable Paradise. To the right of us as we move along is the tranquil valley of the Gaspereau, through which flows like a long slim serpent the sparkling river from which the valley derives its name, and beyond this is the South Mountain range, and between the North and South Mountain ranges lie the most fruitful valleys on the North Atlantic coast. The artist, the poet, and the man of science will here find material of the most varied kind to satisfy his taste. But onward a little farther and we are plunged into another kind of scenery: The granite rocks of the Acadian period, as it is called in geology, begin to manifest their existence by immense boulders crowning at times the tops of hills as if placed there by the "giants of old" as the legends tell, but, as some scientists say, deposited there

during the glacial period, while others assert as confidently that they were the result of the primeval upheaval of Nature when the Lord "divided the sea from the dry land." However this may be, the scene presents to the eye a spectacle of magnificent albeit rugged grandeur. The forests are principally of dark evergreens, pine, spruce, fir, and cedar. Myriads of small lakes are scattered here and there among the hills and occasionally a flat bog surrounded by rocky hills and resembling a defunct lake reminds us forcibly of how the waters of the earth are drying up.

A few miles more and we arrive at the Atlantic coast again. Halifax with its glorious harbor—the largest and most beautiful in the world—appears before us, crowned by its famous citadel.

Halifax is not like Niagara Falls where the idea of novelty abounds. At Niagara everything has the air of newness, of rush and hurry and only a few hours to spare; but in Halifax there is an air of repose, a quiet that spreads its influence over the soul and makes one feel that life is, after all, something more than a hustle for wealth.

Put down your satchel here, my friends, and come and enjoy life. Take whichever hotel you please, there are many first-class ones. but we took the Waverly which seemed a little more retired than the others.

A stroll to the top of Citadel Hill gives you a grand view of the famous Harbor from Bedford Basin and the Narrows to Thrum Cap, a distance of about eight or nine miles, and from gently sloping Dartmouth on the Eastern side of the harbor to York redoubt and Falkland with the snow white church of *Stella Maris* crowning

the precipitous cliffs of the western shore. And away beyond for fifteen miles in any direction may be seen ranges of hills and points of historic interest. On the eastern shore the soil is a sandy loam and abounds with numerous beaches, notably one, Cow Bay, whose homely name suggests anything but beauty, but which in reality is a most delightful spot and compares favorably with any beach on the continent.

On the western shore the granite cliffs and rugged hills bespeak charms for the artist's eye. A stroll of an hour or two in the public gardens, covering about twenty acres of land, with ponds and fountains, flowers and statues in profusion, and then a drive through the park, covering about two square miles will take up an afternoon comfortably. On the morrow we will have a sail around the harbor in a yacht, or perhaps we will take a drive around the Northwest Arm. If it be near full moon, there are ample opportunities for indulging in a moonlight ride on the waters of the harbor and the Arm.

In the summer time there are basket picnics without number and one is sure to be invited to some of them. Coaching parties are a common occurrence and you can safely count upon being one of the guests; the only difficulty will be to be permitted to pay your share of the reckoning.

Boating parties are also a favorite amusement there, and nearly every young man is able to handle a sail or an oar, or to manipulate a tiller. Public band concerts occur twice a week in the public gardens, sometimes in the afternoon, at other times in the evening when the gardens are lighted by electric (colored) lights and the fountains are in full flow.

To those who revel in rustic simplicity it is easy to jump into a boat at Point Pleasant and be rowed to the opposite shore (about half a mile), and there one may ramble at will over rocky hills or through shady groves and drink in the fresh sea breezes that roll in from the mighty Atlantic. An afternoon may be spent in this way and one will never regret it; all visitors to Halifax who have a day to spare invariably "take this in."

One afternoon while rambling along the western borders of the North West Arm about a mile from Point Pleasant, we encountered over half a dozen artists making sketches of the various charming spots with which the place abounds. One was seated upon a rock depicting a shore scene with the hull of an old vessel lying at anchor in the cove, a few children were playing upon the beach. A little further on we encountered a gentleman under his artist's umbrella painting a nook in the woods, where "rippling through the branches came the sunshine," and a little brook came tumbling down over the rocks. Still further on we came across one, perhaps a Titian in embryo, "laying in" the groundwork of a glorious sunset.

To the tourist who can handle a brush on canvas I would say he might easily fill his portfolios with sketches of the most varied kind without having to travel more than a mile from his residence. Some artists I observed preferred to rent apartments and board in the various villages along the shore of the harbor outside of city limits, and it did not require a fortune to do this, for three or four dollars a week generally covers all ordinary expenses. Although the western shore is rocky, with steep cliffs abounding in boulders of granite, interspersed with ironstone

ledges, and here and there a cove of blue cobble stones, still there may be found many little retired coves with pebbly and sandy beaches where one can enjoy a quiet bath in the deep green waters of "Chebucto Bay."

Chebucto Bay was the ancient Indian name for Halifax harbor, and even at the present day nomadic encampments of Indians may be encountered around the shore of the harbor, enjoying as of old their birch bark tent with its accompanying big iron pot for general cooking, and the squaws, with their papooses strapped on their backs, making fancy baskets or bead work.

If the philologist is so inclined he may here have an opportunity of studying the beauties of the ancient Mic-Mac language, for, unlike some nations that we know of, these Mic-Mac braves have not adopted the language of their conquerors. It is curious, however, to note some of the words in their tongue, which is by no means barbarous as one might suppose. The cat they call by the most significant name of "Meowch." This is a decided exemplification of the "Bow-wow theory" of language. A plate was evidently first introduced to their notice by the French, for it is known to them as "Lasiette," whilst, perhaps, it was Eric the Norseman when he visited "Irlandet Mikla" that gave them the idea of a gentleman whom they designate by the word "Sagamore." But their ordinary words are of pure Indian origin (whatever that may be), and are very musical, in fact it has been termed the Italian of the Indian tongues.

But this is a digression. Yet one is compelled to digress at times when he is confronted by such unusual sights as crop up at every turn in this Acadian land. If the tourist rises early of a Saturday morning, and takes a "turn"

down to the market square, he will be confronted by a most unique sight. Negroes from Hammond's Plains, Indians from the settlement in Dartmouth, farmers from "up the country," fishermen from "down 'long shore," and the lineal descendants of the Acadians "with their Norman kirtles of homespun," and speaking the same French as was spoken in Normandy three hundred years ago, are gathered together in one conglomerate mass like the "pudding stone" of Roxbury, cemented together only by the common ties of trade, each nationality disposing of its own particular articles of merchandise. The Acadian woman is sure to have her basket of eggs and her bundle of hand-knitted socks or some few other articles of home industry, the negroes from the Plains generally have berries to sell,—"blue berries two cents a quart" will often greet your ear, and always in the African dialect. The Indians may be depended on to furnish you with fancy baskets, and very artistic bead work, or bows and arrows if you need them as souvenirs. The countryman has generally farm produce as is his custom the world over, and the 'long-shoreman presents his fresh fish scarcely an hour out of the salt water. By the way, how it comes that one gets fresh fish out of salt water is a sort of paradox that I, for one, have never been able to explain satisfactorily.

Sunday is Sunday the whole world over, but in Halifax it is the Sabbath of the Lord. All stores and public houses are closed as tight as a steel trap, and the music of the church bells is not marred by the sound of the steam whistle, nor are the faithful on their way to church compelled to wait under a broiling sun or in the rain for five or ten minutes at a time, until some interminable freight train drags itself by as is so commonly the case in American cities. Nor is the discourse

of the preacher interrupted by some vociferous steam syren or screeching locomotive. Sunday is indeed a day of rest here, but this does not preclude enjoyment of a quiet kind to those who desire it. The parks and gardens are continually open to visitors, and you may go fishing or sailing, or amuse yourself generally if only you do it in a quiet and decorous manner.

Where public festivities and promiscuous gatherings abound, the home circle is generally at a discount; and it is precisely in this one particular feature of the home circle and private social enjoyments that the city of Halifax presents its greatest charm to the traveller. No matter into what "set" you may be introduced you are sure of a warm reception, and a pleasant social time. This was our experience, and it is the conceded experience of everyone who has ever spent a vacation in Acadia. The generosity and social character of the inhabitants is proverbial.

Well, what next? We have spent a day at the famous watering place called Cow Bay, and we have seen the chain of lakes on the Dartmouth side of the harbor, we have visited Mt. St. Vincent and viewed the rich brilliant bosom of Bedford Basin which confronts it—the spot where the French admiral ran on his sword in despair of escaping from the English. There, too, is the Prince's Lodge, built by the Duke of Kent, the father of the present Queen of England.

We have been all around the North West "Arm" by land and water, by daylight and moonlight; what more? We have gone all through the parks, delighted in the public gardens, watched a game of baseball on the commons and a game of cricket by men who knew how to play it. Had we been here a little earlier in the year we might have witnessed a sham battle by Her Majesty's troops and the ships of the squadron stationed at Halifax, the whole of which was witnessed by 5,000 persons from the top of Citadel Hill. We must not forget to mention that we had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty's ship, the "Blake," illumi-

nated by electricity from hull to mast top, from bow to stern, as it was lying at anchor upon the bosom of the broad harbor. You may perhaps enjoy the target practice of the artillery at Point Pleasant, or the application of the search light, for the stranger cannot but notice that although the place is notably peaceful and the inhabitants the most affable, still they ever appear to be anticipating a war of some kind or other, and hence are ever on the alert. "Who goes there!" quite frequently rings in your ears from some stern sentry as you happen to pass some piece of territory marked with the broad arrow or the significant letters "B.O."

Well, our artists have filled their kodaks and their portfolios with scenes and sketches taken here and there, and our poet has filled his thesaurus or note book, our scientist has stored away a thousand and one facts to work upon in the future, our monk has regained his wonted vigor without losing any of his pristine fervor, and our doctor, well, pardon me, generous reader, but I am perfectly satisfied to this day with my share of the journey. We all had a most delightful time.

Of course we return by the same road we came for several reasons, to wit: We desire to traverse once more the charming Annapolis valley—the home of Evangeline which Longfellow described so admirably although he never saw it, but, as he once told the writer of this, the name of Acadia produced a deep impression upon him from childhood, and we wish to plunge once more into the forest primeval, and to get a glimpse again at the highest tides of the world. And lastly we desire to meet again the genial Mr. Baker of the Yarmouth Line and enjoy the hospitality and conviviality of the good ship that bears us back to Boston.

It is some years now since we took that never to be forgotten trip, but its many incidents of pleasure are so vividly impressed upon the writer's mind, that the reader will please pardon him if at times he paints them with the same enthusiasm with which he gazed upon them then.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

THE LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE AT RHODES—CONCENTRATION OF THE CHRISTIAN
ARMY—INFLUENCE OF THE SAINT UPON THE PIETY AND MORALS OF THE
TROOPS—GENERAL COMMUNION—BENEDICTION AND ENTHUSIASM—JUNE—SEPTEMBER—1365.



PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN, specially impressed by the holiness of the Legate and his wise counsels now began to share his confidence in God. A letter which Urban V. addressed

to him at this time went far to increase his ardor and fortify his generous sentiments.

Far from giving up at the thought of the resources, which after three years of faithful efforts were still extremely inadequate to the thousand difficulties which he had to manage, he tried to conquer by a firm faith that adverse fortune which seemed perpetually plotting against him. To propitiate the divine Goodness, he made a vow not to return to his kingdom until, even at the peril of his life, he had accomplished a descent upon Mussulman soil.

Before setting sail he reiterated his petition for aid from the Catholic princes, they having met him at Rhodes.

In case they could not at once comply, he entreated them to send supplies, later on, to sustain him in an enemy's country. But his appeal was by no means successful, and elicited but a cool and indifferent response.

There was one amongst the royal rulers whose invincible soul no dart of misfortune could reach—who gave a most efficacious support to the generalissimo. Urban V. of blessed memory, when he heard that the King of Cyprus was about to depart, addressed to this dauntless champion another gracious letter. "We fervently pray God," said he, "to direct your steps, to sustain your army, and to grant you health, prosperity and success. We pray that the infidel will tremble with fear, and that a vast throng of valiant Christians will be inspired to follow your heroic standard—to imitate your sublime devotion. Courage, O

dearest son! Wage the war of the Lord with your well known valor and lively faith!"

Encouraged by this loving condescension from such a source, the King of Cyprus cast himself resolutely, with his whole soul, to the fulfillment of the great work. He sent some vessels, in advance, with five hundred horses, and in the month of June he embarked with Peter Thomas and the other Crusaders who had assembled at Venice. Although amongst the soldiers of the Cross were representatives of Germany, Italy and Hungary, Provence and Gascony, France and England, two vessels were sufficient to transport this first deputation of troops. This did not include the sailors who numbered about six hundred. One galley, as we had said, had been furnished by Venice, the other and the general expenses were provided and cared for by Lusignan.

After a prosperous voyage of fifteen days, the Crusaders landed at the capital of the Hospitallers. The new Grand-Master Raymond Berenger received them with joy. Faithful to the promise of his predecessor, he delayed not in producing the quota agreed upon. One hundred knights of St. John formed an honorable portion of the whole, and ten galleys were under their command.

Around this nucleus the Cyprian troops were to assemble. They formed the most numerous part of the expedition, for, before leaving Venice, the King had sent out the order to all the troops of his kingdom to come and join him at Rhodes. His brother, the Prince of Antioch, therefore, soon made his appearance at that port with sixty vessels bearing all the soldiers of Cyprus, implements of war, provisions, and ammunition for the siege. All in

all there were 1,600 cavalry, and 10,000 foot-soldiers, bowmen and the like. The heterogeneous elements of which this expedition was composed did not tend to promote good order and discipline. Soldiers, it is said, are at no time whatever models of virtue, but in the fourteenth century they might pose for a resume of every vice. Petrarch has left us a most caustic criticism on the armies of his time. Allowing even for poetic exaggeration we find in his letters a historical indication which cannot be denied.

"When you enter a camp," says the writer, "you draw back, thinking that you are going into a noisy tavern or some disreputable place. They will not drink any brand of wine, they must have rare foreign wines. If such are refused them, there is an outcry that the army provides nothing for them, that they will die of thirst; they are not surprised at desertion from the ranks, quite the contrary, they think it natural. The officers, far from correcting the soldiers, set them the example. 'What can be done with drinking men?' They pass the time in games, they drink, the noise is worse than feasts of Bacchus ever could produce. They waste their time with the women whom they have in their train. Can they be relied upon in battle? They leave their ranks, do not even know their commanders, and have no idea of obedience whatever. Idle, cowardly, boastful, if they take arms it is not to follow their prince, or to defend their country, and gain a well merited glory. No! it is merely from a motive of interest, or that they may enjoy themselves in their own wicked way."

The Crusaders of 1365 most certainly might, to some extent, be included in this general criticism. If they did

not formally set aside the holiness of the two-fold object of the holy war, the correction and forgiveness of their failings and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, many of them, nevertheless, in their secondary intention, knew not how to keep intact, in all its sublimity, the religious aim of the war. Too many were even influenced by sentiments in which faith played a very meagre part. The road men thought only of the pay roll or of booty. The courtiers of Cyprus aimed rather at an easy way to the good graces of their sovereign than to increase the glory of religion. Some valiant knights, carried away by love of self-glorification, hoped to gild their swords with praise beneath the Orient's skies. Ordinary adventurers, precursors of our modern tourist, cared only for novelty and excitement, and thought they would find both during the war. Human passion burned fiercely amongst these novices of the Cross. Frequent quarrels, brought on by the clash of interests, or by distinction of class between the nobles and the people, or by different nationalities, caused many a fierce altercation. But amid all this tumultuous contention, there stood calm and unmoved one who deemed it a privilege to place no limit to his labors for the conversion of souls. To lay the foundation of a truly religious expedition he first sought to enlighten the mind, elevate the heart and cleanse the conscience. Those who had been bound by pleasure's glittering chain were made to see the real joy of sacrifice. He recognized the noble and generous, but misguided spirits of many, and taught them that to be brave and heroic at the requisite moment, to be fearless upon the battle-field, to give one's life to God *without reserve*, the

best preparation is to offer, in detail, that life *at every instant of the day*.

The Crusader should especially guard his virtue. If he wished to have his name inscribed amongst the heroes of some epic poem of Oriental valor, he should begin at once to realize in his own person the true type of a soldier-monk. If he would show himself worthy of his glorious title, he should have the heart of a saint. These considerations did not fall upon arid soil. In but a little while *the spirit of faith* began to be the order of the day.

In this multitude of warriors there were many who had not been to Confession for ten or twenty years. After each sermon the zealous Legate spent hours in hearing confessions, but not being able to attend to the throng of waiting penitents, he sent for several other priests to aid in the good work.

He also celebrated solemn Masses, had processions, visited the sick, and arbitrated international disputes. He seemed to multiply himself. Now he assisted at a conference with the King, and again, like a venerable patriarch in the midst of his numerous family, he mingled with the sailors and common soldiers. Never had there been such a *veritable feast* for his indefatigable zeal. Scarcely giving himself time to take a little nourishment barely sufficient to sustain life, and a few hours' sleep, he gave himself up entirely to others for the love of God. And he was repaid, for all were eager to hear and converse with him. They regarded him not merely with veneration but with sentiments akin almost to adoration, says our faithful chronicler, Mezzieres. It was the Legate to whom they always had recourse, and when they were so happy as to receive his blessing or kiss his hand, they felt

the better for it all that day.

If he did not succeed in reforming entirely a body of military so long unused to place any restraint upon themselves, at least there was a very great change. No open disorders appeared, the most turbulent and the most irreligious saluted him with the deepest reverence. Licentiousness, that devouring scourge, which, like the hyena scenting the bodies of the slain, always follows in the train of an army was banished from the vicinity, and before long modesty, good feeling, and perfect order reigned. Never had the military duties been performed with such vigor and enthusiasm.

Such is the salutary influence of the priest in the midst of battalions. His presence, awakening the idea of immortality in a happier world than this, inspired courage. The Sacraments which he administered filled their souls with new and redoubled valor. Animated with lofty sentiments, they burned to sacrifice their lives, to shed their blood for the holy cause of God.

Far otherwise it is where the presence of the priest is wanting. Forgetfulness of the divine Remunerator leaves in an army an empty void, a weakness, which so unnerves the soldiers that they lose courage at the very first repulse.

This marvelous transformation gained for the troops of de Lusignan a renown which was borne across the sea. A great terror seized upon the Turks in the vicinity. The Emir of Alto-Lago, who had before, it will be remembered, made his submission to the Legate, now renewed his obeisance. Other chiefs, notably the ruler of Palatscha sent, with all due ceremony, ambassadors to Rhodes to solicit an alliance with the King. They even asked his protection, acknowledged

themselves his tributaries and made offers of assistance and provisions. It was for Pierre de Lusignan a continuation of his campaign at Karamania, but without the striking of a single blow. The King took all these offers in good part.

But far above all human measures must be placed the invocation of the Most High. A few days before the final departure, the King, the Chancellor, the barons, the knights and the men at arms received into their hearts that God from whom alone victory can come. The Patriarch celebrated the august sacrifice with fitting solemnity, and administered the bread of the strong to every combatant. Not one Catholic refrained to participate in the sacred banquet.

The Greek schismatics and the Mussulmen who served in the army were so impressed by the sublime spectacle that they tacitly agreed upon some religious exercises of their own, and forthwith the practices of their respective beliefs were entered upon with singular fervor. Upon the eve of departure the Generalissimo held a secret council to designate the point which must be first attacked. Following the advice of the wise Legate, he concluded to aim directly at the Mamelukes of Egypt. Their Sultan or Caliph, who was also Sultan of Aleppo and Damascus, holding Syria in his domination, kept his arms stretched forth over the holy city of Jerusalem. Pierre I. proposed to strike a direct blow and take by assault one of the most powerful cities of Egypt.

It has been questioned by history whether it was not mad folly, with so small an army, to arouse the Mahometan hydra in his very den. The outcome of this expedition, which would merit to be called inconsiderate, does

not authorize any censure. For at the time of the deliberation arguments in favor of the bold and daring stroke were numerous and seemed well founded.

The army was small, it is true, but the fact of its comparative proximity to Europe was a reasonable cause for a hope of increase. It might be looked upon as the advance-guard of a more powerful battalion, for the Christian princes, with the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy at the head, at this late hour were aroused, and thought seriously of preparing the way for a *general passage*. This thought would merge into certainty if the contemplated brilliant coup would prelude a glorious victory. To this end the point of attack must be carefully chosen.

To attempt at once the capture of Jerusalem with so insignificant an army would have been an escapade too rash to dream of, for this city, which the infidels knew was so earnestly longed for by Europe, was fortified by a well-appointed garrison. Hedged in with defences of a far more formidable nature than existed at the time of the first Crusade, it was almost impregnable to an assault, and, before its walls, the Crusaders would but lose time and expose themselves to utter ruin by attempting anything of the kind.

The Arabs, who regarded Jerusalem as a holy city on account of the mosque of Omar being within its walls would, at the first sound of the tocsin, come from all points to defend it.

On the contrary, by a coup de main upon an Egyptian city near the shore they could seize it unawares, and, once masters of the place, the Christians under the shelter of solid ramparts could await assistance from the East. And besides, supported at this central

point they could prevent the Mussulmen of Africa from joining those of Asia.

All these points were, without doubt, pondered upon by the council, and led to an agreement with the plan of the Generalissimo and the Legate. This decided upon, the departure took place on September 30, at day-dawn.

The fleet of Pierre de Lusignan presented a most imposing appearance. There were in it twenty-four vessels of all forms and dimensions capable of breasting the "ocean wave," and showing forth a picturesque collection that would have delighted an artist. If Protogenes, whose studio formerly shed lustre upon the city of the Rhodians, had been witness of the scene he would have left to posterity a memento well worthy of the event.

The standard of the Cross, high up on the tall masts, waved gracefully to the morning breeze. The crowd upon the wharves saluted reverentially the noble warriors. First came Pierre de Lusignan, the Generalissimo. After him came the Legate, the Grand Master of Rhodes, the Chancellor of Cyprus, and then the captains with their soldiers, all embarking in perfect order.

The vessel destined to carry the King and the most prominent officials was unmoored. The other galleys followed in its path. At the stern appeared, robed in brown habit and snow-white mantle, and surrounded by the Chiefs, the Patriarch of Constantinople who, by uplifted hand, indicated his desire to speak. Then in the profound and instantaneous silence which ensued, his beloved tones were distinctly heard. With that appropriateness, of which he knew so well the secret, he applied to this great event several passages of

the Old and New Testaments which came direct from his heart to his lips. Then stretching forth his venerable hands, he invoked the benediction of heaven upon all the different elements essential to the success of the Crusade. He blessed the arms, the implements of war, and all the combatants. He blessed the ships, the sailors, and the sea itself. Love of the good is inseparably united to hatred of evil.

After these good wishes for the Christians succeeded condemnation of paganism.

With a holy vehemence he called down the malediction of heaven upon the Saracen nation, for the confusion of Mahomet and the glory of Christ.

The King and the troops bowing their heads in deepest reverence and arming themselves with the sign of the Cross, responded with one accord to the final prayers of the Legate.

This ceremony over, the tall mast of the galley was draped with the standard of Pierre I. The army waved their banners for very joy. The sound of trumpets arose with loud acclaim, and triumphantly stirred the air. From every breast went forth a ringing cheer, a loud huzza: "Long live the King of Cyprus and Jerusalem!"

Meanwhile Blessed Peter Thomas and his inseparable companion, having taken leave of the King, were escorted to the galley destined for their accommodation.

Everything was now ready. A favorable wind inflated the sails. The gently undulating waves invited the waiting galleys, not a cloud marred the beauty of the sky, and the soft west wind whispered cheering tones of hope. The anchor was raised amid universal joy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Favor Through Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY S. X. BLAKELY.

IT has frequently occurred to me to offer, as a little tribute to our dear Queen of Carmel, the narration of an escape, through the protection of her holy Scapular, which it does not seem too much to consider very remarkable, if not indeed verging upon the miraculous. It is a story to which we as children never wearied of listening, accompanying the principal actor from one point to another, and feeling the same wondering thrill at the climax, although we knew well what the denouement would reveal.

It happened many years ago, indeed before the writer of this sketch saw

the light—a period not very recent—and the scene of action was in a city over which the mighty power of change has been since written with an ineffaceable finger. I fancy it was then just struggling into existence, having its own laws and rules, and thinking itself of vastly more importance than it really was! Could that scattered tract of land, hallowed by the celebration of the "first Mass in the wilderness" and other historic memories have looked forward to the time when from every quarter would resound the busy signs of life, the burr and the whirr of the loom and the spindle, industries

without number, the swift flight of the trolley, and the boon of clear sparkling water taken not to their doors but into the dwellings of all!

It was Mary's own month, lovely May, but with the caprice which prevails down to the present day, the morning, although bright and sunny, was so cool as to render a fire pleasant if not essential.

My mother was seated at her desk, or table in the sitting room, busily engaged in writing. Perhaps it was a poem in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for her poetical talent was great. She often described the gown she wore that day, a new "chintz," a material then in vogue, light and easily ignited, a point which she especially commented upon. My mother was a very beautiful woman, and I can imagine how she looked in her pretty dress, for even when she had, by more than a decade of years, passed the threescore and ten allotted to man, her eyes were bright and her dark hair unmixed with the silver of age.

But it is not of her looks—nor yet of her happy death—that I wish to tell, and the reader will please pardon this digression. My mother was placed between the desk and the fire, with her back to the open grate. No doubt the fire was hotter than she fully realized, or the desk nearer, for she became aware suddenly that the skirt of her dress was beginning to burn.

With great presence of mind and ardent faith, she compressed the burning material into as small a compass as possible, holding it in one hand, while with the other she drew the Scapular from out the folds of her dress and prayed to our Lady of Mount Carmel for aid. Then she went to the kitchen for water, expecting to find there the one servant of the little

household, but alas! that functionary had taken the two pails and gone to refill them, not from the "faucet over the sink," but at the corner pump! Up the stairs then went my mother for some heavy wrap or shawl to smother the flames which were growing brighter, but still kept in check by the power of the brown badge. Then remembering that her mother and little child were there, she feared that her burning dress would set fire to the voluminous draping around the bed, and again turned her steps below. My mother was sure always to call our attention to the time consumed by her going to the kitchen, then upstairs to the third story, and down again. And when little flames were creeping round the lower part of a light spring gown it would seem like an eternity. She always said that no earthly power could have held them in check. They would recede again and again as she held the Scapular over them and fervently prayed. Who can measure the Blessed Virgin's love towards those who really deserve it! Under ordinary circumstances my dear mother's clothing would have been in flames in less time than has been required to write this. Then the door opened to admit my father who had been out. We can imagine his feelings, but he soon completed the work of rescue so graciously kept for him by our Lady of Mount Carmel,—my mother for once claiming the privilege of her sex, which certainly could be accorded to her by her presence of mind and fervent devotion—of fainting away. All who heard of the occurrence united in considering it a most remarkable proof of the protection accorded to those who faithfully wear her livery, by our Lady of the Scapular.

Sermon Preached at the Pilgrimage at Falls View, Ont., July 16, 1899.

BY REV. THEODORE J. MCDONALD, O.C.C.



Y dearly beloved brethren, I come before you this morning, on the solemn commemoration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, to speak to you on a subject that is dear to every child of the Holy Catholic Church. It was on this day, as you know, that the holy Scapular was given by our Blessed Lady to her beloved Order of Mount Carmel, and the Order from that time has never ceased to clothe the children of the Church with the garments of salvation, that is with the Brown Scapular.

I will endeavor to show you this morning that the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is a garment of salvation. In the second place that whilst it was a free gift on the part of the Blessed Virgin, the Order by its love and fidelity to her was an impelling cause that drew down this heavenly gift to earth. And in the third place I would bring before you the folly of neglecting to be enrolled, and by that means depriving yourself of the benefits attached to the holy Scapular.

The holy Scapular is a garment of salvation, but that we may understand this matter more clearly I will repeat the words of the prophet when looking on the spiritual desolation of the Gentile world, and the change that took place in it by the grace of re-

demption: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me." Isaias c. 61, v. 10. As one standing on an eminence, when nature is bereft of all her beauty, views the corpse-like form of the world, the earth wrapped in its winding sheet of snow, all the sources of fertility locked up, till the great luminary throws the light and warmth of his rays upon it and calls on the world once more to rejoice. It was thus Isaias, the great prophet of God, looking upon the supernatural scene stretched out before him, saw the sterility, the waste and the desolation of the gentile world. But through his prophetic vision reaching through the dark ages of futurity, he saw in the distance the grand mystery of the Incarnation, saw its redeeming power, its benign influence, the elevation of human nature and its exalted dignity. He beheld the Church encircling the gentile world, gathering the nations within her vast embrace, nurturing them within her bosom, pouring out and enriching them with the graces of redemption. It was thus whilst his eyes rested on peoples and nations adorned with graces and virtues, that an ecstatic thrill went through his heart and made him exclaim: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

These words are also applied, or rather they are put into the mouths of the clients of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, who are clothed with the garments of salvation, by wearing the brown Scapular. For although our Blessed Lady did not redeem us, she was nevertheless a potent factor in the Incarnation, and although a finite being, and as a necessary consequence unable to offer to God an infinite satisfaction, still in a certain sense she co-operated in the redemption by uniting her compassion with the passion of her beloved Son, in the awful hour when He offered Himself a victim to His Eternal Father for the sins of the world. If through the redemption, and through the operation of His divine spouse, our Divine Lord clothed the bleak and sterile gentile world with the flowers and fruits of virtue that dazzled the sight of the prophet; in like manner the Blessed Virgin adorns her clients with special graces and the most exalted virtues which she obtains from her Divine Son, so that her children of Mount Carmel, as soon as the Scapular is placed upon their shoulders, may cry out with the prophet, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

The holy Scapular is a garment of salvation, for it was pronounced such by the Blessed Virgin when giving it to her beloved son—Saint Simon Stock. Let us hear her words and promises: "My beloved son, receive this Scapular of thy Order, as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and a mark of privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safe-guard in

danger and a special pledge of peace. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames." How consoling the above promises are! A sign of salvation!—what more dear to the Christian heart! How consoling it will be to the poor pilgrim travelling through the darkness of this vale of tears, weary with the burden and the bitterness of life, aggravated with the uncertainty of the future, to turn to the promise of salvation given him by his Blessed Mother. For the poor sinner trembling on the verge of despair, when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when a vast eternity endless in duration is opening up before him, when the world with all that was dear to him in this life is receding from his view forever, when the enemy of his salvation holds before his eyes, dimmed with approaching death, the gloomy catalogue of his sins; it will then be sweet to remember the words of Mary: "Whosoever shall die wearing this Scapular shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell." Though wearing the Scapular, in strength and health he may have forgotten the promise: now it comes back to him, as it were from afar, but sweet as the music of paradise, it enters his soul, hope lights up the abode darkened by the fierce contest of the enemy, a true and sincere sorrow enters his heart, the last Sacraments of the Church are worthily received, and the child of Mary is saved.

This garment is not of recent date; it is respectable for its antiquity. For seven hundred years the Church has consecrated it with her approbation, her blessings and her indulgences. During that long period it has been and it is today held sacred by nations and peoples, and if you ask me to what sphere or class of people it is confined,

I answer that it is confined to no particular nation or class, that it is almost as widely extended as the Church herself. Wherever the Cross—the emblem of salvation—points toward heaven, whether it stands above the pinnacle of the gorgeous cathedral in the rich and populous city, or whether it crowns the unpretentious little church in country village, or whether it distinguishes the rude and lonely hut in the jungles of India or of Africa, there you will find the worshippers, at least the greater number of them, clothed with the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel. All devotions approved of by the Church are good, some obtained from the cradle of Christianity, others sprang up to meet the exigencies of the times, others again were confined to particular countries, the circumstances of which demanded them for the time being, but the devotion to the Scapular has never been confined to any particular nation, it has always been universal. Its life has not been a spasmodic one; it has been vigorous and healthy from the beginning, and at no time during the lapse of ages has it shown any symptoms of decay. And never, with the generations that came and went, as the ages rolled by, was it more full of vigor and life than it is to-day.

Cities, nations and peoples, by the wickedness of their lives, draw down upon themselves the well-merited chastisements of God. But God did not make the world for the wicked, they are merely tolerated for the sake of the just; the tares would never be allowed to grow up and flourish in the field of the Church were it not on account of the wheat. Had there been but a reasonable number of just persons on the earth at all times, the world would never have been destroyed by the

deluge, and ten holy people would have saved two wicked cities. So we draw the conclusion from the above considerations, that sinners have a mighty power to draw down the vengeance of God upon themselves, and that the just have an intercessory power to avert it and to draw down blessings on their neighbors and themselves. There have been certain periods in the history of the world when a tide of iniquity swept over the nations of the earth. It was a crisis of this kind that Saint Simon found himself and the Carmelite Order contending against, and in his distress he sought the help of his Blessed Mother. He asked her for a sign of her protection and she gave him a sign in the holy Scapular. He was a scion of an illustrious baronial family of England named Stock, and received this heavenly gift from his Blessed Mother in the year twelve hundred and fifty.

There may have been many reasons why our Blessed Lady gave Saint Simon the Scapular, one of them no doubt was his exalted sanctity. But if we take into consideration the fact that he did not receive the Scapular while yet a recluse in the desert, and if we also consider his vocation to the Carmelite Order and the warning to join it given by his Blessed Mother, and that it was only after several years, when he was at the head of the Order ruling its destinies, he received this heavenly gift; we must seek for the principal cause in the Order itself. That cause was the singular devotion that the members of the Order for twelve hundred and fifty years unceasingly manifested towards the Mother of God. In all the alternations of fortune that the Order underwent during the lapse of so many ages, even when tossed by the fierce

billows of adversity, her children never turned away their gaze from the bright star, whose gentle light was ever their guide and their protector. They were not remiss in practising other devotions. Anything that contributed to the greater glory of God had always for them a sweet and an attractive power, but above all things the love of Mary was a particular and prominent feature of their life. They not only saw but they felt the cruel persecution of the Roman emperors for three hundred years; they saw the rise and progress of Mahometanism, the conquests of the Saracens and felt their fierce persecutions. In the ages of the world as they rolled by, they beheld kingdoms and empires spring up, rise into power and opulence, flourish and decay. They saw the fall of the Roman Empire in the east, the barbarian hordes pouring down from the north and on its ruins forming new nationalities. They saw sceptres broken and thrones crumbling into dust, but amidst all things changing around them, as the ages of the world went on, there was one feature of the Order that never changed and that was the fidelity and the love of its children for the Mother of God. This constant devotion to the Mother of God was the cause of that singular perseverance that distinguished the Order coming down through the ages of Christianity, both in times of persecution and peace. It brought down not only Mary's protection, but it brought special graces to the children of the Order to undergo the most fierce persecutions and to practise the most heroic virtues. Some writers say that the Carmelite Order gave eighty thousand martyrs to the Church, but Trithemius, a holy and a learned Benedictine Father, who wrote on this subject, after a patient and ex-

haustive research, puts the number at one hundred thousand. But who will tell us of the Carmelite saints? Lift up your eyes and count the stars of heaven, and then you may be able to number them. How many blessings they must have drawn down on Christian people, as the ages of the world rolled by, since the Order was founded by the great prophet! If the angel of God stood by the great throne with the golden censer, and if the incense given him were the good works and the prayers of the saints, with what an odor of sweetness must the blood of the Carmelite martyrs have gone up before the throne of God! And what blessings, sweeter than the dews of heaven must have come down on the children of the Church!

But among the many blessings which the Carmelite Order gave to the world, the most singular and far reaching is the Brown Scapular. It was directly given to Saint Simon and to the Order, as the words of our Blessed Lady imply: "A mark of privilege, which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel." Love is the active principle of the communion of saints, and the heart of the saint was wide enough to embrace the whole world. There was nothing selfish about himself or his Order, and he would clothe all the children of the Church, if possible, with this heavenly garment, and would enroll them in the confraternity of the Scapular that they might enjoy the protection and promises of the Blessed Virgin, and participate in the good works of the Order. This holy man spent twenty years a recluse in the desert, away from the converse of men, constantly communing with God. He always had a singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who obtained for him particular graces,

by which he practised the most exalted virtues. Wrapt in the highest contemplation, he learned to know more of God by the clear light that was given him. He could easily understand the enormity of sin—an insult offered to the Divine Majesty, and his soul was pierced with sorrow when he saw Christians offend Him with so little concern. He could never think on the torments of the reprobate, but with the deepest anguish, when he saw the children of the Church so little concerned, at least at times, about the pains of the life to come. After years of prayer to his Blessed Mother for a sign of her protection, the Scapular was an answer to his perseverance.

So far I have spoken of the Scapular as a garment of salvation, and the share the Carmelite Order had in bringing down this heavenly gift to clothe the children of the Church with the garment of Mary, and I would now in conclusion say that I pity the Catholic who is so cold in his devotion to the Mother of God as not to consider it worth while to wear her holy habit. I may say the same, but with deeper sorrow, of those who once wore the Scapular, but now wear it no more; it is like the soldier taking off his uniform and deserting the ranks where he once held a proud position. What will our Blessed Lady think of these recreant children who despised her promises and her protection. But for her faithful children, who fly to her for protection during life, who comply with the graces she obtains for them, how sweet it will be at the last hour. When the child of Mary enters for the first time the kingdom of God's glory, when the radiant light of the court of heaven flashes upon his sight, when he is

entranced, bathed in the light of the beatific vision, when he looks to the future and finds that this happiness will not fail, the weight of eternity rolls back upon him to complete his unspeakable joy. At that moment he will look back and bless the day that he put on the garment of his Blessed Mother. I will conclude as I began: I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed us with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

A Favor Obtained Through St. Theresa.

In the Carmelite convent of M—— was a Religious, who was for many years afflicted with infirmities, which made some relaxation of the rule necessary for her. As a true daughter of St. Theresa the poor Carmelite suffered doubly. Praying fervently, she had obtained already a remarkable relief, for since she can observe the fast. Something, however, remained as yet; it was an impossibility for her to digest any food cooked with oil; her stomach revolted so against that kind of food, that it was rejected immediately when swallowed. Now, our sister addressed herself straight to St. Theresa, her mother, saying: "My mother," she said on the day of her feast, "it is you who forbade us the use of butter on fast-days, obtain for me to be able to take the nourishment prepared with oil, and thus to follow the community in all things!" This simple prayer was fully heard, for since the feast of St. Theresa, her stomach has become reasonable and retains the nourishment which it formerly rejected. The Carmelite, to whom this favor was granted, requests us to join with her in returning thanks to our seraphic mother.—(*Chroniques du Carmel*.)

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The vacation is well on its way and we have had ample time to enjoy the rest which is so sweet after a year of work. Many of us, I think, have discovered the truth of the old saying that no work is the hardest work, and therein lies the secret of much of the dissatisfaction of the vacation time.

In olden times people used to say, "as happy as a king," and yet the world knows that kings were not often happy men. Then the poet sang

"My crown is in my heart,

My crown is called content,"

and the world believes him although it thinks the crown very hard to find.

Shakespeare speaks in one of his plays of "the winter of discontent," but the summer deserves the title for many reasons, whereas the winter is blessed by the necessity of work. We chafe under its yoke, and fret because it has to be worn, but, looking back on the school term we have a certain amount of self-satisfaction, quite laudable and permissible, which never comes to us when reviewing the vacation.

People have very queer ideas of heaven, particularly as to how we will employ our time, and then St. John comes to our aid and tells us, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," what heaven is. So when we are tired doing nothing in vacation, we are likely to appreciate the feeling of the old woman who had

inscribed on her tomb stone,

"Don't cry for me now, don't cry for me never,
I'm going to do nothin' forever and ever."

With August comes the gay feast of the harvest home, the beautiful Lady Day in harvest, so Catholic, so comforting, so full of the truest idea of heaven.

The lesson of our Blessed Lady's Assumption is full of sweetest consolation. It appeals to every one of us because we are all exiles waiting for heaven and home, and very like her during those fifteen long weary years between the Ascension and the Assumption.

Dear children, it would be a very delightful thing if we too could learn to long for heaven, to be homesick for it, and not to be so much afraid of death as we are.

What is the secret of our Blessed Lady's longing? This: that she obeyed the law which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind, thy whole strength." She did this perfectly and of course she could do nothing else save long for Him who was all the world to her.

Let us pray for desire of heaven on August 15, for an increase of hope which helps the desire and for a great, strong personal love of God which will make the longing for heaven the most natural thing in the world.

We all go home after the summer holidays with a perfect rush of joy. There is no place like it, no place

where we are so safe, so sheltered, so happy as in our own dear homes.

Dear children, pray for those who have no homes, who are really exiles, and who should look forward to heaven with a great, a mighty hope as ending the struggle here on earth.

Try and enjoy very heartily the remainder of the happy vacation. Don't get blue, if you are away from home, and if you have the joy of being with your dear mother, make much, very much of those precious days when she is all yours; yours to love, to embrace, to treasure—your truest link with heaven.

Make friends with our Blessed Lady now, and prepare for the day which will surely come—long may it be in coming, dear children—when you will have only your mother in heaven to claim the sweet title from your lips. Don't forget poor sinners during your idle days, and remember also

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. If God lets you stumble it is only to show you that if He did not hold you, you would fall down.
—St. F. de Sales.
2. Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.
St. Peter.
3. St. Alphonsus is the father of those who love sinners, and his sons are ever found among the lowly, leading them quietly to God.
4. Exile—no one knew the meaning of the word as did our Lady from the Ascension to the Assumption.
5. Home—the true harvest home is eternity and there we shall truly rest.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is called Doctor Mirabilis? (admirable doctor).
2. Of what poet was it said by Dr. Johnson, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn"?
3. What city was called by Milton "the eye of Greece"?
4. Who is the author of the saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do"?
5. Who are the seven champions of Christendom?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When is a pie like a poet?
2. What wind do we look for after Lent?
3. If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would it become?
4. What passes before the sun without making a shadow?
5. Why is a king like a cloud?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Early in the fall.
2. Sage.
3. Cell it.
4. His superior.
5. Through the custom house.

Grains of Gold.

"I have read," says L. Veuillot, "that, one day, there arrived in heaven a little, unknown soul, who entered at once without having felt fatigue, or shed a tear, or suffered a misfortune, or done anything remarkable.

"The good God gave this soul a very glorious place, and a sort of murmur of amazement ran through the assembly of saints. All looks were turned towards the angel guardian who had brought the little soul. The angel bowed before God, obtained leave to speak to the heavenly court; and from his lips fell, with a softer sound than the rustle of butterflies' wings, these words, which all heaven heard:

"This soul has always taken cheerfully his share of sunshine, shadow, and has never resisted anything which would not offend God."

Editorial Notes.

The New Bishop of London.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations to the newly elected Bishop of London, Ont. The Rt. Rev. Bishop-Elect, Fergus P. McEvoy, is a Canadian by birth, he was born near Lindsay in 1854. He made his classical course at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and graduated with high honors from the University of Toronto; his theological studies were made at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. The late Archbishop Cleary raised the young levite to the holy priesthood in 1882. After his ordination he was first assigned to work at Kingston, and after the formation of the Peterboro diocese, he was transferred there and had charge of several missions in that diocese. In 1887 he was appointed Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral; it was while holding this office, in which he showed himself a zealous pastor and a thorough business man, that he was successively raised to the honors of Private Chamberlain, then Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Leo XIII. The Rt. Rev. Bishop-Elect was one of the earliest friends of the REVIEW, and it is with a hearty good will that we wish him "ad multos annos."

Odious Comparisons.

There is a tendency among our Catholic writers to praise the gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., at the expense of the late Pope Pius IX. of saintly memory. This odious fault is more common with the writers belonging to the laity than with ecclesiastical authors. We could not suppress a feeling of annoyance when in reading the late work of Marion Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis,"

we came across his remarks on the late Pope. There was, however, a certain consistency in his treatment of the subject, for Marion Crawford to judge by this book, only knows one lovable Pope, and that is the present one, whom he admires so much, that he can hardly muster a word of praise for any preceding one. And now, another great admirer of Pope Leo XIII, Justice McCarthy, in an article recently published by the New York Herald, draws comparisons between the two Popes, extolling the present one as a great improvement on his predecessor. Pope Leo XIII is so great that to build up his reputation for wisdom and power, he needs not the ruin of another man's glory and nothing can be farther from his wishes, or more alien to his heart than such mistaken display of friendship. He may well say: "O Lord, save me from my friends!" in these instances. The fact is, God always puts the right man in the right place, when He calls forth a new Pope. Pius IX was as necessary to his period, as Pope Leo XIII is to the present. All comparisons are foolish, that are based on mere human reasoning.

A Good Example.

There are very few Catholic papers or magazines which have not at one time or another complained of the evil and injustice of our public school system. Professedly non-sectarian, it is only by eternal vigilance that we can save our American children from being taught false doctrines and false history in these schools. The Protestant mind seems incapable

of fair play as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. But, after all, we can obtain a certain amount of consideration from the Public School Boards. A worse evil is found in our Public Libraries. Every book against religion in general, and the Catholic Church in particular, is sure to be placed on the shelves as soon as published, whilst Catholic books and books by Catholic authors cannot obtain admission and are, as a rule, entirely ignored. How can this evil be remedied? We hold that the plan adopted by the *Catholic Record* of Indianapolis is one of the best means to obtain recognition and fair play. This paper has lately been publishing a list of the Catholic works and works referring to the Catholic Church, which are to be found in the Public Library of Indianapolis. This list is compiled by the librarian, and contains a surprisingly fair number of our best Catholic literature. The good example set by the *Catholic Record* ought to be followed by every Catholic paper in the country. The Americans do love fair play, and commit injustice mainly through ignorance. Let them know the facts and they will do right.

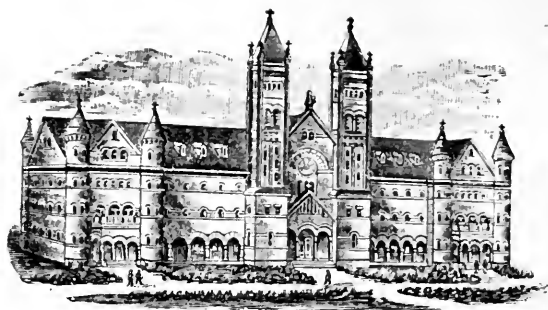
The Roman Elections.

At the late municipal elections in Rome the clerical party, that is to say, the party in sympathy with the Holy See, carried the city by a good working majority. There have been clerical mayors before, but they were handicapped by a hostile board. It seems this election has placed the entire government of the city in the hands of the Papal followers. Rome being the capital city of Italy, and the robber government of Italy residing there, we foresee considerable friction between the two hostile camps in the near

future. But it is fortunate that Catholic pilgrims flocking to Rome from all sides during the Holy Year, may rely on being protected from foolish and even wicked molestations on the part of the civic authorities of Rome. It is a pity that the Legislature cannot be made Catholic also. The Holy Father has not countenanced Catholic candidates for the Chambers, as they could not, even if elected, take their seats, not being allowed to take the required oath of fealty to the crown. There is no Daniel O'Connell among the laymen of Italy, one who would be willing boldly to refuse the oath and thus pave the way for a mighty Catholic protest against the sacrilegious occupation of Rome, and the frightful misrule of all Italy by the oath-bound secret societies. Could the Holy Father rely on such heroic action on the part of Catholic deputies, he would undoubtedly allow candidates to stand for election, and, almost beyond a doubt, Italy would prove itself Catholic in spite of all the calumnies and lies of the sects.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *Rosary Magazine* begins its fifteenth volume with the July number, brighter and more replete with good things than ever. There is an interesting story of the Scapular by S. X. Blakely, a name familiar to our readers, and in the children's department Mrs. D. A. Munro relates another miraculous intervention of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in favor of one of her faithful clients. The Rosary and the Scapular are two great devotions dearest to the heart of Our Blessed Mother, and have both been taught and communicated to Saints by her, in order that her children on earth might make use of them for their corporal and spiritual welfare.



The Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

The Annual Pilgrimage.

The feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on Sunday, July 16th, was celebrated at the Hospice of Mt. Carmel by a greater splendor of ceremonies and a more numerous attendance of pilgrims than ever before. One of the local papers published such a good account of the festivity that we can do no better than to make room for it in these pages. After a few introductory remarks, the report continues: "Notwithstanding that the leaden skies of the morning's early hours were most discouraging to the devoted pilgrims, they flocked from both sides of the river as though a city was sending forth its inhabitants.

Buffalo's devout pilgrims and generous patrons numbered 1,600 and the whole throng might be estimated at twice that number.

The ceremonies began with high mass at 10 o'clock, in which religious functions, dignity of ritual, animated oratory and the heartfelt devotion of the pilgrims were blended with inspiring effect.

The music was furnished by the united talent of several church choirs, and was fully worthy of the occasion. It was the oratorical display, however,

that elicited special admiration and lent effect to ceremony and music. Rev. Theodore McDonald, the venerable veteran of his order, whose hoary locks seem like a score of his laborious days in the past, and whose generous and beaming countenance, relaxing so readily to kindly smile, added paternal authority to fervid words of youthful enthusiasm and vigor. He was full of his subject, mounting to many a climax of lucid exposition and stirring exhortation.

Two well known orators were in reserve for the afternoon, Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, General Superior of the Carmelites and founder of the Hospice, and Very Rev. Dean Harris, the popular speaker and writer of St. Catharines. Father Harris, with the finished grace of moulded sentences, well poised delivery and calculated effect, dwelt on the practical benefits that the splendid work of the Hospice conferred on its patrons and on the great cause of religion in general. He indicated the monumental works of Carmelites in past times and with the power of an historian drew the conclusive induction, that if every age heretofore, even back to the dimly recorded era of infant christianity, disclosed the tri-

umphs of Carmelite fidelity and activity, this age too would not be deficient but rather witness the old unvarying success. Father Kreidt, with the geniality of a host, addressed in his usual style of easy gracefulness and sparkling originality, greeting and encouragement to the pilgrims. He won their hearts to generous interest in his great religious work, which they amply exhibited afterwards with their purses, and with many well timed pleasantries, like pebbles into the expanse of water, spread ripples of pleasure and even merriment over his audience.

Much has been accomplished in the unfinished grounds for the comfort of the guests, so that many a grassy spot and shaded nook invited repose and the opening of the lunch basket. The fine spread of canvas was particularly grateful, affording abundant shade to heads bowed in worship.

The purpose of the Hospice may be briefly stated as a resting place of Christian hospitality where refreshments for body and spirit are supplied and the mind directed to the highest interpretations—picturesque nature

surrounding.

Among all the structures of pleasure, business and repose at least one shrine should be reared where God's voice in the cataract may be interpreted and man's spirit be attuned to its ceaseless hymn of praise.

The Retreat for Teachers.

The first annual retreat for Catholic teachers will be given at the Hospice of Mt. Carmel from Monday, Aug. 28th, to Saturday, September 2nd. The Spiritual Exercises begin on Monday evening and close with General Communion on Saturday morning. It is intended for all our Catholic laywomen, who teach in Public schools, but, no lady wishing to join in it will be refused, unless for lack of room. Applications should be sent in in time. Terms are very moderate. Inquiries for particulars should be addressed to *Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.*

From the 1st of August to the 28th, the Hospice is open to all visitors.

A Whisper to St. Theresa of Jesus.

HE lured her into solitude

On Carmel's Mount, and then,

He whispered, "I will have thee speak

With Angels—not with men."

—E. DE M.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from: St. George's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Francis Xaviers, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.; St. Kilian, Wis.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; Holy Angel's Church, St. Thomas, Ont.; Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.; St. Michael's Church, Munroe, Mich.; Sacred Heart Church, Minnising, Mich.; La Fayette, N. Y.; La Salette, Ont.; Egansville, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Agnes' Church, Greensboro, N. C.; Capuchin Convent, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; Leavenworth, Wash.; St. Anthony of Padua, Centerville, Ont.; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Cleveland, O.; Maidstone, Ont.; Assumption Church, Sandwich, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont.; Buffalo, N. N.; Holy Angel's, Buffalo, N. Y.; Breechin, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.

Names received at our New Baltimore Monastery from: University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Michael's, Dane, Wis.; St. Peter's, Oconto, Wis.; Eransville, Ind.; Scranton, Pa.; St. John's, Bellifonte, Pa.; Holy Cross, Wis.; Newport, Va.; St. Louis Church, Louisville, Ohio; Racine, Wis.; Antonius, Ill.; Lake Church, Wis.; Holy Family, Rochester, N. Y.; Worthington, Iowa; Boise City, Idaho.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

SISTER MARY CELESTINE, who died last month at the Convent of the Precious Blood, in Toronto, in the 25th year of her age, and eight year of her religious profession.

GASTON NORTH, who died July 4th, 1899, in the 13th year of his age, after a weary sickness of 25 days, borne with true Christian patience. He was an exemplary boy, loved by all who knew him. Being a bright and gifted son, his death has caused a wound to his fond parents hearts, that no time can entirely heal.

MRS. MARY MCGUIRE, who died a truly holy death on the 17th of Jan. 1899, in the

72nd year of her age. She was a native of County Cavan, Ireland, and had always led an exemplary and pious life, dedicated mostly to works of piety.

JOHN B. BUSHELL, who was killed on March 9th, 1899, in a railway accident.

MRS. MARY COWHEY, Henry Meibuscher, who departed this life, full of years and merits; Eva Bauer, Mr. Kelly, Rev. A. J. Grant.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

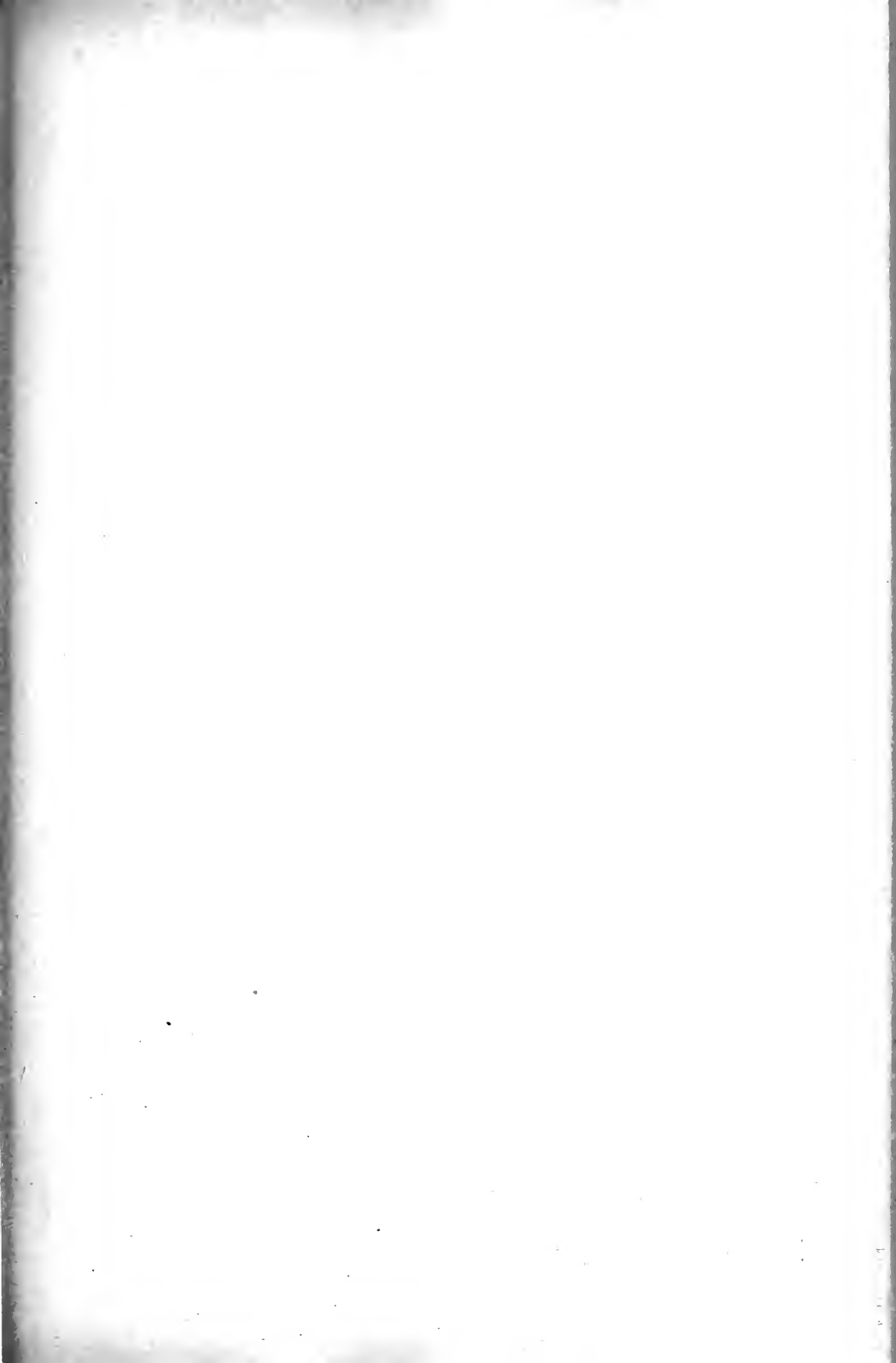
For employment, 6; for health, 3; for a sick mother: for a family's peace: for the conversion of a family; for the welfare of a young lady; for the conversion: for a person to find his vocation; for the conversion of a father and two sons: for mother and son; for seven special intentions; for success in a lawsuit; for two temporal favors: for living and dead members of a family: for restoration to health; for happy death; for nine special intentions; for a young lady: for grace to know vocation; for spiritual assistance, seven; for peace in family: for souls in Purgatory; for young lady in poor health: for patience in severe illness; for perseverance: for three special intentions; for perseverance: for nine special intentions; for the conversion of six persons; for two temporal favors: for two vocations; for three spiritual favors: for restoration to health; for a son's recovery from a serious illness: for employment seven: for six conversions: for two spiritual favors: for two vocations; for three spiritual favors: for success in an undertaking: for a sick mother: to obtain pupils, two; for conversion: for higher wages: for employment: for extrication from pecuniary difficulties.

Favors for the Hospice.

M. D., Providence, R. I.: C. K., St. John's, N. B.; M. A. K., St. Mary's, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; S. N. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. T. Boston, Mass.; S. B. St. Mary's, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; B. K., New York, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





The Madonna.



To the Madonna.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, *Silac-na-mon.*



LEST Mother of the Child Divine,
That guardest Him with boundless love,
How sweet 'twill be in realms above
To see the splendor that is thine.

He placed thee by His flashing throne,
His mighty choirs before thee bow ;
Thy face outshines their lustre now,
For all His glory is thine own.

Madonna sweet, that clasped His form
A helpless Babe at Nazareth,
And bore Him safe from fear and death,
Thro' desert drear and blinding storm !

Ah ! not unmindful of these days
He crowns thy sorrows now with joy,
With rapture that hath no alloy
Thy mother kindness He repays.

Madonna, in our hour of need
When round us loom the powers of hell.
With Him, Thine Own, Who loves Thee well,
Oh ! Blest Madonna ! Intercede !

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN. MAY—AUGUST, 1859.

The voyage—Genoa—De Sonis' political anxieties—The battle of Montebello—Skirmish at Voghera—The ambulance—The battle-field—The regimental march—The field of Magenta—Entry into Milan—De Sonis reconnoitring—Rapid Communion—God in his heart—The preparations for the battle of Solferino—The battle—He directs the charge of his squadron—The continual presence of God—Acts of thanksgiving—The carnage—Souls—De Sonis at the ambulance—De Sonis decorated—Armistice—Italian Revolution.



ON the 10th of May, 1859, the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique left the harbor of Algiers. Three hundred men and two hundred and twenty horses had been embarked in a bad steamer, called "*La Sevre*," the engines of which were in such a miserable state that they were obliged to sail almost all the way. The weather was bad, the sea rough, and the passage very slow; so that it was not till the 16th that they entered the bay of Genoa, where they landed on the 17th. Their arrival at Genoa was greeted by the Italians with enthusiasm. The Emperor had already crossed the Alps to put himself at the head of the army. Whilst the soldiers and officers thronged the Cafes, de Sonis went up to the sanctu-

ary of Notre-Dame-de-Carignan, and there prayed for his family and France.

After a day spent at Coregliano, which had become the depot for the troops, the regiment pushed on towards the north. On the 19th they arrived at Ronco in pouring rain; but they marched gaily on, the object being to join the other army corps, so as to concentrate the whole force, before the Austrians had time to intercept them.

In spite of his grave preoccupations, de Sonis kept up the spirit of his men by his unaffected gaiety. "Do you remember," he wrote later to a naval officer, "the day you came to wish me good-bye, and brought me a little case of Madeira, which really saved the life of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who was ill, and whose stomach could not bear the wretched wine and food of a fourth-rate inn, where we were, besides being soaked through by the pouring rain. I brought out your Madeira with great pomp, and all pres-

ent drank your health. This was just before the battle of Montebello." In fact, they heard at Serraval that an engagement had already taken place near the town of Voghera, towards which they were marching with all speed, and where they arrived at five o'clock the next day, having only passed through Tortona without stopping. On their way they met the train containing the Emperor, which revived the ardor of the troops. The first skirmish had ended favorably for the French. An ambulance had been opened at Voghera, and the way the wounded men bore their sufferings filled de Sonis with admiration. Marshals Canrobert and Baraguay d'Hilliers came to visit them, and the latter, showing his mutilated arm, exclaimed: "My children, I have passed through the same as you!" De Sonis spent the whole of that night and the following day among the wounded, helping the surgeons, congratulating and cheering the men on their bravery, and always slipping in some little word of religious consolation. In a very few words he set before them the example of our Lord as their model, their friend, and their best teacher. Then he would suggest some short ejaculatory prayer, which he said with them, and when he left them it was with loving words, and a blessed medal or some little Christian emblem. Then he visited the battle-field, which presented a strange contrast, being full of spring flowers mingled with broken arms, shakos, kepis, cartridges, and here and there patches of congealed blood. He went into the little church, which had also been turned into an ambulance. The old Cure of Montebello was a man of the last century, and had a vivid remembrance of the previous battle fought upon that spot in 1800, which

he described to de Sonis, who listened respectfully, and on leaving him begged for a Mass for those in both armies who had just appeared before God. The cavalry division was now concentrated under the command of General Desvaux, and was composed of four regiments. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, under the order of Colonel de Salignac-Fenelon was composed of four squadrons: Captain de Roquefeuil commanded the 1st; Captain Dubessay de Contenson the 2nd; Captain de Sonis the 3rd; and Captain Guyot the 4th. Guyot and de Roquefeuil were both killed the same day at Solferino.

After camping for three days at Montebello the regiment marched in the direction of Alexandria. On the 1st of June they were at Novara, which the enemy had abandoned, and on the fourth they heard the cannon of Magenta. The 1st Chasseurs were posted on the right bank of the Tessino, and passed the night in a wheat-field, bridle in hand, waiting for the order to act. None came; but from the multitude of ambulances and carriages which passed full of wounded, they knew that the battle must have been a bloody one. On the 5th the French victory was declared. The Chasseurs were ordered to cross the river and go towards Cerano, where a return of the enemy was feared. But not an Austrian was to be seen, and in the evening they returned to the station of San Martino, after a harrassing day's march, bringing back a multitude of wounded of both nations. The Emperor and the King of Sardinia were together in a dirty little inn, sharing a frugal supper and full of joy at their victory. De Sonis, as usual, devoted himself to the sick and wounded, and looked after his own men with the utmost care, preparing them for

action and encouraging them in every way. All the time, however, he had a secret dread of this Italian campaign, fearing it would result in injury to the Papal throne and in fostering the views of the Freemasons and Socialists, whose secret aims were well known to him. But above all he was a soldier, and he felt bound to hide and sacrifice his own feelings to the common cause.

On the 6th of June, they were on the battle-field of Magenta. It was a horrible sight. Forty or fifty peasants had been engaged to bury the dead, whose bodies were scattered in every direction, and were slowly accomplishing their sad work, while both soldiers and officers were seeking their comrades, as far as they could be recognized, amidst the blood and dust of the field. "Soon," writes one of the officers, "our Captain disappeared, and we lost sight of him till the end of the day. We found he had spent it in the ambulances, giving religious consolations to the wounded and dying. Though he never said a word about it, and we respected his silence, we admired him all the same, and de Sonis became for the whole regiment an object of real love and veneration."

Three days after Magenta, the army entered Milan amidst the enthusiastic reception of the inhabitants. At eight o'clock in the evening a fresh cannonade was heard in the direction of the cemetery of Melegnano, where the troops under Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers won another brilliant victory. The following days were spent by the 1st Chasseurs in reconnaissances, while pursuing the enemy in the direction of Bergamo. The country was beautiful, the crops magnificent, and the whole appeared a paradise, in which, however, death was so

soon to enter.

During this campaign de Sonis never neglected his religious duties any more than if he had been quietly at home. Speaking one day to the missionaries of Laghouat of this eventful year he said: "As soon as my regiment had arrived at their camp and I had given all the necessary orders to my troops, I used to go after the nearest church-spire to find the Cure in his humble presbytery. Generally the good priest knew as much French as I did Italian, so that I had to brush up my college Latin to make myself understood. 'Will you please hear my confession as soon as possible?' I would say on coming in. 'We will talk afterwards if there be time.' When I could, I went to Communion directly after; if it were too late, then the next morning. After that, I came back joyfully to camp, full of peace and of the love of God. Death might come, but I was all right, and remounted my horse ready for any sacrifice."

"All this was done with the greatest modesty and simplicity," wrote one of his subordinates. "He never spoke of these little pilgrimages, but neither did he make a mystery of them. Every one knew that he went to take the orders of the 'Great Commander,' and do His duty to Him before undertaking any other."

In a few words which he wrote at that time to a friend at Limoges he alludes to the same thing: "Often when we were scouring the country very early in the morning, we came upon a church. My friend Robert was with me, and we used to say, 'The Master is there! let us stop for a few moments.' Alighting from our horses we used to run into the church, and if the Priest was there, we used to get Holy Communion. Then we had to

start again at once, making our thanksgiving on horseback, for the time was not our own ;—but oh the strength and comfort of those few moments !”

We have said how austere he was in his private life. His tent was a miserable one, and so low that he could only get into it on all fours. His bed was a sheep skin or a rug laid upon hay or branches—nothing else ; a wonderful contrast to the arrangements of his brother officers, whose luxurious appointments caused a general order to be issued by the Emperor, insisting on a diminution of their baggage and furniture. The order was promulgated on the 23rd of June, the eve of the battle of Solferino. But it came too late, the officers did not know how to dispose of their little comforts, and de Sonis remained as an honorable exception to the rest.

A general engagement became imminent. Captain de Sonis was the first to receive notice of it. “At midnight on the 24th of June,” he writes, “I received notice that the reveil would be sounded at two o’clock, and that at three my squadron was to be on horseback. I let my men know at once, and in a few moments the fires were lit, the coffee made and swallowed by way of precaution ; for here, as in Africa, when one starts, one never knows when one will arrive. As far as I was concerned I was in a bad plight, being worn out with a fever which I had had for two or three days and which had prevented my being able to eat anything. They wanted me to go to the ambulance, but I felt quite sure that God would give me the necessary strength, and I thought it very possible that my squadron would be engaged on the morrow. I remained, consequently, at my post, and I was none the worse ;

for if I suffered a good deal the first part of the day, I entirely recovered after the charge of our troops, and since then I feel as if I had inaugurated a new existence, which is a miracle of God’s goodness.”

This day, the 24th of June, 1859, was, in truth, that of the great battle which was to decide the fate of Italy. It took place, as we all know, a little beyond Casanova, at the end of the village of Solferino, of which it took the name. De Sonis gave an account of the battle in two letters,—one written to his wife, and the other to M. Lamy de la Chapelle, of which we will give a summary. He writes :

“We started at three in the morning by a road so shaded by trees that we never guessed the existence of the vast plain, six leagues in extent, where the greatest battle of modern times was to be fought. Until the firing began, no one believed in a serious engagement. The secret had been well kept, and we fancied the enemy was not on that side. After a short halt to allow the passage of another corps, which had been ordered to the front, we arrived at a gentle trot into this magnificent plain. The cannon thundered to our left, where there was a row of hills and villages, forming together a formidable position, which it would be difficult to carry. In front of us and in the middle of the plain was a road with a church-steeple in the centre. To the right the plain was covered with mulberry trees and vines, which hid thousands of Austrian sharp-shooters. Our division, under the command of General Desvaux, was massed on one side of the plain, and the Partouneaux division on the other. The artillery of both were in front, and opened a murderous fire from four o’clock in the morning till

night, over a distance of four leagues. During the greater part of the day we had assisted at this great drama without stirring, while the balls whistled over our heads and a shell passed between the legs of my horse, and killed the one behind him. Death seemed to me imminent, but I had made the sacrifice of my life, and I felt that if God thought me necessary for my family, He would preserve me from all harm.

"It was only towards evening that our division drew near to the wood which concealed the enemy. To our right, the troops of Marshal Neil were unable to cope with the very superior forces of the enemy, and the moment was extremely critical. Then our General received orders to charge. Our two squadrons were magnificent; the infantry above were watching us; the first squadron under Guyot was ordered to begin the attack, but the General's voice was drowned in the terrific noise. It had become so urgent to assist Neil's troops that General Desvaux ordered me to advance. I galloped up to him to receive his order. His voice was full of emotion, as if he felt he was sending me to be sacrificed. He wished me not to charge until there was a general attack on both wings as well as the centre. I ventured to represent to him that, if we waited for that, our men would be picked off one by one by the sharpshooters concealed and protected by the wood, before our guns could reach them, and I begged leave to charge at once. He reflected for a second, and then said: 'Yes, you are right. Charge at once!'

"I flew back to my men, and gave the order. Then I galloped forward with my heart as easy as possible and full of interior peace. I was ten paces

before the rest, and was therefore a beautiful target for the enemy; but their balls did not touch me. The infantry drew back as we galloped up to them, and I tried to cut their column in half; but when we got to the wood, we found a magnificent square of Tyrolese, who opened fire upon us at once, and seemed to surround us on every side. I tried to rally my cavalry against one of these serried masses, but they fell around me right and left, as if mowed down by the storm. Seeing my brave fellows struck down in this way, I flung myself against one of these squares and found myself in a position which I shall never forget, the bayonets shining like blades of razors all round me, while hundreds of balls whistled about my ears. I was alone, one half of my squadron were laid low, the other half were attacked on the flank by a band of Uhlans. My beautiful grey horse was wounded to death; he had just strength to carry me out of that terrible square, and then dropped down dead. I parried with my sabre a bayonet-thrust as I rose, and ran to our lines on foot. One of my officers caught another horse for me, upon which to rally my men. I had started with a magnificent troop; I found them reduced to a mere handful. One of our officers, M. Baillœuil, fell, and we could never find his body.* M. G—— had his horse killed under him like me, and in that charge we lost a lot of friends. But we saved the position and the corps of Marshal Neil, and maintained worthily our old reputation."

This same M. Baillœuil relates that at the moment of the charge, M. de Sonis, rapidly passing his sabre into

* M. Baillœuil was wounded and taken prisoner, and remained in captivity at Gratz; but he afterwards rejoined M. de Sonis in Africa and made with him the Morocco campaign.

his left hand, made with the right the sign of the Cross, and then cried, "Forward!" and started. He had recommended his wife and children to another officer, M. Decroix, who was a Christian like himself, only a few minutes before. In a letter addressed to his Carmelite sister at Poitiers, he owned to her that during that terrible day "he did not think he had ceased for one moment to realise the presence of God."

In writing to his wife he says :

"Some people will think I ought not to tell you of the dangers I have incurred, and which may happen again, but I see things from a higher point of view, and I wish you to do the same. I know you will thank God with all your heart for His having, almost by a miracle, preserved me from death. Every chance of my being killed seemed to have been gathered together, so that His Divine protection was only the more remarkable. I had recommended myself heart and soul to God and Mary, to whom I had entrusted you also, my best beloved one, and our dear children."

The battle had lasted till eight o'clock at night. "After the charge," wrote de Sonis, "the heavens became black as ink; a fearful storm supervened, and then torrents of rain, which added to the desolation of the scene."

The first expiation of military glory is the realisation of what it has cost. De Sonis felt this as only a Christian does, and wrote :

"Whilst some of our troops went in pursuit of the flying enemy, the rest wandered over this terrible battle-field, seeking for the dead and wounded. How many of those poor fellows did I see carried in front of the horses by

their comrades, all suffering a real martyrdom from their wounds, and most of them with an arm or a leg shot off. What suffering and yet what courage! . . . Oh! my dear friend, if only a small part of this heroism had been devoted to the service of God, what a harvest for Heaven! On this field of death I did not see a single priest! And yet they say there are chaplains at the ambulance. The following day we buried our poor fellows in their uniforms, all laid in one deep grave, which I got an Italian priest to bless."

The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique had had terrible losses. De Sonis' squadron alone had had eleven men killed outright, thirty-four badly wounded, one officer killed, another a prisoner, thirty-seven horses killed, and fourteen badly wounded. But the victory was won, and the enemy were in full retreat. De Sonis writes: "I have been to the ambulance. All these poor wounded men are lying on straw in the stable of a farm which is quite full. They die every minute. The surgeons are at work like butchers, but doing their utmost for the men. One of my poor fellows remained twenty-four hours without having his wounds dressed; his thigh is broken in several pieces. Thank God, he was a Christian, and had been to his Easter duties before starting. Those who are the most to be pitied are those who could not be moved, and who passed the whole night on the battle-field." In his humility he adds: "May God bless all those who have lifted up their voices towards Him for my preservation. May He pardon me if I have let them fancy that I am anything but the weakest and most miserable of creatures. Pray for me in that sense, so that I may become what I hope and

wish to be, with the help of His Grace."

His delicate charity embraced the enemy as tenderly as his own soldiers. The day after the battle a soldier boasted that he had killed an Austrian General, and produced as evidence his cloak and his papers. De Sonis bought them from him, thinking the officer might have left a wife and children, to whom they would be as precious relics. On one of the following days de Sonis, being wet through, threw this cloak on his shoulders as he went in to visit the ambulance. A wounded Austrian officer called to him, having recognized his own cloak; and we can fancy the joy of de Sonis, who was thus enabled to restore the whole property to the rightful owner. De Sonis was decorated with the Cross the day after Solferino, on the battle-field, which gave him great pleasure, for he felt he had earned it almost at the price of his life. Poor Madame de Sonis, in sending him the ribbon, only regretted "that she had not the joy and pride of fastening it on."

On the 10th of July the armistice was signed, which was the prelude to the Peace of Villa-franca. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were ordered to form part of the army of occupation, which was a great disappointment to de Sonis, who was longing to rejoin his wife and children. Those few months, however, opened his eyes even more completely than before to the feelings of the Italians. "We were welcomed with enthusiasm when we arrived in Italy," he wrote to M. de Bogenet, the Vicar-General of Limoges, "and after having watered the soil with our blood, we were received with a silence which proves that between us and this people there is a barrier which we shall never pass."

Neither was M. de Sonis mistaken in his original forebodings. Whether they wished it or not, the French had helped on in Italy the Revolution against the Pope and the Princes. One day, on going into Piacenza, de Sonis saw a crowd round an equestrian statue, and on the horse's shoe was an inscription in Italian. De Sonis asked an ecclesiastic who was passing to translate it for him, as he did not know the language. It was: "Mayest thou, with thy hoof, annihilate the last priest and the last Bourbon!" De Sonis replied with indignation: "Sir, as you have been kind enough to act as my interpreter, will you tell this rascally mob that never will they be worthy of true liberty!"

De Sonis wrote in the same sense to M. de Bogenet:

"The war is at an end. It has won me my Cross, which is more than I asked for. But we all feel we may have to return here before long. We are in truth in the midst of a Revolution. Nothing can be more sad or more ridiculous than the attitude of these people. Italy, I fear, is a poor country, whose only Christian population is found in the country villages. Little as we are worth ourselves, we can feel that we are still soldiers of the Church!"

He ended his letter with the words: "God has miraculously preserved my life. May I employ it in His service and to His Glory! That is my only ambition."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Decision of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.—JOHN FOSTER.

The Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



WE know, from the words of her "Magnificat," that the spirit of Mary "rejoiced in God," her Saviour; and yet there was no sorrow like to hers, if we except that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The mysterious union of its joys and sorrows was reflected in the Immaculate Heart of the Mother of Dolours.

Even before the first sword entered at the prophetic words of Simeon, we may believe that she was enlightened as to the passion of her Divine Son. She saw the abandonment of Bethlehem, and the first drops of His Precious Blood at the Circumcision; but the full vision shone upon her in the Temple, as she clasped Him so tenderly in her arms. She went forth soon after in the darkness of night an exile with the Infant Saviour, flying from His own creatures. What a life of sorrow was hers in all the hidden years! And how all things seemed as a foreshadowing of His Passion, as it came nearer each day. The little head resting so peacefully on her breast wore to her eyes its thorny crown; and the delicate hands were wounded, and the sighs of a dying voice were in the melody of His words. His love drove the sword deeper as time went on, bringing not comfort but increase of pain.

Once she lost the vision of His beauty for three days, as if to liken her to the awful desolation which would wring

from His Heart, "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Then we see her on the way of the Cross, and at its foot for three hours, upheld by the power of God, to witness His agony. She was there as model, mediatrix, Mother of the human race, the Queen of all who mourn. Even after the great Sacrifice was consummated, we see her receiving the Sacred Body in her arms, and following to the Sepulchre the sad procession at His burial. How must the memories of His childhood years have rushed back in great waves of sorrow during all the time of waiting for her Son's Resurrection!

Oh! what comfort He brought with it to the mourning mother! Even we, with our cold hearts, thrill joy at the Easter "Alleluias!" and exclaim triumphantly with the Holy Church, "Christ rising again from the dead dieth now no more!"

Mary is our example when the morning shadows have gathered round us. Let us go in spirit to Calvary and look at her, patient, silent, adoring the divine Will. Let us then raise our tearful eyes to her glorious throne; never does her light seem to shine so brightly as when its rays fall on a soul at the foot of the Cross. Truly she is always our Mother most tender, but sorrow seems the nearest way to her heart. Oh! if we have any mourning shadows cast on our souls, (and who is there that has not, in this "vale of tears?"), we will look to her to-day and evermore for comfort, the comfort of patience, resignation, hope; and the exceeding joy with which her heart is filled, because of her Dolours, will encourage us to follow her footsteps on the "royal way of the Cross."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA—PROSPEROUS VOYAGE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE
ATTACK—TREMOR OF IMPATIENCE—THE FRAY—THE ASSAULT—

OCTOBER 4, 1365.



UPON leaving Rhodian waters the Cyprian fleet, to put in an appearance at one of its new tributaries and also to take in a supply of fresh water, turned at once towards the neighboring continent. Soon they were in the high sea again in a direct line for Egypt. Up to this time the decision of the council as to the immediate point of attack had been most carefully withheld from the rest, lest a breath of it might reach the enemy from some unsuspected spy. The very eve of departure found the captains ignorant of the course their vessels were to take, the army knew not whither the King of Cyprus was conducting them, but all had full confidence in his valor and ability. Animated with the spirit of respect for their chiefs, and also of military discipline, which as much as courage

constitutes the good soldier, they joyfully sailed along, never doubting that they were going to victory.

When they had gained the high sea, the King, unfolding his project, announced that the end of the voyage was Alexandria in Egypt. This communication was received with enthusiastic acclamations. The legendary renown of this ancient city, the glamour of the unknown which environed it, fascinated those ardent souls, and caused the difficulties to vanish. In their naive presumption they pictured to themselves the city falling an easy prey to their valor, and the chiefs, although better informed, already looked upon themselves as masters of the city founded by Alexander.

During the exchange of felicitations a sudden gale arose and dispersed all the vessels with such violence that it was feared the consequences would be disastrous. But four days later fortune favored them and the entire fleet found itself in sight of Alexandria. So rapid a passage filled with astonishment all the mariners who had ever visited

these latitudes. Blessed Peter Thomas at the unanimous request of the Crusaders gave solemn tribute of thanksgiving for what all concurred in believing to be a miraculous favor.

In a letter, of which more later on, the Legate expressly said that the Crusaders were guided by the same divine hand that had, of old, sustained the Apostle St. Peter upon the waters. Whilst the Cyprians were giving vent to their joy, sentiments of a very different nature agitated the inhabitants of Alexandria.

When the Muezzins from the lofty minarets sighted a Christian fleet, what universal consternation moved this people ordinarily so indolent and apathetic. The city was stirred to its very depths. Recovering, however, from the first shock, they hastened to organize an army and so arrange their forces as to prevent the Crusaders from landing. The fleet had already cast anchor and all were preparing to disembark, when the Generalissimo gave other directions.

It was Thursday, the third day of October, the hour, twelve o'clock. Pierre de Lusignan, wishing to arrange his plan of action and take his time, thought it better to wait until the morrow. The Moors, thinking that the sight of their forces and the high ramparts made the Christian army hesitate, presumed that they could repulse them entirely by their insolent bravado and discordant battle cry. The shore resounded with their gibes and jeers, and the hearts of many Christians were pierced when frightful blasphemies against Christ and His holy Cross were hurled across the ocean waves.

The holy Legate could scarcely contain himself. Accustomed for many years to look death in the face with

calmness, and always eager to shed his blood for Jesus Christ, he could not listen to such an outrage without at least a protest. Transported with indignation he turned towards Mezzieres with these words: "In the name of our dear Lord's passion let us go, with our galley, against those miscreants. Let us expiate this outrage. With the Cross as our standard what can we fear?"

But the Chancellor, as self-contained as he was courageous, knew well how to use his influence in calming a too vehement ardor. "My dear father," he said smiling, "the hour of our death has not yet sounded. This is not the time to land. With the most profound respect I must decline to accompany you."

If our hero permitted himself for a moment to be surprised into an outburst of natural feeling—nay, rather was it not a premature transport of religious enthusiasm?—Blessed Peter Thomas was not capable of that obstinacy of purpose which arises from pride. Listening to the counsel of his friend he soon recognized and acknowledged that the exception which he thought might have been justified by the outrage would have been regarded as a breach of the discipline exacted by the chief, and, with renewed humility, he awaited the signal to descend. That evening and the quiet hours of night were devoted by Lusignan and his army to preparations for the battle.

On their part the Moors were far from idle. All through the night the sound of the trumpet calling together their troops was heard upon the silent air, and as if to recall the memory of that fire from which the Crusade of St. Louis had had so much to suffer they lighted immense piles, the lurid

blaze of which rendered their movements distinctly visible. The ramparts filled with defenders could be seen, while new intrenchments were hastily constructed. About the walls, ready to crush the first detachments that would reach the shore, were to be seen numerous bodies of cavalry eager for the fray.

The supreme moment drew near. A glorious sun shone upon the crest of the waves and lighted with its brilliant rays the steel of the breast-plate and the iron of the lance, whilst the Patriarch of Constantinople, at the prow of his vessel, held aloft in his venerable hands the precious relic of the Holy Cross.

His uncovered head and noble brow, his eyes directed to heaven, the silvery beard, his arms extended in fervent supplication for a successful issue reminded the Crusaders of Moses at the moment of peril encouraging the people of Israel.

His fervent accents went to the heart. "Soldiers, chosen ones of the Lord," said he, "may the dear Savior and His holy Cross inspire you with strength and courage! Do not fear the enemies of God. Fight valiantly and the gates of heaven will be open to assist you."

In the enthusiasm which followed, the signal for beginning the holy war was given from the royal vessel. On the instant the galleys steered for the shore, and, in the pre-arranged order, went as near as the shoals permitted. At this move a hail of Saracen arrows rattled against the helmets and armor of the Christians, to which, for all reply the Cyprian arrows, like the lightning's flash, went straight to the foemen's ranks.

Trembling with joy, the servant of God stood in the most dangerous

spot, and refused even to be protected by a shield lest his words might not be heard by all. "A thousand arrows shall fall at thy side," he repeated to his companions in arms, "and ten thousand at thy right side, but they will not reach thee." Encouraged by these words of wisdom, the bravest of the soldiers plunged into the water for a hand to hand encounter with a troop of Saracens who also had taken to the sea.

The attack and defence, equally valorous, lasted amid the foaming waves for more than an hour. At last a battalion of Crusaders succeeded in establishing themselves upon the shore, thus permitting the rest to gain a footing. Then the Christian army, as they landed from the small boats to the inspiring peal of the trumpet, looked like the rapidly rising tide.

The fight now became general. To the cry—a thousand times repeated—of *Allah li Allah* came ever the Catholic watch-word, "*God wills it! God wills it!*" Terrible and merciless battle! To inflict death that they might not receive it was the all pervading idea. The Moors sprang upon the Christians like tigers; repulsed, they came on again with redoubled fury. But their assailants met them bravely. Their daggers, manipulated in the left hand, preserved them from the poniard's attack; the long narrow sword easily parried the thrusts of the cimeter, while it pierced the breasts of the foe. The broad-sword, brandished in both hands, cut off limbs, hewed down turbans and cleft assunder many a Mussulman's skull.

As yet, however, the issue of the combat remained uncertain. A shower of darts continued to darken the air, heavy blows resounded upon the shields, the swords gleamed and flashed

with scintillating light, while the neighing of the horses mingled with the cries of the wounded and the death rattle of the dying.

Finally the mail-clad cavalry were enabled to form in line, the thrilling tones of the trumpet sounded forth: "*la charge de l'Hopital!*" For the Koran this was the death knell, too well known to the Saracens.

One — two — three — four hundred years rolled by, and still it did not change; the same on land as on the mighty deep—the formidable cry "St. Jean a l'aide!" burst upon the ranks of the panic-stricken Mahometans.

It was the decisive moment. Neither the multitude of their soldiers, nor the desperate energy with which they fought could avail them henceforth, for soon the bravest and best of the Sultan's warriors lay dying and dead upon the battle-field. The rest of the army, seized with a wild panic, lost ground completely. With cries which in their weird sadness cannot be described, the frantic creatures rushed to the ramparts. A struggling mass of humanity, wounded and crushed, dying and dead, lay the now helpless enemies of the Cross.

The Generalissimo, emboldened by success, hesitated not a moment to finish the victory. Without delay he set fire to the city gates and gave the assault. A little while and the ramparts were scaled, a tower invaded and the colors which floated from its summit borne off in triumph by the Christians, while they joyfully put up the standard of the Cross.

So brilliant a coup with so small a number of assailants proved too much for the Saracens. They were utterly and irrevocably discouraged, and imagined that the Cyprian fleet was followed by a larger and more formid-

able army. The remnant of their number in charge of the other towers and the ramparts fled in consternation, the palaces were deserted, the streets empty. Their terror cannot be described. To behold themselves conquered in a place of which they had had possession for 700 years stupified them. "The end of the world is at hand," said the dervishes. "It must come—it *should*, when the Christian thus subjugates the disciples of Mahomet. It is written."

Thus on Friday, October 4, 1365, after a siege of only six hours' duration the King of Cyprus remained master of Alexandria.

Mezzieres, with what we must call his too great modesty, has said nothing of his own bravery during the battle. But we know it must have been great. Strong and noble-looking cavalier that he was, his dauntless right arm must have joyfully done its share in the terrible fray. But his deep and mystical fervor will not ascribe the glorious victory to any prowess of his own or his compatriots. He would fain have us look upon it entirely as the work of the Lord.

"The glory of the Most High is great indeed," he cries out with enthusiasm. "Verily upon this day one of our soldiers put to flight ten thousand enemies, and two valiantly drove away ten thousand."

Blessed Peter Thomas had promised them the protection of heaven, and that promise had indeed been realized to the utmost. Although the battle-field was covered with the slain, they were not called upon to mourn the loss of any of the Christians. We do not hesitate to say that only Mahometans were to be found amongst the dead. Strange as this assertion may seem, we cannot doubt its truth. The text

of our faithful chronicler, and still more expressly the letter of Blessed Peter Thomas are both too explicit and exact.

Even the number of wounded was not very large. Nevertheless, some authors, amongst them John Palæonydore and Philip of the Holy Trinity, suppose that the Legate was wounded by a poisoned arrow, and this probably was the cause of his death which occurred three months later.

This, however, was disputed at length by the Bollandists, who maintain the negative from the reason that the principal biographers make no mention of the fact. And in truth neither Lamerson, nor Wadding, nor Mezzieres in their accounts of the battle speak of what would be of so much importance, nor do they say aught of it, later on, before the death of the holy hero.

On the contrary, nothing disturbed the general rejoicing. It even seemed that the Saracens wished to avoid troubling it, for they, in their rapid flight took the direction of Lake Mareotis, which skirts a part of the city, crossed it and bravely continued their route to Cairo.

The other citizens of Alexandria, easily accepting their fate, had long ere this laid down their arms. Amongst them were a number of Copts who had long since been inhabitants of that region.

These Christians—Schismatics, it is true, but without prejudice—deeply impressed by the brilliant success of de Lusignan, publicly declared their faith. "Christ is mighty and powerful," they exclaimed with enthusiasm, "He vanquishes Mahomet, who glorifies *himself* in his soldiers."

Meanwhile the King of Cyprus, the Legate and the entire army took

solemn possession of their conquest, while at their head was borne in triumph the standard of the Cross.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRIALS — "SHALL ALEXANDRIA BE ABANDONED?" — DELIBERATION AS TO ITS FATE—THE LEGATE VAINLY TRIES TO COMBAT THE INTENSE SELFISHNESS WHICH PREVAILS—FATAL DECISION—OCTOBER 5—9, 1365.

It often happens at the dying of the day, when the sun is setting amid beautifully tinted clouds of crimson, amber, and gold, that a veil of mist suddenly is thrown over the horizon. Far from obscuring the grandeur and magnificence of Nature's lovely picture, however, it only augments the beauty of the glorious scene.

It will now be related how a veil of trials and suffering was sent to overcast the closing days of our blessed hero's life, but far from obscuring its luster it will only serve to render more glorious the last phase of his sojourn on earth. It has been remarked, perhaps, in the perusal of these pages which present the details of his enchanted life that, so far, pain and contradictions had not fashioned with their pure gold the aureole of the saint. His life was passed it is true in the midst of stirring scenes and varied difficulties, but it seemed as if some magic wand caused the thorns and briars to scatter as his step approached. This was to be so no longer. Providence took care that nothing should be wanting to the glory of so faithful a servant, and reserved for the sunset of his life that grace which is the crown of all graces and the consecra-

tion of an eminent sanctity.

The Divine Master, wishing to stamp with the seal of supreme beauty the soul of the admirable Patriarch, called him to climb the steep ascent of Calvary's sacred mount.

Under the form of trials and disappointments, and later on of illness and physical pain, the new phase of his life was to begin.

The opulent city which a brilliant coup de main has wrested from the possession of the Mahometans was the store house of the commercial world of Africa and Asia. Delivered up to pillage, it furnished so munificent a booty that the following year from Nicosia to Bordeaux, from Constantinople to London the Crusaders openly and ostentatiously displayed gold, silken tapestries, brocades, and even diamonds and other precious stones. This fatal liberty granted to the soldiers awakened evil instincts, especially selfishness and avarice, sources of idleness and baseness. Thus suddenly enriched, the companions of Pierre I. who had so nobly supported him were seized with the idea that there were limits to bravery and that to remain would be simply disastrous. They strongly advocated a termination of the expedition, but at heart their object was to return home and enjoy the riches they had secured. This desire, at first scarcely acknowledged was not slow to openly manifest itself. The Generalissimo convened a council to consider without further delay, the best method of guarding the important city of Alexandria. Contrary to all expectation his proposition was far from receiving approval.

The smallest number of knights coincided with the King. The majority opposed his views with an indifference

as expressive as it was ungenerous. A false prudence exaggerated the difficulties of the situation. Imagination joined its forces to military calculations, and represented as infinitely terrible the Mamelukes, who at that time made the law in Egypt. "Without doubt," said they, "those fierce renegades, recovered from their first shock of surprise, would re-assemble their army in the vicinity of Cairo. They would not delay long in laying siege to Alexandria, in their turn to make the invading army pay dearly for their too easy conquest.

The Chancellor of Cyprus, brave and noble chevalier, vainly endeavored in the name of the King to dissipate such ill-founded apprehensions. He assured them that a wise and prudent policy would advise their fortifying themselves, remaining where they were, and awaiting the event. Although the enemy might be almost at their gates, still, with their facilities, there would be sufficient time for preparation.

The fortifications remained intact, and behind their shelter, powerfully sustained by implements of war, the Crusaders could respond to any assault by an energetic defence. Their numbers would be increased by the Christians of Alexandria, who, notwithstanding their clinging to the errors of Eutychius, would hasten to lend their strong arm to the Catholics for the sake of opposing Mahomet. There could be nothing to dread from a blockade, for there was not the slightest danger of famine. Supplied as they were with provisions for some time—and that in abundance—masters of the sea through their powerful fleet, the Christians would always have the means of renewing their supplies.

It was not then presumptuous to hope that with more than 12,000 men the siege could be sustained for months. Europe would then gain time to come and destroy the army of the prophet "in battle array." For the Christian princes, stimulated by the magnificent audacity of Lusignan, would not be slow in joining him. They would hasten all the more if they perceived any danger through attacks of the Saracens.

Thus the first success of the Crusade would be followed by many important results. Other Crusades would be organized and no doubt with the same brilliant success.

Notwithstanding these weighty arguments, the English chiefs—who would have believed it?—openly proposed to abandon Egypt.

Contrary to all expectations, the Hospitaliers also—those "secular monks" whose superb record it formerly was that they could combat if necessary *one* against *one hundred*—arrayed themselves upon the adverse side of abandonment. Even the Admiral of the Order lent the weight of his authority to the pusillanimous party. He depicted the implacable Sultan at the head of an army, which outnumbered in combatants the grains of sand which were spread over the plains of the desert, coming in person to wreak vengeance upon the Christian soldiers. According to him, resistance to such an enemy would be impossible. Nothing but withdrawal could preserve the Crusaders from total destruction.

Such was not the opinion of the holy Legate. Like the Chancellor, he resisted such views with all the might of his eloquence. With that supernatural insight worthy of his role, and his experience with the things of God, he unveiled the plans of divine Provi-

dence. He clearly showed that the adorable Will, having delivered into their hands one of the principal bulwarks of the East, manifested thus His design to see the Crusaders firmly establish themselves therein.

After having retained them there as long as it would conduce to His glory and to the profit of Christianity, the Sovereign Master of hearts would in His own good time lead the Sultan to treat of the ransom of the city. Thus, perhaps, by way of exchange, Alexandria might serve as the ransom for Jerusalem. Furthermore, what ever be the event, to disdain this gift of heaven would be for the Christians a shame which would recoil upon their own heads, and might even be reflected upon the holy Church.

The Crusaders who could so readily prove false to the traditions of their valorous ancestors, and so quickly give up the contest, who could deliberately decline to make this sacrifice, would in the sight both of angels and of men be taxed with mad folly, nay even with treason. His burning words were not wholly without effect. The French at least, with the Germans and Italians, shrinking from the opprobrium which would overwhelm such a desertion, decided in accordance with the principles of faith and true chivalry. But their number was not sufficient to carry weight in the balance of the deliberations.

The next day the Generalissimo insisted upon renewing his proposition, but alas! without a propitious result. Sincere in his sorrow, with tears in his eyes the brave and royal soldier condescended even to implore the captains and the privates, the Cyprians and their allies to look upon the happiness of fighting for the defence of the Church, and the glory of dying for the

same with the appreciation with which they had formerly considered it. He entreated them to think of motives second only to the above, viz., to die for the freedom of Cyprus, to sacrifice life for the liberty of Europe. But, O! cruel shame! The words *religion, country, honor* no longer found an echo in their hearts!

One Englishman, one of the principal captains, made himself prominent by his vehement opposition. With no regard for the royal majesty, openly going against Pierre I., he declared that he would not even remain with the assembly—nay, that he would not repose in the city. Saying this he withdrew.

Such discussions occurring in the inner circle acted very disastrously outside. The peevish obstinacy of the English accorded but too well with the tendency of the moment to fail in finding supporters. The sense of right of the troops, already poisoned by the corrosive venom of avarice, and influenced more and more by this carping criticism, was now lost in a spirit of murmuring and distrust. In their eyes to await the return of the Saracens was only to incur the risk of a battle wherein the money they had secured (by pillage) could be taken by the enemy, or where death might come and cut short their dreams of fortune. Thus reasoned the mercenary creatures, enriched by a fortuitous happening and rendered grasping and avaricious by the fact, for avarice naturally makes its slave fearful and apprehensive. If the avaricious man at times evinces determination which goes to the point of obstinacy, it is only to wage war against generous propositions. On all sides arose clamorous cries for the departure, and it was evident that such would have to be the end. But the

Legate could not as yet bring himself to surrender. He could not lend his voice to the utter abandonment of the sacred cause. With what indomitable energy he put in force all the levers capable of lifting those hearts from the depths of ignominy into which they had fallen. From entreaty he passed on to the memory of their solemn promises, from tears to reproaches, from the pathetic to the most scathing irony.

Addressing himself specially to the officers, he reminded them of their own words. "If need be, we are ready to die with you, *never, never* will we abandon you." "And now," he added, "you tremble at the voice of your valets, at the coming of pagans. Men of little faith! Do you then doubt that He who conducted you to the abode, can not maintain you within its walls?"

Addressing himself then to the Hospitaliers, (Ah! who could better remind them of the brave deeds of their ancient confreres, and their well-earned glory?), he entreated them in such moving terms to be true to the traditions of those who had so valiantly fought under the standard of the Cross, that one can but marvel that they could resist his appeal. He told them that if the enemy, unwilling to accept a first repulse, should even return for a fresh encounter, it would be a splendid opportunity for them to engrave the honored walls of the Hospital with the names of the conquered Moors in so indelible a fashion that neither the rolling years nor the passing centuries could ever erase them from the place.

The ardent and generous soul of the Legate seemed to feel more deeply the utter selfishness of the English, and in his last appeal to them he hesitated not to tell them in no measured terms what

his opinion was of their deserting the cause. Hoping to reach the nobles he drew a sarcastic word picture of those who turned their back when danger was nigh, and to mortify them our Carmelite, with more chivalry than those plumed and belted knights, offered *himself* to face an entire army.

St. Martin, patron of Catholic knights, once spoke these remarkable words: "*Alone* and with no other weapon than the sign of the Cross, I would without fear penetrate the closed ranks of the enemy."

This was the proposal of the dauntless Legate. He asked to be left in the city with his friend, the noble Mezzieres, and fifty brave men who begged that if their chiefs decided not to remain, they might join him in his attempt. The Legate said that they would shut themselves up in one of the towers and for an indefinite period hold in check the Mussulmen hordes.

They could sustain the defence until help would arrive—nay, if necessary, even unto death!

By the former they would prove to the Crusaders, to the Saracens, to the entire world that resistance is easy. By the latter they would at least preserve some fragments of untarnished Christian honor!

Alas! they would not agree to this request. Amongst so many whose clear vision was blinded by self-interest how could a heroic soul be understood? Men of war who, without blushing, could place themselves in the way of receiving lessons in the principles of military honor from a monk, would have no power to recognize what was right. The decision remained irrevocable. Four days after the taking of Alexandria, the order for abandoning the city began to see its realization!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Assumption.

SWEET pealing bells now fill the summer air,
To hail thee, [Queen and Mistress, Lady fair!
All nature sings thy coronation hymn;
Its cup of joy is filled unto the brim.

Sweet odors float upon each summer gale
And fleecy clouds are drooping, like a veil
That 'round thy form so gracious, fain would be,
Thou virgin bride, fair pearl of purity.

O, listen, dearest, to our heart's fond sighs
That on this Lady Day in harvest rise.
Let heart of hope be ours for peace at last,
And God's sweet mercy for the guilty past.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

THE feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was celebrated with great solemnity in several churches here in Rome, but especially in the mother church of the Order, S. Maria in Transpontina. The feast was preceded by a novena, during which Father Briccetti attracted large crowds of people by his eloquent sermons. The first vespers were celebrated by Bishop Genneri. On the feast itself at 7 a.m., His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli celebrated the Mass of Communion at which, as also at the other Masses, a very great number of the faithful went to Holy Communion. At 10.30 another Bishop sang the solemn High Mass. In the afternoon, after the sermon, V. Rev. Simon Bernardini, who has charge of the parish, celebrated the second vespers. At all the functions there was excellent music, some of the best singers of Rome composing the choir.

During the whole day the church was filled with an immense crowd of the faithful, all of whom seemed to have been charmed by the beautiful and richly ornamented statue of the Madonna of Mt. Carmel placed above the high altar; many of them stood and gazed at it, and when leaving turned around again and again to take another look at it.

During the Octave every day there was a sermon after which the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung and solemn Benediction was given. On the Octave, besides the usual ceremonies, the Te Deum was solemnly sung, all the people joining in, after which solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

was given by Cardinal Pierotti in the absence of His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, who was detained by some other engagement.

On Friday, July 21st, the cornerstone of the new international Carmelite college was laid. The services were performed by His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli. In the presence of a large crowd he blessed and sealed the stone, which was then moved to its place. If everything proceeds favorably, the college is expected to be ready for the students at the beginning of the scholastic year in the fall of 1900.

The end of June witnessed the closing of the council of the Latin American republics, which was held in this city. Whilst here in Rome, and especially during the process of the council, the most intimate union and good-will was noticed among the bishops, so that great good is expected to be derived from the council. During their stay here several times they had audience with His Holiness, and several times they assisted in a body at the services in the different churches, especially in St. Peter's church.

Death has paid another visit to the Sacred College, and this time it took the oldest member of the College, viz., Cardinal Mertel, who passed away at the ripe age of 93 years. Before he died he was one of the three living Cardinals who were created by Pius IX., the other two being Parocchi and Oreglia. Up to his death he held several important offices which he always discharged with great zeal and ability.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary.

BY REV. THEODORE J. MCDONALD, O. C. C.



HE one most necessary thing now and for all eternity is the glory of God. God is the sole necessary being, His essence and existence are one and the same thing. He is *actus purus*—a pure act indivisible. His attributes are Himself, He is His own cause, He is what He is and could not be anything else. He is the supreme Good, all holiness, and is worthy of all glory, and to give Him glory is the most necessary of all things, and the highest act that a creature can perform. There is an infinite gulf in the being, and in the dignity between creatures and their Creator. All creatures, no matter what may be their dignity, from the grandest and most perfect man on earth to the highest angel that ministers before the throne of God, are contingent beings, in other words they were not necessary. God alone is the sole necessary being. God alone is great, and a mere creature fails to give Him adequate glory. It is only a God that can adequately glorify a God, and that glory is given Him by the God-man, our Divine Lord.

God the Son, the second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity, begotten before all ages, loved His Eternal Father with an infinite love, and He never ceased and He never will cease to love Him. When we speak of infinite love we form but an imperfect

idea of the infinite ocean of the love of the Son for the Father. We do not speak here of the love of the Father for the Son, as that would take us more deeply into the mystery of the most Holy Trinity and would demand an explanation of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son as far as it can be explained. To give a perfect and an infinite satisfaction to the Eternal Father, and to offer Him adequate glory, the Son became incarnate, assuming human nature in its fullness, like us in everything but in sin. He assumed it in its most refined form, uniting it with His divine nature, under His one adorable divine person, but still retaining both natures distinct. It is thus the operations of the sacred humanity of our Divine Lord are of infinite value, and the sacred humanity itself an object of our adoration. If such be the case, His Sacred Heart must be in a special manner the object of our adoration and love, as this organ is the seat of the affections and sends up an infinite ocean of love to His Eternal Father.

That Mary was the most perfect image of God among creatures, is the same thing as to say that she was the most perfect image of her Son. She had the natural right to be like His sacred humanity, for she was bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh. But she was not only the most perfect image of His sacred humanity, but also of His Divinity, so that the Sacred Heart of Jesus, sending up perfect adoration and love to His Eternal Father and pouring out His love for men, had its counterpart in the im-

maculate heart of Mary, in as far as it was possible to find a counterpart in the heart of a creature. It is needless to draw the attention of our readers to the heart as a special organ in our composition, or to say that it is the seat of the affections, for every one instinctively feels that such is the case. Our Divine Lord takes the heart as the seat of purity and love : "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God ;" and again, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart," and the Holy Ghost says through the Prophet, "To-day if thou shalt hear His voice harden not thy heart."

The love of the immaculate heart of Mary for her Son is indeed finite, but it is so great that it borders on the infinite ; it is an ocean of love, according to the author of the *Stabat Mater*, "*Eja Mater, fons amoris.*" The love of Mary for her Son springs from two abysses deep down in her heart, the one natural, the other supernatural. To form some idea of the natural love of the Virgin Mother for her Son, it is well to call to mind that God has extended a loving instinct even to the brute creation for their young. Even the savage beasts of the forest love their young so well that they will give their lives to protect them, and the Spirit of God, warning man of the anger of the Judge at the last day, compares it to a wild beast robbed of her whelps. "He shall be as furious as a she bear robbed of her whelps." But if we consider rational beings, the mother, the Christian mother, the pious mother, if God has given this most precious gift of nature, in measure to the savage beast, what must be the love implanted in the heart of the Christian mother for her child ! We know her long suffering and her pray-

ers poured out for her wayward son. Saint Augustine says, that there are two miracles in the world, and he doubts which is the greater, the love and mercy of God and the ingratitude of man, and we may say there are two other miracles, and may doubt which is the greater, the enduring love of the mother and the ingratitude of the bad son. But let us follow him up : he is wayward, he is even wicked, and he provokes his father beyond endurance. He fills his heart with anguish till the spirit of justice and indignation gains the ascendancy and drives this unnatural offspring forth upon the world. He is now an outcast, and sinks so low and is so degraded that his name is a byword among the people, and the finger of scorn is pointed at him, whilst the cheek of his mother is mantled with shame. He awakens not the slightest feeling of sympathy in the heart of any human being, there is not a single impulse of affection left for him save one, and that is the affection of his mother. In the face of all opposition, there is one heart that still throbs for him, one heart that still loves him, one hand stretched out to save him, and that heart and that hand are the heart and hand of his mother.

The Holy Ghost says in giving us the assurance of God's love and protection : "When the mother shall forget her child, then will I forget thee." If such be the ever-enduring love of the mother for even an unworthy son, what must be her love for a son who is worthy of a good mother's love ? Who will measure the depths of love in a mother's heart for a good child ! It is only the mother who is fully conscious of it ; she alone can sound the unfathomable depths of a mother's love.

But let us return to the Virgin

Mother. She was the mother of our Divine Lord, and He was as truly her Son, as we are the children of our mothers. She was human, but her human nature was the most exalted and refined that a mere human being ever possessed. No impulse of passion even for a moment ever gained sway within her breast, no self-interest ever cast its shadow over the purity of her intentions, there was nothing in her life to diminish in the slightest degree the full flow of the natural love that she cherished for her beloved Son, who then will sound its unfathomable depths? If the love of the mother, the poor mother, during life assailed by many passions and frequently disregarded by the object loved, still survives, notwithstanding all opposition, and remains an ever-enduring love, what must be the love of the Blessed Virgin for her Son! He was her only Son, He had no father on earth, and her love was not divided. Other mothers have their love divided between the father and their many children, but the love of the Blessed Virgin was entirely concentrated on her beloved Son.

Her child was the most perfect and amiable, so that she is called the mother of fair love. Those that are more or less perfect in this life have an attractive influence that is felt and acknowledged even by the imperfect. All who come in contact with one possessing exalted sanctity breathe a higher moral atmosphere, and are conscious of being surrounded by a more holy influence than are met with in the ordinary walks of life. If this be the case, and if the immoral, whilst they pretend to despise virtue, respect those in their hearts who possess it, what must be the influence of our Lord whilst here on earth! Who will tell us of Mary's

Child? What heights of sanctity, and what a holy influence He shed around those who came in contact with Him! He was not only man but God. What a halo of glory, though unseen by men, surrounded him! Countless angels adored Him and this was Mary's Child. Who was Mary herself? A perfect creature, a creature whom sin never touched, whose sanctity reached beyond the angels, whose Immaculate Conception makes her the solitary boast of our race. Here there can be no question of the love between such a mother and such a Son, but the wonder is how the immaculate heart of Mary could contain so much love. She was the companion, and much more than the companion of His Childhood and of His mature years, and when a Child she pressed Him to her bosom, and as He reclined and slept there, what deep waves of love must have flowed from the Sacred Heart of Jesus into the immaculate heart of Mary! So all our calculations to fathom the depth of this love will be at fault, as it is all but infinite.

Mary was an enclosed garden, a sealed fountain. "My sister, my spouse is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up. Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates, with the fruits of the orchard, cyprus with spikenard." (CANT.) She was a garden enclosed, a sealed fountain to man, for although she was a mother she still remained a virgin, and because she was a virgin and immaculate, she brought forth the Saviour of the world without pain. This was a miraculous conception, a man-God born of a Virgin Mother. When we speculate on the love of such a mother for such a Son, it is quite evident after our deepest research we will fail to grasp its intensity.

Thus far we have spoken of the natu-

ral love of the Blessed Virgin for her Son. We have shown that there is nothing mightier or stronger than the love which nature inspires in the heart of the mother for her child, but the highest love of all is the love of God, for the love of God is stronger than death, and this twofold love, the natural and the supernatural constitute in the immaculate heart of Mary the love which she has for her Son. Who will fathom the depths of that holy love in Mary's heart? The angels sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving at her birth, all heaven rejoiced to behold the earth adorned with her presence, but the highest spirits on fire with divine love, and endowed as they are with intuitive knowledge, cannot fathom the depths of that holy love in her immaculate heart. She was endowed with supernatural love in the first moment of her conception, the abundance of heavenly gifts poured out upon her by the Holy Spirit at that moment are beyond human conception. She enjoyed the gift of the highest contemplation and the most perfect union with God that a creature ever attained, and this was from the first moment of her existence. From that moment she loved God more, was more perfect, possessed more exalted sanctity, and approached nearer to Him than any saint ever reached, after a life of labor, mortification and holiness. The proof of this statement is found in the words of the Psalmist: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob. Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God." The royal Prophet saw the future conception of the Mother of God, he saw the beginning of her existence more elevated than the holy mountains, that is he

saw her possessing a higher degree of holiness than any creature ever possessed. He saw that God loved her even at her birth more than all others. "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than the tabernacles of Jacob;" and with the glories of Mary before him, he cried out in ecstatic joy, "Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God." Mary is the city of God.

But what shall we say of the merits of Mary? Reason dawned upon her at her birth, and from that moment she began to co-operate with divine grace, and never ceased to co-operate and merit till she delivered up her soul to the hands of her Creator. She never placed the slightest impediment to grace, the shadow of sin never touched her, the slightest desire of evil never touched her pure heart, her soul like a polished mirror was never sullied with the breath of temptation, and always pleasing to God, she always co-operated with the graces she received. No human being can form an idea of the accumulation of graces bestowed on her during life. Her merits are equally incomprehensible. What a sweet sacrifice she offered to God when consecrating herself to Him, by the vow of virginity. But she also had the merits of the mother, which for her entailed so many sorrows; it was necessary that she should be the mother of dolors, when her Son was the man of sorrows. From the day that the priest and prophet of Israel took her Child in his arms in the temple, and holding him up declared that He was a sign to be contradicted, and telling her, "Thine own soul a sword shall pierce," the sorrows of Mary never ceased till the morning of the resurrection. On that day in the temple, as soon as the words of the

prophet were spoken the sword entered her heart and there rankled till she saw her Son gloriously risen and triumphant over death. Let us cast a glance at her poverty, her weary and bitter journeys, always so irksome to the poor, and we can easily understand the bitterness of her whole life. What an accumulation of woe! The long years' expectation of the death of her Son and its final accomplishment, and all this for Jesus. Even the learned, the saints, the holy ones of God may make calculations. Let them gather up the merits of these years of suffering, and look down into the depths of the immaculate heart of Mary, and they will find that the abyss of love there is all but infinite.

But does the heart of Mary feel for us? The heart of Mary is a human heart. She knows our miseries, her heart yearns for our salvation, and the desire of our happiness is measured only by her love, so if we cannot fathom the depth of her love, neither can we fathom the depth of her desire. In the light of this readiness of Mary to help us, we should have recourse to her in our temporal as well as in our spiritual necessities. Let us find Mary and then we will find Jesus, for where Mary is there is Jesus. It was through Mary the first grace of redemption was applied to man. Mary visiting Elizabeth brought Jesus with her, He sanctified John and blessed the house of Zachary. It was for her He wrought His first miracle, and did it even before His time for working miracles had come. "My time is not yet come," He said; still He changed the water into wine because Mary besought Him. It was through Mary He would have His disciples believe in Him, for seeing the miracle wrought for her, the disciples believed in Him. Let us hear the words

of the Evangelist: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cara of Galilee, and manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him." We should not wonder that our Divine Lord refuses nothing to His Blessed Mother, and that through her pleading He wished to first manifest His miraculous power, and induce His disciples to believe in Him. For the virtues of Mary wounded the Heart of God. "The hair of thy neck has wounded My Heart." The sacred heart of Mary ever immaculate was the purest, the noblest, and the holiest that the all-powerful Hand of the Creator ever formed after the adorable Heart of Jesus. Her immaculate heart is an inexhaustible fountain of love and of mercy, and the mercy is always measured by her love, which means that to us it is all but limitless. Her heart is the most perfect image of the Heart of Jesus, and it alone loved God more than all the glorious spirits created to minister to Him in heaven, and more than all the saints that ever blessed the earth with their presence. Her heart is the heart of the Redeemer's Mother, there is the august throne where love and mercy dwell, there the pleadings of the miserable, the sorrows of the wretched and the cries of the poor find an advocate that will not repulse them.

No human being, no matter what might be the heavy burden of his sins, who appealed with sincere sorrow to that heart was ever rejected, for its mercy is as deep as its love. If you ask where is the direct road, the broad avenue in which one never goes astray and which leads directly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the answer is through the immaculate heart of Mary. This is only reasonable, for the blood that circulated through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and which He poured out for man's redemption first flowed through the immaculate heart of Mary. With what veneration and love then should we turn to that immaculate heart, for if it be through it we come to Jesus, it is through it Jesus will come to us.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

For two months we talked of vacation, and now we must think of work. As it is only work that can win the reward of rest, so in like manner must that rest prepare us again for work. The longer we live the more convinced we are that labor, while intended for a punishment, is in very truth a genuine blessing. Many of you will be very willing to admit the truth of this assertion, when you recall the many times during vacation when you were worn out in frittering and wishing the time away ; yes, and wishing for September, when all things would be in regular running order again and you would run along smoothly with the rest.

Well, here is September and now we must prepare for serious business.

The first thing to be thought about is an earnest good will. It is the first essential for success—to will it. Of course, success does not always follow the good will, but it is never found without the good will.

One of the many newly coined words of the day is stickativeness and it is an excellent synonym for perseverance.

Now at the beginning of the school year many of us set out very well. We are full of fervor, and the novelty of study after the long summer vacation is in itself attractive. But by and by that novelty wears off, and then it is that the quality of stickativeness holds us in good stead. Genius, we

are told, is only the ability to stick at a thing—and it is true.

Many of the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, the young people, have the good fortune to attend a Catholic school and I wish them joy of the advantages which they are not now able to appreciate. Later in life, dear children, you will hold the grace of a Catholic, a Christian education as the greatest gift after Baptism ever bestowed upon you by God.

Your after life will be influenced by your standards, and your standards are being firmly planted for you now.

Blessed, thrice blessed are the parents who count the souls of their children of such infinite value, that they do all that in them lies to secure for those souls a happy eternity.

Nothing goes further in securing that eternity than a Christian education.

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see, and the ears that hear the things which you hear." Surely those words of our dear Lord may be most aptly applied to the favored children of our Catholic schools.

"All is so short that passes with time," were the words of a noble young Frenchman, who in dying sought to comfort his wife in her sorrow by those words.

Yes, very short, and yet how many parents are so short-sighted as not to recognize that a Catholic education (even if it were inferior to a merely secular one) is infinitely preferable because it is educating for eternity.

Intelligent people of to-day, both Catholic and Protestant, have ceased

calling in question the excellence of Catholic schools, so, dear young friends, who are pupils of such, prize your privilege and improve it.

Remember our Lord's teaching in the College of the Apostles, "Go and teach all nations!"

Every Catholic child, the pupil of a Catholic school, must become an apostle or be unfaithful to his or her trust.

Be apostles of good example; of truth which scorns a lie; of purity which shudders and flies at the approach of evil; of that Christ-like charity and kindness which will spread the kingdom of God upon earth. That is the apostolate which will prove the worth of Catholic education.

And now a word about the third Sunday of September, the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows—the seven dolours of our dear Mother Mary. Pray to her on that day, yes, during the novena preceding it for a sympathetic heart for those in sorrow. Pray for two dear friends of the Secretary who are in desolation because of the death of a beloved father, and pray for a dear old man who dying, at the glorious age of ninety years, was so lovable, so charming and so wonderfully clear in all his faculties as to be still the idol of his children, whose daughter could write of him, "If we could only have him to sit in his arm chair, solely for his dear company."

Dear children, learn the lesson of reverent love for the aged. It is not one of the lessons of the latter day education. But it is the lesson of charity taught pre-eminently in a Christian school. Treasure your parents and so win the blessing of God for your own declining years.

Try to be very compassionate towards our dear Mother of Sorrows on September 17. She had a broken

heart, dear children, broken because of you and me.

Go to her very sweetly and lovingly on the feast of her seven sorrows, and remember at her dear feet the sorrowful hearts who cry to her from every quarter of the world.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. No prayer is unheard, none is wasted.—Faber.
2. People are fickle, little room there is for trusting them, so repose all your confidence in God Who changes not.—St. Theresa.
3. Our Lady of Sorrows will be to you in life and death a most gentle and most powerful Lady of Compassion.—Eliza A. Starr.
4. Charity has no thought of self.—Ozanam.
5. Who is like God?—St. Michael.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. In what part of London should Quakers live?
2. How do we know that fishes sometimes go crazy?
3. Like which one of Shakespeare's plays is the last day of February?
4. What is the best thing out?
5. What writer would have made a good angler?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What country is called the sick man of the east, and by whom?
2. What college is called "the Silent Sister"?
3. Who is the author of "Call a spade a spade"?
4. Where was the expression "true blue" first used?
5. What is the origin of the word bumper?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. When it is Browning.
2. An Easterly wind.
3. Sin.
4. The wind.
5. Because both reign (rain).

ANSWERS TO THINKERS.

1. Roger Bacon.
2. Goldsmith.
3. Athens.
4. St. Augustine.
5. (1) St. George, patron of England.
(2) St. Denis, patron of France.
(3) St. James, patron of Spain.
(4) St. Anthony, patron of Italy.
(5) St. Andrew, patron of Scotland.
(6) St. Patrick, patron of Ireland.
(7) St. David, patron of Wales.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

St. Augustine and the Little Child.

It is related of St. Augustine, that one day, while walking on the sea shore, lost in meditation upon the great mystery of the Holy Trinity, upon which he was writing a discourse, he saw, as it were in a vision, a little child bringing water and endeavoring to fill a hole which he had dug in the sand. St. Augustine asked him the motive of his labors. The child said he intended to empty all the water of the sea into this cavity. "Impossible," exclaimed St. Augustine. "Not more impossible," answered the child, "than for thee, O, Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."

St. Augustine was born in Numidia. His father was a heathen ; his mother, Monica, was a Christian. In his youth he was so devoted to pleasure that his mother was most anxious in regard to him. In her sorrow she sought the advice of the Bishop of Carthage. He

comforted her with the assurance that her prayers would be answered at last.

Augustine was converted by the preaching of St. Ambrose, and was baptized by him. That beautiful song of thanksgiving, the "Te Deum," was composed for that occasion.

St. Augustine was Bishop of Hippo, and a great doctor of the Church.

What Matters It?

A rare and lovely flower, one day,
Bloomed in a garden by the street,
And people passing by that way,
Its beauty praised, and fragrance
sweet.

Far up the lonely mountain side,
Where never foot of man had trod,
A flower, in beauty, bloomed and died,
Seen only by the eye of God.

Out in the world, an active life
A ruling power was with men,
And, after all its toil and strife,
Came tributes grand of tongue and
pen.

A woman in obscurity,
Through years of poverty and pain,
Lived out in blameless purity,
A life the world would call in vain.

What matters it, down here, to us,
If fame and honors we have none ;
If we're a mere anonymous,
But gain, at last, our Lord's "well
done ?"

O Thou, Mother ! Fount of love !
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord,
Make me feel as thou hast felt ;
Make me feel as thou hast felt ;
With the love of Christ, my Lord.
—STABAT MATER

Editorial Notes.

Orangeism and Mt. Carmel.

The Italians have a great love for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Where it is at all possible they must have a solemn procession on her feast day, the 16th of July. There is a Catholic church, St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, in London, England, which has been built by the Italians residing there. This year, as usual, a public procession was held from St. Peter's Church through the neighboring district in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. But it was not destined to pass unnoticed by the bitter enemies of the Church. William Johnston, the Orange M.P. for Belfast, notorious for his bigotry and bitter opposition to all measures tending to the welfare of Ireland, made this procession a subject of enquiry in Parliament. He drew attention to the fact that by a law of the tenth year of George IV., Catholic priests were forbidden to appear in the streets in ecclesiastical vestments. He wished to know from the Government why this law was not to be enforced. He pointed out also, that in the 15th year of Victoria a proclamation was published prohibiting Catholic processions in public. He desired the Government to renew this proclamation in view of the obnoxious procession held on the 16th of July.

Sir R. Finlay, the Solicitor-General, replied in the name of the Government. He said that these processions had not been brought to the official notice of the Government, and that he had learned of them only through the press. The Government, however, did not propose to renew the proclamation mentioned. The spirit of toleration at the present time was so widely diffused

that these laws have fallen into disuse, and only bigotry could desire to have these effete laws resuscitated.

This noble answer must have been greatly disappointing to the valiant Orange leader, as it must have proved to him clearly that the Government would manage to worry along even without the support of Orangeism.

The Dawn of Liberty.

The American people love liberty. They fought for it and died for it in the Revolutionary war. They love it not only for themselves, but for the strangers within their gates, and the neighbor next door. They poured out treasures of gold and blood to give liberty to the negro and to the Cuban. They are ready to do the same thing for the benighted Phillipines, who are ignorant enough to prefer their own brand of liberty. The only ones who cannot obtain their full meed of liberty are the Catholics, not because the American Government is not willing, but because they are such slaves to their Church and their consciences. Evidently this was the idea of the Porto Rican Commissioners, the "Insular Commission" appointed by President McKinley to investigate the affairs of Porto Rico. These liberty-loving Insular Commissioners recommend that "Priests and others who have taken the vow of celibacy be permitted to renounce said vow, and enter into marriage relations the same as other persons." They also advocate the liberty of divorce and the liberty of public school education.

And why, in the name of American liberty, should priests not be free? And why should not married people be free to renounce their vows? And

why should Catholic children not have the liberty to go to public schools? And why should not bad and excommunicated Catholics have the liberty of a burial in consecrated ground? And why should not American soldiers in the Philippines not have the liberty to loot and desecrate churches, and demolish sacred images? It is evident that the Catholic mind is not able to understand the blessings of American liberty, when it is shocked by these logical consequences of the spirit of independence. Alas! In spite of these outrages upon our consciences, there is a cry for more Americanism in our own camp. Instead of manfully and courageously protesting against these infamous abuses of true liberty, the President is publicly assured of our readiness to be loyal, true American citizens, willing to suffer anything and everything for the glory of our flag. True loyalty might save the Republic from all this shame and disgrace, but not this blind, cowardly waving of a flag which is dishonored by brutal, fanatical vandals in the East.

PUBLICATIONS.

Reaction from Agnostic Science, by W. J. Madden. Published by Herder, of St. Louis. Price, net, 75 cents.

This work is intended to indicate the return of this century's independent thinkers from the vagaries of science on spiritual matters to traditional and natural views. It seems to assure us that the fever is abating in the scientific pulse, with its concomitant fantasies, and that sound reason may soon assert itself. At first glance one might say that it was a small book on a great subject; but the author makes no pretense of entering the school to explode notions, confound doctors and extinguish the lights; he rather stands by to mark the confusion and absurdities of those who would lead. No consensus of opinion can be arrived at that nature is God, and the expectant laity are informed or allowed to conclude that faith, prayer and old fashioned morality are still in possession. The four gases at which men arrived when abandoning a personal god and revelation are unable to maintain their sovereignty, and we may yet hold our souls with their aspirations and destiny from a higher source than oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon.

Educational requirements begin to absolve us from the necessity of wading through Dar-

win, Huxley, Tyndal, &c., as these authors have waded through swamps and quagmires, among tadpoles and mudfish in quest of cells and protoplasmic matter. The chapter, "Difficulties and Their Answers," contains some sensible explanations to impatient difficulties and queries. The summary of the author might be expressed in saying that if the world is evolved from its own independent elements, our minds are too involved ever to appreciate the arguments adduced, and reason, this guide of ours, resenting the impositions of ephemeral sciences, looks wistfully to God and his teaching.

Manual of Patrology, by Rev. Bernard Smith, O.S.B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, \$1.25.

The title of this volume quickens the interest of every student at first sight and he is not disappointed after examining it. It is merely a guide to the shrines of the ancient doctors of the church; it arranges the reverend tomes before us in proper order of time and importance, opening each and familiarizing us sufficiently to set us on reading terms. The little work is remarkably timely in its English translation. The theological student will appreciate its real value as an aid to patristic reading and Church history, and among the laity it will serve efficiently to revive a taste for the ancient lore of Christianity, of which we speak so much and know so little. If such translations continue, the English language, which has so long been the vehicle of heresy and opposition, promises to soon equal those of Catholic peoples in the propaganda of Church literature.

Carmel in England, a History of the English Mission of the Discalced Carmelites, 1615 to 1849. Drawn from Documents preserved in the Archives of the Order. By Father B. Zimmerman, O.C.D., London. Burns & Oates.

The author presents to the public and especially to the admirers of St. Teresa and her fruitful labors a generous addition to the annals of the Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The history of this Order has ever been the record of Saints, and it is gratifying to have disclosed to us during this long and trying period, true Carmelites bearing St. Teresa's faith and love from her many sanctuaries on the continent to English people. These portraits of Sainly Carmelites are, as we might expect, outlined on the dark background of penal times. Although this period is most familiar to us, the present volume is to be welcomed since we all desire to know how the White Friars then newly kindled to primitive ardor by their great St. Theresa, bore themselves in the ordeal.



The Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

BY V. REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

The Scientific Value of the Hospice.

Gradually the Catholic laity of the United States and Canada are learning to appreciate the great advantages offered them in the use of the great Retreat house at the Falls. Visitors have come from all parts of the country, and after a stay at the Hospice have gone away full of praise for its beauty, its unequalled surroundings, and its holy atmosphere.

To the scientific world the hospice has been another revelation of the old truth, that the Catholic Church is not averse to true progress, and that the "everlasting monk is always in the vanguard of science," as one of the speakers at the civic housewarming so tersely expressed it.

Our readers will, therefore, pardon me if I give more than the usual amount of space to an elaborate article on the electric wonders of the Hospice, which appeared in the *Western Electrician*. Illustrated articles on the same subject have also appeared in the *Electrical World* and the *Scientific American*.

The article in the *Western Electrician* was written by Orrin E. Dunlap, and is profusely illustrated. I am sorry I

cannot reproduce the illustrations, but I shall give copious extracts of the text under its own heading:

"ELECTRICAL HEATING AND COOKING AT THE CARMELITE HOSPICE."

Electricity is now used for lighting, heating and cooking purposes in the new Hospice building of the Carmelite Fathers on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls. The plant which has been installed in this institution has several novel features, and as it is operated in connection with Niagara electric energy, it is of much interest. It was installed by Mr. A. Harth, an electrical engineer who makes electric heating a specialty.

The Hospice plant consists of a transformer station, which is located about 150 feet west of the main building. It is a small, wooden structure in which are located two 30-kilowatt Westinghouse and one 25-kilowatt General Electric transformers primary 2,200 volts and three-phase secondary 110 volts, the current being transmitted from the transformer station to the main building through an underground cable. The switchboards are located in the basement of the main structure and are two in number. A switch-

board with double-throw switches controls two phases of the current, and the third phase is controlled by a switchboard adjoining, and is used for cooking, lights, etc. The switchboards are so arranged that either transformer can be used independent of the other for either purpose.

The total amount of electric power used in the building is 100 horse power. Of this amount 25 horse power is applied to lighting, cooking and heating water, while the remainder, 75 horse power, is devoted to heating the lower floor of the building. The space thus heated consists of 11 bedrooms, reception room and office and the dining room, also the corridor. This corridor is 120 feet long, 10 feet wide and 15 feet high. In it have been placed nine four horse power electrical heaters. Each bedroom is 10 by 12 by 15 feet in size, and each has an electrical heater of four horse power, equipped with a changeable-heat switch of two heats.

While there are many places in the country where electricity is used for cooking small dishes, it is probable that there is not another electrical kitchen in the world like that installed in the Hospice building, the intention being that it shall have a capacity of cooking all the meals of the residents and guests at the Hospice. The kitchen has not been installed as a novelty, merely to outline the possibilities of electrical cooking, but it was adopted to supersede all other kinds of fuel commonly in use in kitchens, coal, gasoline, oil, etc., and it may be said that it has answered all the demands made upon it in splendid style. This kitchen is operated by an electric combination range and three electric ovens. The range has a heating surface of six square feet. Each square foot of surface has its individual switch and can

be controlled at full or half heat, as desired. The range, as a whole, consumes 90 amperes of current and each square foot of surface 15 amperes. The oven capacity consists of two small ovens and one large oven. Each of the two small ovens has three compartments and each compartment consumes 23 amperes at 110 volts. The large oven takes 50 amperes and its facilities are such that it will accommodate four large roasts at one time.

The electric current is carried into the butler's pantry, where tea and coffee are made. Here are three five-gallon urns and a chafing dish. Each of the urns is electrically connected. One is used for tea, another for coffee, while the third is used for heating water to supply the tea and coffee urns.

Adjoining the switchboards in the basement there is to be seen a barrel-like apparatus. This is a 400-gallon boiler in which water is heated for laundry and bathroom purposes. It takes a current of 120 amperes, being divided into three heats. Opposite this boiler, but not shown in the illustration, stands a smaller boiler of 150 gallons capacity. This boiler is used for heating water for kitchen use, but can be used in connection with the larger boiler. The small boiler takes 125 amperes of current, being also divided into three heats. Both of the boilers are covered with 2½-inch asbestos covering, to add to their efficiency. It may be remarked here that an effort is made to heat the water when there is not a demand for the current for other purposes.

The current used by the installation is obtained from the Canadian Niagara Power Company. It is generated in the station of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway Company, which is about two miles distant from the Hos-

pice. It is transmitted to the Hospice from the station over No. 3 copper wire. With the exception of times in winter when anchor ice has bothered the generating station, the service has been ideal. The cleanliness and comfort with which electricity can be used in a kitchen has been well portrayed, and the cook in charge speaks very highly of the use of electricity for kitchen work. She has had many years of experience with coal and other fuels, but she pronounces electricity as far superior. As to what can be accomplished by the installation of this kitchen, it may be pointed out that on the occasion of the recent formal opening and blessing of the Hospice, dinner was cooked for 250 persons in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This did not include the soup making; this requiring some hours of attention, the soup was prepared the day before.

The efficiency of the ovens has been found to be very high. The door of the large oven is fitted with a thermometer, which indicates the stage of heat at which the oven is prepared to bake or roast. This is plainly indicated, and thus the cook can make no mistake in the proper time at which to place her meats or other articles of food in the oven. As the heat is always uniform, so should be the cook's output from her kitchen. There is a noticeable absence of the smell common where gas is used, and also of the ashes and dirt where coal is the fuel consumed. The dinner or other meal cooked, the heat can be turned off, leaving the kitchen as cool as any other part of the house in summertime. There is no lingering fire to watch and care for; no getting up early to see if the fire is out; no hustling over a slow fire for a quick meal, for the simple turning of a switch sends the current through the range or ovens to any degree the cook

may desire. With no call for current in the kitchen, it may be directed to the boilers to heat the water for the various purposes outlined. In the 400-gallon boiler water is boiled from 60 degrees to 212 degrees in six hours with full heat. In the small ovens bread can be baked in 18 minutes.

The special apparatus for the plant was built by the Hadaway Electric Heating and Engineering company of New York.

One who has been an ardent advocate of the use of electricity in the Hospice is the Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, the provincial of the Carmelites in the United States and Canada. For years he has had such a service in mind, and in his relative, Mr. Harth, he has found one who has most excellently equipped his institution. The present building is but a portion of the plan, as contemplated at this point. When the plan has been perfected the institution will be one of the finest buildings on the Niagara border, the idea being to have a religious house where pilgrims from all sections will be drawn to adore Nature's God in spirit and in truth. The present little chapel or shrine of Our Lady of Peace was erected in the early '20's.¹⁵³⁷ The idea of the Niagara Hospice was conceived by the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, who petitioned Pope Pius IX. to grant all the favors and privileges of the European sanctuaries to the little shrine at the Falls, with permission to transfer the privileges to the new shrine when completed. This was granted, and when the building is completed it will form one of the most striking buildings for completeness of detail and architectural beauty in America. At present the main building and one wing have been built, forming an "L," the dimensions of

which are 200 by 250 feet at the foundation line, the height to the top of the towers being 85 feet. In time the hospice and shrine will be combined, and then the shrine will occupy the centre between the two wings, the northernmost one of which will be the home for guests or pilgrims and the southern one will be the monastery. From this it will be seen that the Niagara Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers is destined to be modern in every particular and founded on the latter-day principles of the Order.

Standing on the bluff, back of beautiful Victoria Niagara Free Park, the hospice building overlooks the most magnificent scenery in the world. From it the Falls of Niagara and long distances of the upper and lower river may be seen. Far off to the north the glorious Niagara Gorge runs in all its

wonderful sublimity, while the speeding of the waters, as they hurl themselves down from Lake Erie, over reef after reef, in delightful shades of green, broken by the whitened waters of the rapids above the falls, convinces one that not only is the Niagara fortunate in its scenic features, but in the wonderful possibilities of its power development, of which the hospice installation is most significant.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

The Outward Tide.

MOTHER, the seaweed-ebbing tide doth flow
Out by the sin-foamed space,
But thou'lt caress thy wearied children back
With lingering embrace.

Mother, the tide is strong and bears us far
From where thy true heart dwells;
Waves of our childhood's memory turn to thee
With lessening farewells.

Mother, we wave our hands. The day forgets
Hearts crushed with storms and fears;
The saddest of the voyage-dim regrets,
And cares half lost in tears.

Mother, so loved and longed and waited for,
So patiently besought—
Beat back the waves of sin and fill with love
Our desolated thought.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Manual of Meditations, for the use of the Sisters of St. Joseph. B. Herder, St. Louis, price 75 cents.

The Old Patroon and other Plays, by Geo. Stanislaus Connell, published by Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. Price 40 cents.

More Fun Than Huckleberries, by Felix J. O'Neill, illustrated. Published by Wm. Young & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

68 school children, San Francisco ; special request by an afflicted person ; petition for three sister for Special Intention success of brother in examination, employment means ; 12 petitions for health ; 3 for success in undertaking ; 4 for vocations ; 2 for employment ; 5 for temporal success.

ORITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job xix. 21.*

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MRS. LYMAN GRAVES, Rochester, N. Y.

MICHAEL RYAN CARTER, Chippewa, Ont., buried at Falls View, Ont., July 29.

MRS. CATHARINE SHIELDS, died July 31st, 1897.

FRANCIS J. MALONE, Falls View, who after a long illness patiently borne, met his end with Christian resignation at the early age of 24 years. He was buried from the Chapel of "The Shrine," Aug. 5th.

MRST PRICE, Wallaceburg, Ont., who departed this life July 5, 1899. The deceased was an old subscriber and ardent devotee of Our Blessed Lady.

ANDREW SHANAHAN, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. BEHRINGER, who died August 11th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the Hospice.

Mrs. B. L., New York City; The Ven. Sr. M. N., Longue Point, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss A. F., Lexington, Mass.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from : Moore Creek, Ont.; St. Michael's, Belle Isle, Nfld; Corpus Christi, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; Orillia, Ont.; St. Rose's Church, Hastings, Mich.; New Market, Ont.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Basils', Brantford, Ont.; St. Wenceslaus', La Crosse, Wis.; St. Lawrence's, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Alphonsus, Wheeling W., Va.; St. Francis Xavier's, Carlsriche, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Wilkes Barra, Pa.; Feneion Falls, Ont.; Dresden, Kan.; Barkville, Mich.; St. John's Newark, N. J.; St. Vincent's, Niagara, Ont.; St. Mary's, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Jasper College, Jasper, Ind.; St. Mark's, Shakapee, Min.; St. Ann's, Glace Bay, C. B.; Our Lady of Sorrows, Manzano, N., Mex.; Sacred Heart, Alberton, P. E. I.; St. Joseph's, Ant. Co., N. S.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; The Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.

Names received at our New Baltimore, Pa., Monastery from : Germantown, Pa.; St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Wis.; Napoleon, Wis.; Richfountain, Mo.; St. Mary's, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; Beaver Dam, Wis.

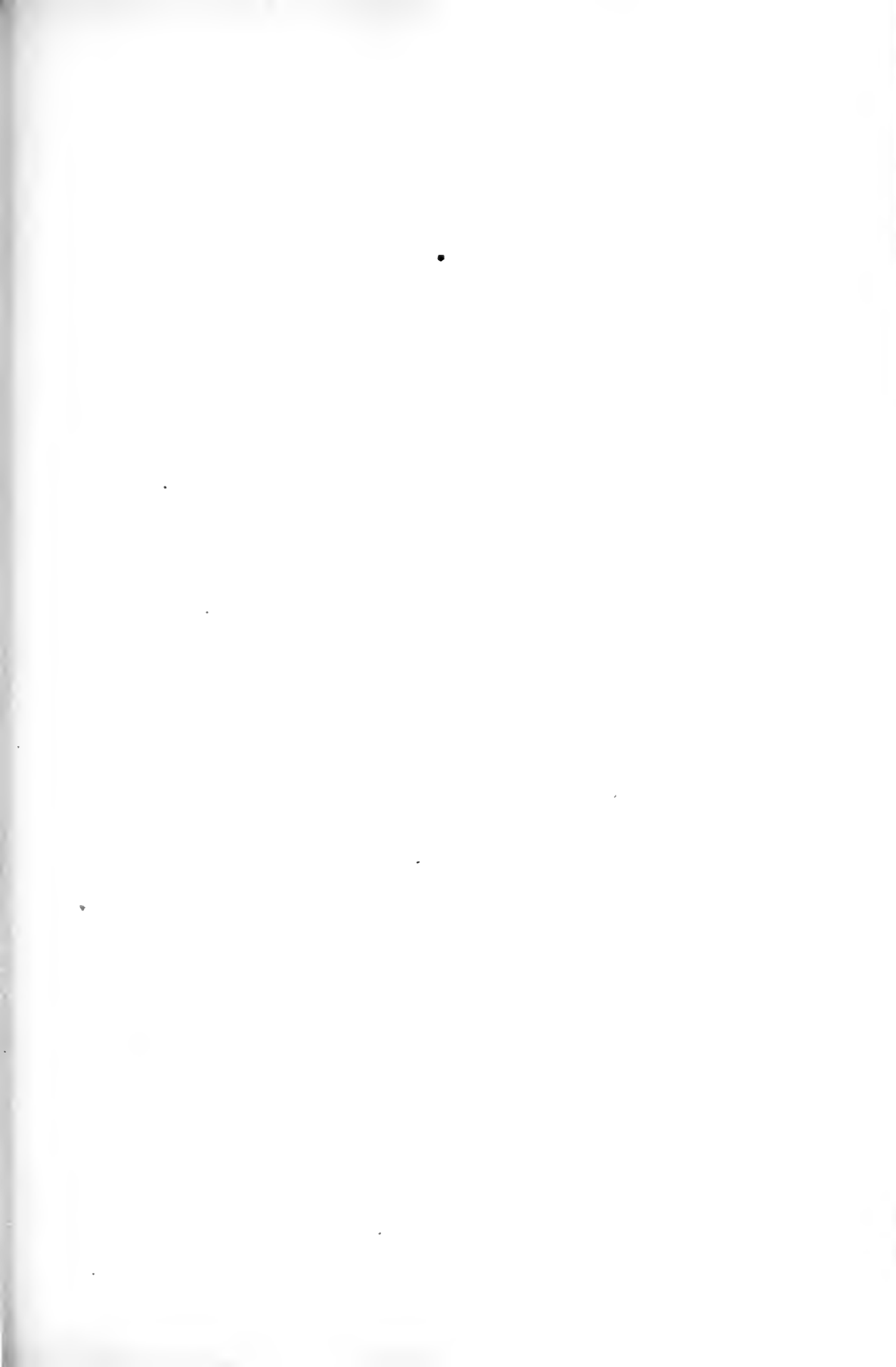
LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

From T. T. M., Springfield, Mass. I am thankful to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, who obtained for me from the Divine Source of Light the recovery of my sight.

From Mrs. R. Rutten, N. Dakota.—After a novena in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, I was completely cured of a dangerous chest trouble, I promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

From M. W., Rochester, N. Y.—I have obtained the position I asked for from Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

From N. Y.—I promised to Our Lady to have it published in the Carmelite Review, if I should obtain employment. I have obtained it and wish to express my thanks in your pages.





The Madonna



St. Dominic's Heritage.

"I know . . . thy poverty, but thou art rich."—APOC. II, 9.

I.

"RICH!" but not in sparkling diamonds,
 Nor in precious Virgin-gold,
 Glorious Saint! not thine the treasures
 Which the deep blue seas enfold.
 Beautiful its rare white pearls,
 Meet to grace a royal brow,
 But more beautiful those chaplets
 We are contemplating now.

II.

They have purchased peace and blessings,
 They have dried the mourner's tears,
 And the music of their "Ave,"
 Oft has soothed our pains and fears.
 Countless graces have they brought us
 From our Lady's hands above,
 Glistening, like celestial dew-drops,
 In the blossoms of our love.

III.

Ever are they gently falling
 O'er the far-off land of pain,
 Soothing dear soul's wistful longings
 Till God's light and bliss they gain,

And those radiant Saints now shining
 In His firmament divine,
 Seem, like fair, unfading rose-buds,
 Round the angel's Queen to twine.

IV.

Yes! dear Saint, thou hast enriched us
 With the holy Rosary.
 Praise, and love, and thanks to Jesus,
 To His Mother blest, and thee!
 May we prize our precious chaplet
 Still more dearly day by day,
 May it lead us safely onward
 To the blest home far away!

—ENFANT DE MARIE

"Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii ora pro nobis."

Our Blessed Mother in the Temple.

UNSEEN angels near the portals
 Hovered as there entered in,
 Mary, child of veneration,
 Ever free from taint of sin.
 Ne'er the Temple's sacred precincts
 Held a flower of greater worth,
 She, the Lily pure of Israel,
 Sharon's Rose of heavenly birth.
 To her God she vowed forever
 Life itself, that near His Heart
 She might dwell in loving union
 Midst pure joys that ne'er depart.

Notre Dame, Roxbury.

—MARGARET M. VERLIN.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER V.

MOROCCO. OCTOBER, 1859.

Fresh campaign—De Sonis asks for it—Incursions of the tribes—Their cruelties—Departure from the frontier—Oran—Colonel Arthur de Montalembert—The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique—The cholera—De Sonis' Fiat—Junction of the expedition at the camp of Kis—Ravages of the cholera in camp—The enemy disappears—De Sonis devotes himself to the cholera patients—The assault of Ain-Taforalt—Submission of the tribes—Return—Colonel Fenin taken with cholera—Colonel de Montalembert seized—His order of the day—De Sonis helps both the dying officers—He brings them a priest—Pere Mermillod in camp—The return by Isly—The dying Colonel's adieu—Death of Colonel de Montalembert at Maghnia—Terrible losses in the army from the disease—Official report—Return to France—De Sonis is appointed chief of a squadron—Holiday at Castres—His wish to defend Pius IX.—He enters the Third Order of Mount Carmel—Pilgrimage to Pibrac.



ON the 22nd of August, 1859, de Sonis' regiment returned to Algiers, when both men and horses certainly needed a rest. But this was not granted to them.

AN expedition against Morocco had been decided upon, and the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were selected for the service. In reality, de Sonis was not obliged to take part in it, as his squadron had not been included in the order. But he considered himself bound, in the interests of his family, to go where there

was most chance of advancement, and therefore gave up, for the present, the thoughts of rejoining his wife and children, though he felt the sacrifice terribly. The objects of the expedition was to punish certain tribes from Morocco, who, under the leadership of a pretended Cherif, or Prophet, had gathered a number of men together under the pretext of a holy war, had pillaged the French camp, killed thirty or forty of their soldiers, and declared that, thirty years having elapsed since the French conquest of the country, their occupation of it, according to Mahometan prophecies, must now cease.

In order to destroy this fanatical prestige, the French War Minister de-

cided to send an expeditionary corps to avenge this attack, under the orders of General Martimprey, who was Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Algeria. This corps consisted of two divisions of Infantry, and one of Cavalry, commanded by General Desvaux, to which de Sonis belonged. The Colonel of the 1st Chasseurs, M. de Salignac-Fenelon, had been made a General, so that Lieutenant-Colonel Fenin took the temporary command of the corps. On the 30th of September they left Algiers with the cry of "Vive la France!" Their route was towards Oran by the great military road which follows the course of the Chelif, and Oran was reached on the 15th of October. There the new Colonel was presented to the regiment, M. Arthur de Montlembert, the brother of the great Catholic author and orator. He also had had to leave his young wife (who was a Mademoiselle Rochechouart), and five little children, so that he and de Sonis were in the same dispositions both as regarded their hearts and their faith. Everything, in fact, tended to draw these two men together; but it was death rather than life which was to unite them more closely.

The march was continued to Tlemcen by mountain roads, on an arid soil and under a sky of brass. All the rivers were dry; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks. The Cavalry followed in the track of the Infantry, and were dismayed at seeing the number of dead or dying mules on the road, and commissariat waggons empty and abandoned. When they arrived at Tlemcen, these gloomy forebodings were confirmed. General Desvaux was alarmed at the death-rate among the men, four or five per hundred falling out each day; and Lieu-

tenant Baillœuil could not help showing some anxiety before Captain de Sonis. He was astonished at his quiet resignation. "But, after all, my dear Captain, we are not immortal," he exclaimed. "That is quite true," replied de Sonis. "But it will always be as God wills. Let us do our duty first; and, as for the rest, may God's will be done!"

The next day, while going through the town of Nedroma, they found that the Agha had died that very day of an epidemic which was ravaging the country. It was the cholera! The army was confronted by a far more dangerous enemy than the Arabs. On the 23rd of October, they passed the Kis, a river which marks the boundary between Algeria and Morocco, and rain fell for the first time since leaving Algiers. As soon as the troops found themselves on hostile territory they were ordered to shoulder arms, so as to be ready for any unforeseen attack. But the enemy were nowhere to be seen. Thus they arrived at the great bivouac of Kis, which was to be the point of concentration for the forces, which amounted to between 12,000 and 15,000 men, all in perfect order and with first-rate officers. But the real enemy had already sown its seed in the camp, and mowed down the men without mercy. In vain skirmishers were sent in every direction; the Arabs had disappeared. "After these useless reconnaissances," wrote one of the officers, "we were always obliged to return to this terrible camp, where the cholera carried off a hundred men a day."

Death, in fact, spared no one; the officers fell by the side of the soldiers. One of the first victims was General Thomas, and his funeral added to the general sadness and discouragement

of the men. De Sonis alone seemed to have lost none of his tranquillity of soul. He had made the sacrifice of his life from the first, and now the only thing which drove him to despair was that there was no chaplain and no priest of any kind to be had. "My poor fellows are dying like flies," he wrote, "and there is no one to say a word to them of God or of their souls. Colonel de Montalembert is as angry as I am at this neglect on the part of the Government. I do what I can for the poor dying men, and oh, what noble souls there are among them! The moment they feel themselves attacked they turn to God, and many die as I should wish to die myself. Poor young fellows! They confide to me all their last wishes for their mothers, for their wives, for their friends; it is quite heart-breaking. In spite of their terrible sufferings they all strive to die as good Christians. I do all I can to encourage them, to speak good words to them, to give them my crucifix to kiss, and so on, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been my great help." Very often during the night he got up to assist one or other of his comrades, whose cries of suffering he had heard from his tent. An officer or soldier whom he had parted with quite well the night before, would be dead before the morning. Even to Madame de Sonis he would not speak of all he had done and suffered during this terrible time. One of his officers wrote: "Everything is wanting here, chaplains, doctors, infirmaries,—even water, for everything is dried up around us. But in the midst of all these miseries, Captain de Sonis is in his element, which is charity. The more violent the epidemic, the greater is his self-abnegation. The only temporal or

spiritual consolations the poor sufferers received were from him, for he never left the ambulances day or night. Even after their deaths it was he who performed all the last sad offices for them. One day he exclaimed to me: 'My dear Bailloeuil, for the honor of humanity let us try and forget what we have all day before our eyes!' But he never said a word of his own self devotion. Once at mess, some one mentioned the death of a Chasseur in our squadron who had expired that night, and Captain de Sonis was visibly affected. But he never said (which we afterwards found out) that he had passed the whole night by the bedside of that man, and had never left him till he had breathed his last."

It was absolutely necessary to leave this infected spot, and an encounter with the enemy was looked upon as a deliverance. On the 25th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, the army marched to the heights of Ain-Taforalt, which was eight hundred metres above the bivouac of Kis. At the head of the 1st Chasseurs Colonel de Montalembert had placed the band, who raised the spirits of the troops every evening. He did all he could to encourage his men, looking after their food, taking his coffee with them, and the like. On the 27th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the attack began; at five o'clock the French flag floated over the heights, and the victory was won. Fourteen men were killed on the French side and thirty wounded, among the latter being three officers. The Sheik presented himself on the 30th with a certain number of hostages, and engaged to pay a capitation grant. At the same time General Durrieu, who had made a successful attack on the tribes to the south,

received their submission ; and Commander Colcomb had defeated the turbulent tribe of the Beni-Guil to the east ; so that the object of the expedition was attained.

But the invincible enemy, the cholera, did not diminish. In vain the Commanders gave a brilliant fete in honor of the two-fold victory, and announced that, peace having been declared, their return home was at hand. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were attacked, and fifteen men fell out the first day. During the night of the 30th, Colonel Fenin, who had led the regiment to Oran, was himself seized by the dread disease, and at once felt that his end was at hand. De Sonis flew to his bed-side, and encouraged him to make willingly the sacrifice of his life by filling his thoughts with hopes of eternity. M. Fenin had only been married a few months, and life was dear to him ; but de Sonis had taught him to love God above everything. He called in vain for a priest, and then begged de Sonis to hear his Confession and transmit it to the priest, if he came too late. Seeing several of the officers round his bed, he spoke to them beautifully of his military life and his Christian hopes. He recommended to them, also his young wife, and giving his purse to Colonel de Montalembert, begged him to transmit it to her with his tenderest farewell. "But will no one go after a priest?" exclaimed M. Decroix, and, saddling his horse, he went through the whole camp in vain. Colonel de Montalembert was indignant. "It is a sin and a crime," he exclaimed, "that an army of 15,000 men should be deprived of all spiritual consolation by the neglect of the French Government, at a moment when her troops are

dying for her in a barbarous country!"

Alas! he was speaking also for himself, for already he felt ill. On leaving Colonel Fenin's tent, he gave the purse to M. Decroix. "It is not I, but you, who will have to fulfil that sad duty," he said, "as for me, I feel I am done for."

The next day was the feast of All Saints ; and, while at breakfast with his officers, M. de Montalembert was seized with cholera. The dismay was great ; but both officers fell in the arms of God.

Colonel de Montalembert, like his brother, was a true son of the Crusades. On the 29th, feeling the premonitory symptoms of the fatal malady, he wrote an order of the day to his men, to raise their courage by the higher views of faith, hope and charity, with which he was himself animated. We will give this his last will and testament in full, for it was also his farewell to his troops :

TO THE 1ST. REGIMENT OF THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

Order of the Day—October 29, 1859.

My brave Chasseurs,

We are severely tried by God, but have confidence in Him and pray. He will not abandon the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique. Let us put all our confidence in Him ; and if some amongst you are to fall, let them not forget that in dying they fulfil a mission, that they are martyrs, and will go to Heaven. If your Colonel were to be among the number, do not forget that he will pray for you. In the meantime, let us brave death ; it is our trade, and we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged. God always does well whatever He does ;

and we must not forget that we are His children.

Your Colonel,
DE MONTALEMBERT.

As soon as he fell ill, he had implored that a priest should be sent for from the ambulance of Lalla-Maghnia; but the distance was great, and the priest did not arrive. M. Decroix, a man full of faith and piety, was by his side, and he implored him in the meanwhile to make a perfect act of contrition. "Will you lend me this cross?" asked M. de Montalembert, pointing to the crucifix which the officer wore. He received it with sensible pleasure, pressed it to his lips, and began making his Confession in a low voice. M. Decroix left him, and de Sonis came in. "Captain," exclaimed the dying man, "the priest has not arrived. Please to hear me, and then you can repeat what I say to him; for I feel, when he comes, I shall no longer have the strength to speak."

De Sonis excused himself, saying that he had not the power to take the priest's place, but that he would do his utmost to help him to prepare for death by inspiring him with ardent sentiments of faith and love of God, and by praying with him with all his heart that the priest might come in time. The following evening, to de Sonis' great joy, the Jesuit father arrived. He was Father Mermillod, of the congregation of Oran. De Sonis took him first to Lieutenant-Colonel Fenin, who was still alive, and who died in the most admirable dispositions and with the absolution which he had so earnestly desired. Then M. de Montalembert was visited and administered. But we will give a quotation from the letter of the Jesuit

father to his widow, written on the 21st of November.

"It was on the 2nd of November, on the heights of Ain-Taforalt, that I first saw M. le Comte; it was about eight o'clock in the evening. I found him in bed, in his tent, his rosary and crucifix in his hand, and a scapular round his neck. I remarked also a prayer book by his side. * I gave him a medal with the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, which he reverently kissed. . . . The Count spoke to me of you and his children, madame, letting me see how keen a sorrow he felt at being so far away from you and at your anxiety; which feelings, I fear, aggravated his sufferings. Then he said: 'Father, I beg your pardon for having made you come so far and so late; but I was most anxious to go to Confession.' He told me that he had been to his duties on his return from the Italian campaign, and had been to Holy Communion before starting; but he wished to make another Confession, so as to be quite tranquil. After he had done, he pressed my hand. 'Now,' he exclaimed, 'may God do with me according to his holy will. I am ready for everything.' I could not see him the next day, for they had moved him, that he might not witness the funeral of poor Colonel Fenin, about whom he was perpetually inquiring. He did not receive Holy Viaticum, unhappily, for none of the cholera patients could, from the impossibility of preserving the sacred hosts in a moving column. But he never ceased offering up his martyrdom, as you justly call it, to God."

* M. de Montalembert had written a day or two before his death: "I bequeath this book to my son Andre. He will find in it all that is necessary for salvation." Count Andre de Montalembert entered the Society of Jesus, and died in it, being only twenty-three years old, on the 13th of July, 1870.

He sent for M. de Sonis to express all his gratitude to him, and that in the most moving terms. "Thanks, my dear Captain!" he exclaimed. "Ten thousand thanks! Tell the whole regiment that I die happy and content, because I have fulfilled my duties as a Christian. Nothing remains but that. Tell them, also, that I shall never forget them, and that I hope to meet them all up there. Adieu! Adieu!"

The Colonel lived a few days longer. The Cavalry having begun its homeward march, he tried to mount his horse once more, supported by his Sub-Lieutenant M. de Restignac. But after an hour's trial he was compelled to come back to his litter. In that way he followed his regiment a little longer, but every day saw him weaker and weaker. On the 9th they arrived at the battle-field of Isly, where there were military rejoicings of all kinds. But this was the end of the noble Colonel's existence. On the 10th each of the officers of the regiment came to press for the last time the hand of their beloved Colonel; all of them were in tears. M. de Montalembert tenderly embraced M. de Sonis. Then they took him to the ambulance of Lalla-Maghnia. For a moment, seeing himself surrounded by Arab burnouses, he fancied himself in the midst of the enemy, but he was quickly reassured. Unhappily, the ambulance was so full that they were obliged to put him in a little inn for the night. Once he called for his wife and children, and cried; but then he recovered his calmness, kissed his crucifix, and making several times the sign of the Cross, repeated: "I trust that God will pardon me all my sins." F. Mermillod was at hand when he sank into a quiet sleep, which was his last. Towards three o'clock

in the morning, Count Arthur de Montalembert, without pain or struggle, breathed his last.

When his regiment arrived, all was over. Theirs had been truly a funeral march. "Every morning," wrote an eye-witness, "we had to dig the graves of those who had died during the night before breaking up the camp. On our road, the men fell from their horses, when this fearful epidemic seized them. They were convulsed with agony for a few moments, and then died before any help could be brought to them."

At last they passed the frontier. The campaign was at an end. The General-in-chief took leave of his troops, and in his proclamation announced that a quarter of his army had perished from the cholera. "Never," exclaimed one of the witnesses, "have I seen a battle which made so many victims!"

As for de Sonis, the love and veneration which was felt for him by the troops had enormously increased; and it was with real joy that they heard on their return to Algiers that he had been appointed to command the squadron of the 2nd Spahis. A few weeks later, de Sonis had the consolation of returning to his wife and children at Castres for a short holiday. On the 10th of February, 1861, he wrote these few lines to his old friend M. de Seze:

"My dear Louis,

"What great events have happened since I last wrote! I have made two campaigns—in Italy and Morocco; and having in both cases escaped death as it were by a miracle, I have ended by obtaining the Cross of the Legion of Honor and my promotion as chief of the squadron of the 2nd

Spahis. I need not tell you what happiness it was to me to be able to return once more, safe and well, to my dear little wife and children, after having been separated from them for more than a year. God has preserved me for the sake of these dear little ones, whom I hope to bring up in His faith and fear. If I could only meet you at Blois, how happy I should be to see you again and to tell you what great mercies God has shown me during the struggles through which I have lately passed !”

But other matters quickly absorbed his interest. The war against the Holy See was declared ; the *Univers* was suppressed for having written in its defence. “It is a terrible blow for us Catholics,” he wrote in February, “but I feel sure it will only revive our faith and courage. If I were not the father of a family, I should be already at Rome. But God will not abandon

His Church.”

The same letter announces that he had placed his eldest girl, Marie, at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Poitiers, and his two eldest boys, Gaston and Henry, at the Jesuit College there. He had also joined the Third Order of Carmel, in which he continued till the end of his life. After each great event in the career of de Sonis, his love of God seemed to be redoubled. “I prayed much for you in the Communion I made in the Carmelite church yesterday,” he wrote to M. Lamy de la Chapelle ; “it seemed that in that holy spot one’s prayers had wings and mounted straight to heaven.” He saw Limoges and his friends, Toulouse and its Archbishop, and made the pilgrimage to Pibrac in honor of the Blessed Germaine Cousin. But on the 15th of March he took ship again from Marseilles, for Africa was to be his home for another ten years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salve Regina.

HAIL, Queen, holy Mother, whose mercies ne’er fail !
 Our life and our hope and our sweetness, all hail !
 To thee we are crying, poor children of Eve,
 To thee we are sighing, our woes to relieve.

Thus weeping and mourning in this vale of tears,
 We pine in dark exile for long, weary years !
 Oh, clement, oh, pious, oh, Virgin most sweet,
 Thy merciful eyes on us turn, we entreat !
 And after this exile, when laid in the tomb,
 Then show us Christ Jesus, the fruit of thy womb !

Reminiscences of a Beautiful Life.

*"Our lives ought to be like foot-prints in the snow-fields,
which leave a mark, but not a stain."*

—MADAME SWETCHINE.

THESE "Reminiscences" whisper softly to me, like strains of music; plaintive indeed! yet, their pathos is soothing and restful—and why? Because the early promises of that life have been fulfilled, and she has gone to the "far-off land" where, alone, all beauty is perfected.

This loved companion of my childhood was highly gifted intellectually, and had rare artistic talent. Notwithstanding habitual delicacy, she was ever bright and like a sunbeam in her home, and was much loved by its inmates. Her piety was truly admirable, especially in devotion to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother, the Holy Souls were also very dear even in her childhood, and she frequently asked her Guardian Angel to show her their abode of suffering. This request seemed to be granted one night in a beautiful dream, which, perhaps, some readers of the "Carmelite Review" may remember under the title of, "A Child's Dream."

Her talent for painting was highly cultivated, and the distinctions so deservedly bestowed on the young artist, far from elevating, served only to humble her, remembering as she did well, that to God alone the glory was due.

She looked on this gift as a precious deposit for which she must account, prepared for her pictures by prayer; and sometimes wrote beneath them, "La genia non puo stare, scompagnato dalla pazienza": "Genious cannot be unaccompanied by patience."

Intent on loving and serving God, it is not to be wondered at, that, for a time, her thoughts turned to religious life; and she earnestly prayed for light and guidance in her vocation. It was not the will of God, this fervent soul should leave the world. She was to be all for Him in the beauty, and utility, and unselfish sanctity of home life, and this once decided, she was quite happy and at peace.

It seemed as if the Sacred Heart pleaded: "I pray not that thou shouldst take her out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep her from evil. She always had great love for the religious life, and rejoiced in the happiness of those members of her family who were called to it. Some of these preceded her to their heavenly home, and of them as well as of dear ones it was her privilege, (and sorrow at the same time) to attend, when dying, she wrote and spoke in beautiful expressions of Christian resignation and hope. One of them said to her: "It is a beautiful thing to die!" Another, gazing higher still, "How beautiful Heaven must be!" And of a third it is said she heard a strain of lovely music the night this dear and saintly sister was going to her celestial Spouse. Afterwards she dreamt that Angels were weaving a pure white robe for this soul, through which stars appeared to shine. A dream, indeed, but at least tinted with the purity and beauty of her own soul, which cast the light of faith and hope over "the valley of death." Devotion to the Sacred Heart was a special

characteristic ; and she loved to keep a lamp ever burning before it as a silent prayer for the wants of life, and an act of love, gratitude and devotedness. Needless almost to say, this "Enfant de Marie" had a tender, childlike love for our Immaculate Mother, and delighted in visiting a little shrine of "our Lady of Lourdes," and getting Masses said in her honor. She used to say, (and really believed in simplicity), that the marble statue smiled when our Lady was about to grant requests, also that she was *frightened* sometimes to see how readily the answers came to her prayers. She was actively engaged in works of piety and charity, wearing out her fragile strength in the service of God and of His poor. Not merely by painting, but also by exquisite vestments, and other Church embroidery, visiting the sick ; and in many other ways, her time and talents were fully employed. It seemed that she lived for others, not for self, so little did she care for rest or self ease. But God Himself gave her rest, sooner than those who loved and depended on her thought He would. Several attacks of influenza weakened our dear one, and, at last, her spine became seriously affected, and she lay down never to rise again. For several months she lingered on, unable to change her position. Bright, cheerful, unselfish as ever, our gentle invalid tried to cheer and comfort those who lavished every spiritual and corporal care, and left nothing undone to alleviate her pain. She desired neither life or death, but abandoned herself completely to the Will of God. And death was an echo of life. . . . Surrounded by loved ones, having received every consolation of Religion, with the light of the Sacred Heart lamp shining, and the

Beads, that scarcely ever were out of her hands, clasped in them to the last, she passed away to her well-earned rest.

It was the opinion of her confessor, that she entered very soon into the enjoyment of everlasting happiness. Many masses, communions, prayers, etc., were offered for her repose. And how deeply was she mourned by all ! It was touching to see the grief of those in whose interests she had so soon worn out her delicate frame. They came to gaze on the peaceful face, and to offer pure white flowers of early Spring, emblems of the dear soul liberated from its frail earthly tenement.

A short time before she had written of a beloved sister, words that were now applicable to herself. "She has the 'peace which surpasses all understanding,' and there is a smile on her dear face, as if to tell us that all is well with Mary's child." Was it not a beautiful life ? All we have said is little, but we hope to see the "golden harvest" of its beauties in the eternal light of God.

Resting at last in the "sleep of peace,"
Beautiful, calm, and still,
Pray that the mourners' heart may rest
Deep in God's Holy Will.

Resting at last where the loved ones lie
Low 'neath those shady trees
Where snow-white flowers of early
Spring
Droop in the gentle breeze.

Resting at last with thy Mother blest,
"Our Lady of Lourdes" dear child !
Gazing, in God's unclouded light,
On purity undefiled.

Resting at last in the Sacred Heart !
Ah ! thou hast loved it well !
Gone to a bliss no eye hath seen
A peace that no words can tell !

Resting at last ! O most loving Lord !
Illumine her soul we pray
Comfort the mourners with holy joy
And wipe all their tears away !

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)

BITTERNESS!—ALEXANDRIA ABANDONED—LETTER OF THE SAINT TO THE
POPE AND TO THE EMPEROR—TEMPESTS FROM HEAVEN, AND
CENSURE FROM EARTH—OCTOBER, 1365.



SOME slight delay necessarily intervening before the departing army took to the sea. The fugitives—certainly they may be called so—already had evidence that their determination to leave Alexandria was most ill-advised and inopportune.

The impression produced by their bravery had sunk so deeply that the Saracens, although they ventured near enough to watch the movements of the enemy, did not attempt to regain possession of the evacuated city. Not daring to prevent the preparations for departure, they contented themselves by observing them from a safe distance. The sight, to tell the truth, was a balm to the humiliation they had endured.

That long line of chariots conveying from the city to the port the rich booty of the despoiled and van-

quished ones was in charge of a flying foe, who had, of their own free will, changed the glory of a brilliant victory into what, even to unchristian eyes, was an ignominy of the deepest dye.

Leaving Alexandria, Raymond de Berenger took the route to Rhodes, whilst Pierre de Lusignan and the greater portion of his army, also the Legate and his friend Mezzieres, steered at once towards the isle of Cyprus. The event was for de Mezzieres like the darkness of a starless night where not the faintest ray illumines the deepening gloom. It was to him an occasion of such mighty grief that there seemed no solace to be found, and, at last, hot tears for which he had no cause to blush relieved his overcharged heart. And the poor Legate, the ardent, enthusiastic, untiring disciple of the Cross? What an unutterable disappointment after preparations which gave promise of such an increase of virtue, and alas! it was the very reverse. So many prayers, so many

sermons, such journeying—all—all to end—so it appeared to him—in nothing. So much effort—labor which could never be realized—the fruit of a whole life cast aside as if it were of no more value than a few drops of water in a fountain's copious flow! We can imagine him, this venerable athlete, as, silent but sad, he was constrained to lay down his arms. Dignified and self-contained, his hand clasping the hand of his brother, he remained upon the deck of the vessel, which, despite his most cherished wishes, was steadily bearing him away.

All the life within him was concentrated in that steady gaze directed towards the land. With one long last look he scanned the fast receding object of his hopes. In that fruitful country he had for a brief but happy period the sweet assurance that he would see Christianity flourish and all Egypt rally to the standard of the Cross.

But the last—the very last tower is fading from his view. No more land. It has disappeared! . . .

Raising his eyes to heaven the holy religious invoked strength for the sacrifice. Then he bowed submissive to the will of God. He had offered his *consummatum est!*

Faithful to the end he resigned himself to communicate the sad tidings to the Sovereign Pontiff and to the Emperor. Of course they must be informed correctly regarding an expedition which had been so entwined with the wishes and hopes of faithful and loving children of the holy Catholic Church.

The letter which he wrote collectively to them during the voyage has been preserved intact by Mezzieres—Ch. XVII. After telling how, in the be-

ginning, leaving Rhodes and favored by impetuous winds, the fleet had anchored in the bay of Alexandria, the Legate went on thus:

" . . . On that day when the people of Israel fought against Amalec, when Moses, overcome by fatigue, permitted his arms to fall, death cut down the people; but here, neither the priest nor people had time to be weary, here the combat—(general)—lasted but for one hour. *Not one of our soldiers perished, not one met his death.* All were invincible. When Jesue joined battle the walls fell before him, and the people entered the city, but here, O! my God! the towers and ramparts were abandoned like ordinary entrenchments. Why do I make so many words? From that moment the infidels offered no resistance. The flames burst forth, and before their devouring wrath the iron gates melted away; part of the citizens were massacred, the rest, panic stricken, took refuge in flight. Thus was captured a city, populous as Paris, beautiful as Venice, and wealthy as Genoa. A city full of delights, intersected by large canals and frequented by the mercantile world; a city which is the Queen of Egypt, and the boulevard of the infidels,—a city which would be to-day the most important citadel of the Christians in the Orient, if they had only retained possession, after it had been taken by our forces. But our joy has been changed into mourning. Wherefore it is that my heart fails me, and my lips almost close in telling the tale. I suffer from a most poignant grief, yet no one compassionates me. I have kept myself constantly employed to stifle my sorrow, but to-day I can do no more than give vent to my desolation to you, and thus relieve my grief-stricken soul.

Tears would be a solace. Grief is like a fire. If you wish it to burn with greater intensity, gather its force together in one spot and thus concentrate its heat.

Had the dear Lord afflicted me with the loss of temporal property, by the death of my friends, by physical tortures I would bear it with greater tranquility. *But I feel a wound which I know has weakened the very thread of my existence.* Had they torn out my heart I could not feel more intense pain. What do I say? I am amazed that I still live after having witnessed the infamous conduct of some of the Christian chieftains. . . . "

Then the Legate branded the English, for upon leaving Rhodes at the outset they had made the most show, and were even ostentatious in proclaiming their bravery, yet when the hour for decision came they were the most eager to depart. It was they who had sustained and excited to greater insubordination their first captain, thus aiding what would be to all Christendom so sad a result. The Legate could not refrain from censuring the admiral of St. John, who had at his disposal one thousand men, and who by his pessimistic previsions, contributed greatly to the discouragement of all the troops. Finally with a filial confidence and respectful liberty, he in the most touching manner, exhorted the Pontiff not to give up the Crusade, but to open all the treasures of the Church and from their munificence encourage the faithful by granting them indulgences. "It was the Church," continued the writer, "who would be humiliated by the faults of her children." It was her honor which must now receive reparation. If the Christian people had arisen in greater numbers at the first signal they would

not have hesitated to guard Alexandria. Let them now hasten to repair their fatal indifference. "And you, mighty emperor," he said in conclusion, addressing himself to Charles IV., "all the gaze of Israel is upon you. You it is who must set the example for other monarchs to follow. God has granted to you, as unto Solomon, the gift of wisdom. Like Phaaro He has given you power, He has endowed you with riches. The kings will lend you aid by sending troops, the Venitians, Genoese and other maritime cities will supply ships. The Holy Father will sustain you by spiritual assistance, the clergy by their prayers and by their sacrifices, and all Christendom by a newly awakened enthusiasm. Show forth your power to the world. Come on nobles! Be the deliverer of that Jerusalem which, for too many years has languished in the fetters of slavery, and whose pathetic cries to you for aid even now ascend to heaven. If you turn a deaf ear and close your heart to the appeal, I fear—and many fear the same—that the wrath of the Almighty will rise up against you, and cut you off in the midst of your days.

He has overwhelmed you with favors, and endowed you with privileges far greater than your predecessors have enjoyed. And wherefore? That having studied what would be most agreeable to Him, you will find means to accomplish it for his glory. And the most precious offering would be the deliverance of Jerusalem that henceforth a pure sacrifice might be offered up to Him within its walls.

May the living God—the one, true and only God in three divine Persons deign to grant you this grace. Amen."

. . . By these eulogiums addressed to the Emperor, who in reality

did not merit them, we perceive that bishops and even saints can scarcely refrain from making use of the language in vogue at court, dictated as it generally is by "les convenances." In this letter, however, it will readily be seen that throughout its text there is a courageous mingling of admonition as to what was the duty of his majesty. It was a lesson under the form of praise,—a suggestion elicited by the recent promises from the imperial court. This urgent appeal which reached Pope Urban after the death of Blessed Peter Thomas, was to the Pontiff as a voice from beyond the tomb, and had the effect of confirming him in his resolution to make every effort compatible with the new necessities of his pontificate to continue the work of the Crusades. Meanwhile the punishment of heaven seemed to overtake those mercenary creatures whose base instincts had been the blight which overcast one of the most brilliant exploits ever known. They had dreaded the discomforts of a protracted siege, and would fain fly from the angry menaces of the Mamelukes: Well! They were delivered to the terrors of a voyage which seemed interminable, and to the merciless fury of a tempestuous sea. Scarcely had their fleet left port than the storm burst forth, and the vessels scattered by its force went hither and thither the sport of the waves. Some of them, tossing thus upon the deep for several weeks, more than once made the route between Alexandria and Cyprus without being able to land. Overwhelmed with dismay and misfortune there perished fully as many men as might be lost in a naval battle. Eventually, the survivors, moved to repentance, acknowledged that all this was only a just dispensation of

heaven for their disobedience to the man of God. They openly declared that it would have been far better to have remained within the walls of Alexandria than to have consented to this disastrous retreat. Yes! for seven years! Nor was the judgment of public opinion upon those avaricious souls other than a scathing one. A cry of execration arose from every part of Europe against them. The more enthusiastically was the capture of Alexandria announced—as was but right—and the more joyfully received the more indignant were the comments upon its abandonment. Petrarch expressed the universal sentiment when he wrote Philip de Mezzieres. "It was not merely Alexandria which would have belonged to the Christians, but Memphis, Antioch, Damascus and Babylon. An avarice fit only for savage tribes, a vile love of gold, the dread of losing a moment's pleasure gained the ascendancy over the virtue and honor of the Crusade. Laden with booty, or rather covered with dishonor and sinking under the burden of their shame, they ignominiously took to flight."

Truly they merited, those unworthy crusaders, the appellation of cowards, and "*men of little faith*," as the Legate had called them." They had in their midst *a veritable saint*, that is to say a power which would have been equal to battalions. They closed their ears to his counsels. They fain would have falsified his authoritative voice as he earnestly called aloud to them: "Hope in God! Hope in Mary! Everything is possible to him who believes." They did not understand that the worst of all dangers is a wavering faith, that the source of cowardice and dishonor is unfaithfulness to the divine light.

Thus their expedition, brilliant in its beginning as the aurora of a beautiful day, came to naught amid the midnight darkness of disappointed hopes. No result arising from it, it was even as a crusade which had never seen the dawn of day, or was stifled at its birth. History gives it scarcely a passing notice—and posterity is glad to throw over it the veil of silence and seclusion—of oblivion—nay, almost of the grave.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAST LABORS—REPENTANCE—PETER THOMAS ENDEAVORS AT CYPRUS TO PAVE THE WAY FOR ANOTHER EXPEDITION—MERCANTILE ANTIPATRIOTISM—HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST ITS ENCROACHMENTS—SANCTIFICATION OF HIS INFIRMITIES—TOO RIGID MORTIFICATIONS—MORTAL ILLNESS—NOVEMBER—DECEMBER—1365.

The terrible storms at sea seemed to our tempest tossed mariners as though they would never end. The reflection of the dark, sullen, and angry-looking waves overshadowed the faces of the voyagers and despair almost reigned supreme upon the ships. There was one noble exception, however.

Peter Thomas tranquil and unmoved accepted all as coming from the divine hand, and resigned himself to meet death at any moment. Weighty considerations occupied his mind: The fatal repercussion which would result to religion from the mercenary flight of the Crusaders; the aggravated fury which the Mussulman could now, so much more readily, vent upon Smyrna and Satalia, upon Cyprus and Rhodes, upon Macedonia and Constantinople; the sudden check to the efforts of the Holy Father for

the sacred cause; the thought of the indefinite triumph of Islamisin. These and many other similar subjects presented themselves to his sensitive and enthusiastic soul. And still he suffered silently, offering up everything to his dear Lord. Our evil counsellor—nature—is eager for us to vent our feelings in any trial or suffering, if it be possible, upon the cause thereof. But Blessed Peter knew how to banish such suggestions. He treated those who had wrought so grievous a wrong with kindness and refrained from reproaching them with what they now saw too well themselves, and regretted. He would not add to their humiliation lest he would drive them to despair, and thus stifle forever all hope of their retrieving conduct which—he charitably thought—might have been due to a moment's mad infatuation for gain. His wise course eventually led them to true repentance.

It is not rare in the military world to see soldiers who are in reality not cowards, but who, under some sudden and powerful influence, have temporarily shown the "white feather." And it often happens that those same warriors will most valiantly seize upon the first occasion to redeem their honor, no matter how great the risk, and merit a place with the bravest in the ranks. It is the same in the world of education and culture. Many a youth from want of reflection rather than malice has yielded to the promptings of a passion to his bitter and immediate regret. Fortunate for the erring if a just and fatherly direction considers that the prodigal merits consideration rather than harshness, and benevolently extends to him a helping hand. He will return to the path of right, and be ever after, perhaps, amongst the most edifying examples of a virtuous life.

After a long and tempestuous passage therefore, the disabled fleet arrived at Cyprus. The King, happy to

meet the holy Legate upon landing, urged him to accompany him to Nicosia, the capital, where Blessed Peter was regarded with love and veneration. His presence there would tend greatly to allay the outcry which would surely arise upon their return from an expedition which had accomplished so much, only to return covered with an ignominy far worse than defeat. The Legate would know how to soften the blow to them and to negotiate for the continuance of the Crusade, which, all told, was only interrupted. He would be a most powerful auxiliary in the restoration of courage and confidence, and the renewal of a favorable decision of the people. For Peter Thomas never assumed the attitude of a weeping willow. Despite his bitter disappointment he would not meet his friends with a dejected visage. He knew how to prove to them that every event, even the most adverse, might hold something good for them within its depths.

Immediately after his arrival at Nicosia he organized a solemn procession, and rendered public thanksgiving to God. In an eloquent discourse he felicitously congratulated the King, and that portion of his army which deserved praise. The recent expedition was not merely an ephemeral skirmish. Even at its worst it was a point gained, a victory on the very soil of the enemy, and a demonstration which proved the cowardice of the Moors.

The Apostle of the Crusade by this means restored public opinion, banished wavering and doubt, and disposed his hearers to valiantly continue the war. To promote this it was unanimously agreed upon that the Legate should go to Avignon as soon as possible. After having given a verbal account of the recent happenings he was to solicit new aid from the Sovereign Pontiff.

Although greatly enfeebled through the immense exertions he had made both before and during the Crusade, and exhausted by a strain of constant enthusiasm, his moral energy never

failed and the Legate willingly began his preparations for the journey. In the early part of December, having taken leave of the King, he repaired to Famagouste in which port, the most frequented of the kingdom, he soon found a vessel ready to set sail for France.

The companion assigned to him for the passage was his friend Philip de Mezzeres who, having some affairs of state to attend to, had to delay somewhat before joining the Legate at Famagouste.

In that city there were certain Venitian merchants, who, on account of their suspicious bearing during the late events, were suspected of grave disloyalty in the affair of Alexandria. It appeared upon good authority that they had worked secretly to foment the disturbances which eventually obliged the Generalissimo to abandon his conquest. What was their object? Did they perhaps hope by such base intrigues to ingratiate themselves with the Sultan, and obtain from him more favorable treaties for their affairs? Certain it is that animated by the greed of gold, they were going in December to Alexandria, *intending* to procure a special peace.

The faithful Legate, hearing of this insolent determination was justly indignant. To punish them and render null and void their designs, he fulminated a sentence of excommunication against any one who would enter into commercial relations with any city of that empire where the Sultan ruled. Notwithstanding this prohibition, one of the party, having actually set sail for Alexandria, was driven by contrary winds to the Cyprian coast. His ship was dismantled, his cargo swallowed up by the waves, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Such baseness was a new source of bitterness to poison the last days of Blessed Peter Thomas. The holy patriarch since that fateful time at Alexandria bore within an incurable wound which never could be relieved—and his brow was stamped with an air of melancholy which, try as he would, he was not able entirely to banish. His emaciated

countenance and mournful eye betokened a grief which neither art nor virtue could hide. Never more would he manifest that charming gayety of heart which had so endeared him to his friends. Scarcely touching the threshold of old age, not yet sixty, he already felt the burden of years. His slow step and painful gait, his head slightly bent forward gave evidence of this but it must not be imagined that he remained inert and discouraged, for his life was all the more active in the sight of God:

Having taken up his abode in the secluded cloister of the Carmelites the holy mystic spent long hours in the sanctuary where more than ever he conversed interiorly with his divine Master, and kissed with transports of love the hand which had so vividly engraven upon those portions of his being which still lived, the image of the crucified Savior.

Humble and submissive, so far from inveighing against the faults of others, he reproached himself for *his own* as having been the cause of the failure. Expiatory victim, offering himself a holocaust to divine justice, all that he desired was to sacrifice himself anew. Despite the increasing infirmities which showed that his days were numbered, he prepared to set out for Avignon.

But He who holds in His fatherly hands the destinies of His children, judged that His servant had furnished a model of Catholic devotion and religious fervor during a sufficiently long cycle of years. He reserved for him a happier voyage by far at the termination of which all his labors and trials would be gloriously rewarded.

It was Christmas eve—Wednesday, 1365. The fervent prelate went to the cathedral of Famagouste, and as he walked over the frozen ground his feet became cold as ice. Not heeding this, he assisted at all the office, and on the festival, chanted the three solemn masses of the day—one at midnight, one at day-dawn and one toward the middle of the morning.

That evening he felt quite ill, but

did not pay any special attention to the fact. He neither sought any aid, nor made any change in his clothing. It was always his custom to wear the same in winter as in summer.

On St. Stephen's day he also celebrated Mass (Pontifical) in another church, and on St. John's day, wishing to make a pilgrimage in honor of that privileged son of Mary, he went to a chapel situated outside of the city walls, the chapel of Notre Dame de Cana.

Already very weak and trembling, despite all this he again exposed himself to the mercy of a most frigid temperature. In his penitential fervor he made the pilgrimage bare-foot, and whilst the solemn high mass lasted, he remained upon the marble aisle. His confreres represented the danger to his health of such excessive mortification but for all reply he said that the ancient fathers of the desert never went otherwise than barefoot, and that their example was worthy of imitation.

Alas! this austerity was no longer commensurate with his strength. His emaciation had reached such a degree that his bones were almost on the point of piercing the tender skin. He could, indeed, not endure such penance. Exhausted nature gave way, and a burning fever seemed to consume his wasted frame.

Resisting with all his energy, however, despite its inroads, he had the happiness of celebrating the holy sacrifice on Sunday, December 28, and also on the following day.

But on Tuesday the fever returned, with redoubled vigor, and the alteration in the features of the venerable invalid revealed to his spiritual brethren that the danger had now become imminent. They forthwith sent word to the chancellor, who started at once for Famagouste, where he arrived on Wednesday with the physician of the king.

Under the influence of this faithful friendship, a slight amelioration became visible, and continued for several days.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Convincing Argument.

BY S. X. BLAKELY, FROM "CONTES D'UN PROMENEUR."



THE forest of Fontainebleau has ever been a favorite resort of mine, and when time permits it is generally to this enchanting spot that I turn my willing steps. I love to watch the graceful motions, for instance, of a joyous band of squirrels as they leap from branch to branch of the woodland trees, while the pretty rabbits, with furtive mien and ears alert, off at the first sign of pursuit, always awaken my sympathy. Then the brilliant costumes of some gay hunting party, making merry over the trophies of skill they are sure to win, or the wondering admiration of a group of peasants upon this their first visit to the forest, all these, kind reader, which by you might be passed unnoticed, serve to entertain me during the hour of my stroll. My favorite time would be the morning, but upon the day of which I intend to write, circumstances prevented my leaving my apartment until almost noon.

I wandered slowly through my beloved forest, pursuing some fugitive fancy, when I found myself at that isolated spot where Nature in all her rugged grandeur, scarce, if at all, touched by the hand of man, still holds sway. I allude to what is known as the gorge of Apremont.

I was about to retrace my steps and seek the welcome and inviting cool-

ness of the shaded allies, for it was not the heat of noon that my weary brain required, and although the waning year registered October, old Sol had lost none of his ardor. Suddenly my gaze was arrested by the sight of two men, not one hundred paces from where I stood, who had sought the shelter afforded by the almost leafless branches of a juniper tree. The coat of the one had been carelessly thrown upon the ground, and his hand bound up in a piece of linen had evidently been bleeding freely. He was on his knees beside his companion who, as I saw upon a closer inspection, wore the soutane of a priest and the *sombrero*.

I perceived near the coat of the penitent, for the man was certainly making a confession, a little phial, two twigs of the wild hazel, and the severed trunk of a serpent whose spotted skin glistened in the sun. "Truly a strange confessional" I confided to myself, as I hastened to leave, when the layman arose, and the priest, hearing the sound of my footsteps turned towards me. We recognized each other. It was the vicar of Avon, and in compliance with his gesture of invitation I drew near; "not sorry" I fancy, kind reader, you are not slow to exclaim. It does not enter into the scope of so brief a narrative to give a description of Monsieur the vicar of Avon. You have certainly known many good priests. Search amongst them for the most excellent. Give him from thirty-five to forty years of age, the face of an angel and the holiness of a saint, and you will have my

friend. The other was about the same age. But while a noble serenity marked the priest, his companion was greatly agitated, and one could see that at all times he was swayed by turbulent emotions and tempestuous passions. Still, upon his broad brow, and in his clear eye there appeared a nobility of soul, an elevation which re-assured the spectator. "Badly directed that man might be dangerous; turned towards good, of what might not that ardent soul be capable?" While I stood there with these thoughts coming unbidden, it was quite natural for me to feel somewhat embarrassed. The Abbe hastened to relieve me. "Dear friend," said he, "you could not have come more opportunely." "Are you a Christian, Monsieur?" cried the other, scarcely perceiving that he was interrupting the priest. "I am, I am happy to say." "I am almost tempted to say: *so much the worse*, for you are not in special need of what I am about to relate. And yet, if you were not a Christian you might not understand me. Have you ever witnessed an instantaneous conversion?"

"Yes, but it was a conversion *in extremis*. Indeed I have known of several, but one stands forth vividly in my mind. An old renegade, who had been false to the teachings of his youth and now swore only by Voltaire and Jean Jaques, was suddenly called upon to meet his Judge. Our Lord bestowed upon him just one hour for repentance. He was happily Christian enough to respond to the grace. The priest was at hand, and through the munificent mercy of God the sentiments in which that man closed his eyes upon this world were those of a saint." "Well! That is something similar to my experience, except that I am not dead, and I am far from being a saint." Then upon my assurance, in reply to his question, that I would be glad to hear his narration, he began: "Educated with a view to my becoming a priest, I found out before very long that I had not the slightest vocation, and upon my return home, a course of the pernicious literature, so

popular at the time, went far to lead me astray. I gave up the practice of my religion, and even became a freemason. I inveighed against priests, yet sought every occasion to argue with them, and made a point of boasting to friends as vile as myself that never yet had I met one who could get the best of me in a discussion. Whether they were so foolish as to credit it I know not. This morning I was fortunate enough to meet this excellent Abbe who was with me in the seminary. He proposed a stroll through the forest, and we began to converse upon our life at college, how widely our paths had diverged, and the like. I was determined, however, to enter upon the field of argument, or controversy, which the Abbe perceiving, amicably gratified my wish. Before long, however, I realized that I had found my master. With the freedom of an old comrade, with the acumen of the priest who saw that this was no case for gentle dealing, he told me among other things that I reasoned like an escaped lunatic. "But that is nothing," continued he. "To be insane is not a sin, but to lie to your own conscience, which is what you are doing, *is*. You only speak so loud to deafen that monitor so that its reproaches will not be heard. I know at least of one in whose presence you would hesitate to utter your sacrilegious impieties." "Name him," I cried proudly. "Were it the Emperor, or even him whom you call the Head of the Church I would not withhold a single view."

"The one of whom I speak takes precedence of the Pope," said the Abbe, and is over us all."

"O! you mean the Virgin Mary. There has been some new apparition at la Salette?"

"No," said the priest, with impressive earnestness, "I mean the presence of *death*. I have known men as irrelegious as yourself, whose arrogant boast was, too, that nothing could make them change their impious views, and who yet at the approach of death have had the grace to retract their false opinions and to return to

God with contrite and humble hearts."

"Afraid of death I am not," said I. "I have always been an upright, honest man. I have injured no one. God would be unjust were He to punish me."

"As to never having injured any one, you admit that you have disseminated your views as widely as you could, and who can calculate the spiritual ruin and wreck you have wrought? My dear friend, I maintain my point. If at this very moment you were to find yourself face to face with death you would change your tone."

I opened my lips to express my utter contempt of such cowardice, when suddenly I felt a sharp and agonizing pain in my right hand, which rested upon the back of the rustic bench whereon we sat. At the same moment a viper crawled with sinuous windings in and out of my fingers, whilst the Abbe hastened to beat it off with his hazel stick. I felt myself grow pale and cold. From the flat head of the serpent and its inky color I knew that it was one of the most venomous type. It had bitten me. We were far from any aid that could come in time. I was about to meet death, led into that presence by a crawling reptile's venomous fangs. Scarce had I time to make these reflections, when the Abbe drew from his pocket a flask of alkali and a pen-knife whose well sharpened blade glittered in the sun. "I never travel without these," he remarked. He seized my hand, moistened with saliva the venomous bite, then made an incision and poured the alkali therein. "God be thanked that I was with you, my dear old friend. Had you been alone, all would have been over with you."

As for me, I was speechless with terror and gratitude. Nevertheless it was not either of those emotions which dominated my heart.

In that supreme moment which passed between the attack of the reptile and the aid of the Abbe, I believed myself doomed. This—this was the moment which my com-

panion had assured me would place my wasted life and pernicious views in an entirely different light. It seemed as if the Lord wished to verify the truth of his words by placing me in this terrible predicament.

The Abbe had indeed spoken truly. As if the thick veil which had hidden the truth were suddenly withdrawn, I beheld what that religion which I had constantly vilified now meant for me. I had no longer any passions to cater to, nor human respect to cringe before. I was about to appear before God. How would I wish to present myself? Certainly with my conscience relieved of the burden, whose weight had increased so immensely since I had broken with heaven. I could not be grateful enough to God Who, while inflicting upon me a death so sudden and cruel, had so providentially placed a priest at my side.

When this priest, therefore, had been the physician of the body, before being that of the soul, when he had saved me from certain death, it was not *he* who asked for the result of my experience, nor enquired whether I was content to die as I had lived. It was *I* who cast myself at his feet and made my confession to him with a sincere and contrite heart. And if all my infidel friends had been present they could not have deterred me in the least.

"You are a writer," said the Abbe. "Do not forget what you have just listened to. In this vain world of ours there are many more who go about boasting of their impious views which are often superficial, than there are those who are heart and soul given up to infidelity. But God does not favor all as He has my very good friend here, with a serpent, a vicar and a flask of alkali. They laugh and jeer at those who return to Him on their death bed. Let them pause and reflect that they may not even be granted a death bed, but that a withering thunderbolt will send them without preparation to render their terrible account to the Sovereign Judge!"

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

THE feast of the Assumption, Our Lady of the harvest, is one of the favorite feasts of Rome. Whatever the Italians may do or whatever accusations are made against them, they are still firm in one point, their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This being one of her principal feasts, all good Catholics did their best to celebrate it worthily. During the whole day the city was alive, and the churches were crowded with people. In the evening the greater part of the city was illuminated, many houses were full of lights, and in some rooms opening into the street, or in the corners of the streets by the voluntary contribution of the people altars were erected, adorned with a large picture of the Madonna, and many fresh flowers and resplendent with numerous brilliant lights of various colors.

On Sunday, the 20th August being the feast of St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin, was also the feast of His Holiness Leo XIII., (Joachim Pecci). On that day the Holy Father received a greater number of telegrams than usual from all classes of people and from all parts of the world. All the Cardinals present in the Curia were admitted into audience by His Holiness and after offering their congratulations were entertained for some time in private conversation. The feast was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of that name under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. This church which was built in commemoration of the Pope's episcopal jubilee is now entirely completed on the outside ; in the interior

the high altar and nave are finished, and are certainly very grand, but the side chapels are mostly unfinished. Each of these side chapels has been given to a different country, which is at liberty to adorn them in whatever manner they wish, and can dedicate them to the saints of their own country. A few countries have already begun the work on their chapels.

According to a liberal Italian newspaper, the Italian government has recently received two rebuffs, one being the letter of the Queen of Holland to the Pope, the other, the answer of the Pope to this letter. Against the wishes of the other countries they would not allow the Pope to send a representative to the Conference of Peace, and having succeeded in keeping the Pope at a distance, they thought they had gained an everlasting victory over Papacy and Clericalism, when suddenly the scale of war changes, and they suffer a disgraceful loss, whilst the Pope gains a glorious victory. The Queen of Holland, a protestant, in whose dominions the conference was held, writes a letter to the Pope, expressing her regret that he, the universal peace-maker, should have no representative at the Conference. To this letter the Pope replied in dignified language, and so independent of all political questions that in the end the liberals see their purpose defeated and they themselves constrained to confess it. The same liberal writer, continuing in the same line, says that the power and influence of the Pope have increased much

during the last thirty years, because they persecuted him. So the liberals and all the anti-Catholic sects have, although unwillingly, contributed to the glory of the Pope, and have caused his paternal authority to be felt throughout the whole world.

Here we clearly see the hand of God turning evil into good, using the very enemies of the Church to exalt it, and make its influence felt. Although late, yet even now these persecutors should follow the advice of Gamaliel, the master of St. Paul, who, when the Jews wanted to persecute the primitive Christians, said they should not disturb the new institution, for, if it be from God, it is impossible to fight against God, if it be only the work of man it will fall together of itself, so in either sup-

position it would be useless and even foolish to persecute them. The liberals should reason thus, and then they would at least have the consolation of not having increased the glory of the Holy Church.

A very great number of pilgrims are expected at Rome during the coming year of the Jubilee; some say there will be from three hundred to five hundred thousand during the whole year. Very many especially of the French will be here in May, when it is said the canonization Blessed La Salle will take place. This holy man is already so universally known by the zeal and labors of his devoted sons, the Christian Brothers, that the occasion promises to be a very solemn one in which people from all parts will take part.

Souvenir, October, 1899.

The month of October brought with it many beautiful thoughts and holy affections.

The fragrance of Our Lady's roses makes it, as it were, another May; and the frequent benedictions remind us of those bright days of June when we consecrated ourselves, in answer to the desires of our Sovereign Pontiff irrevocably to the Adorable Heart of Jesus.

The following lines, written in the sunshine of those days may therefore be welcomed by souls devoted to the Sacred Heart, and, through the intercession of its beloved disciple, Blessed Margaret Mary, awaken an echo of love. May He unite us more and more to Himself by every renewal of our act, and in "the land afar off," may we "see the King in His beauty," and praise His loving Heart with our Blessed mother, the Angels and Saints for all eternity!

GLADNESS.

Souvenir of the Consecration of Mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. June, 1899.

There is gladness in the sunshine
That so beautifies the earth.
There is gladness 'midst bright Angels,
As of old at Jesus' birth.

They are singing of His glory,
And of everlasting peace,
Far beyond those golden portals
Where all earthly sorrows cease.

There is gladness deep and thrilling
In God's Holy church to-day,
With her faithful loving children
Round the Altars watch and pray.

And in Him what wondrous gladness
Like a boundless, blissful tide,
Overflowing with love's wavelets
Those dear souls for whom he died.

Dearest Jesus, meek and humble!
O make our hearts like thine!
And like a wreath entwine them
Gently round Thy Heart Divine.

Bless our act of consecration,
And inflame us with Thy love,
May we contemplate thy beauty
In the land of light above.

Where dark shades shall not o'ercast us,
And there breathes no sigh of pain,
But soft canticles of rapture
To "the Lamb that once was slain."

O, how blissful the remembrance
In our souls eternally,
Of the bright June days of gladness
When we gave our hearts to thee!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Favors Obtained Through Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

FROM Castelnandary, France, we have received the following :

My little god-daughter, named Germaine Le Chartier, who was thirteen years old, fell dangerously ill with typhoid fever to which were added other complications of various kinds, as vomiting, weakness of the heart, and so on, in June, 1899.

The assiduous care of two doctors, friends of the family, did not succeed in checking the evil ; for, on the evening of the 15th of July the bronchial tubes and the lungs were congested ; extreme unction was administered to her.

"Nothing else," said one of the two doctors, "can now avail except the help of God and the course of nature."

Then we recollected with remorse that Germaine, although she had received the Holy Scapular, did not wear it. I searched immediately among my holy relics and then put around the neck of Germaine a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which the Most Rev. Father General, Angelo Savini, of happy memory, had given me.

At the same time, we inwardly recommended the dear sick one to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, promising that, if she should regain her health, we should give an account of the recovery to the *Annales du Carmel* and to the "Carmelite Review."

The night between the 15th and 16th of July was awful. Each moment seemed to be her last one. . . .

The father of the girl, an energetic Christian, prepared her with true Breton faith to appear before God. We recited the Recommendation of the Dying and soon went to hear the first mass in the cathedral at the altar of

the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, where he received Holy Communion. This was on a Sunday, on the day also of the great feast of the Order.

In all the Catholic world the Religious and virgins of Mt. Carmel celebrate the glory of their Queen and Mother. We joined them in their praises and prayers, hoping thus to obtain through the intercession of the saints her recovery, if it should please God to preserve her life.

Two hours passed by, when she all at once opened her eyes and smiling upon us, asked for some food, which she was able to swallow without any difficulty whatever.

"She is not the same as yesterday at all," said the doctor ; "the heart beats freely and the lungs are clear. This is extraordinary indeed."

The convalescence, which, as we were told before, should have been a slow one, was accomplished within a short time, and Germaine retains no sign of the cruel sickness, often so terrible in its consequences.

Glory, thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.—NANCY BOUIS.
Castelnandy (Ande) France, July, 1899.

The Blessed End.

After Love's dawning
Clouds hanging deep,
Roses tear-laden,
Mourners who weep.

After our sunset's
Passion-lit bars,
Tremulous darkness.
Quivering stars.

After our Eden,
A fiery sword.
After our grieving,
A pitying Lord !

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The glorious autumn days are again our portion, and we are having a daily feast at the hands of Mother Nature. October has been well styled the queen month of the year, because of its exquisite beauty of earth and sky ; and the Church, knowing so well how to make use of nature as an aid to grace, has chosen October to supplement that other month of beauty—May, the darling of the Spring.

In October we renew the joys of the month of Mary, and gather around her altars to hail her Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Dear children, although we are pre-eminently devoted to the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, yet we are only too willing to be missionaries in the cause of the Dominican Rosary. Who among us does not love the blessed Beads almost as if they were a part of one's self? How we cling to them and feel that they are indeed a link with heaven.

The Scapular and the Beads are the keepsakes of our Blessed Lady and they will carry us safely to her arms at last.

The Secretary will gladly renew her promise of long ago to send a pair of Beads blessed by the Dominicans and enriched with the marvellous indulgences of the Church to any reader of the "Carmelite Review" who will send name and address to her.

Not long ago a bunch of a dozen

pairs was sent to the far western part of the United States to a family who had only lately come across the old number of the "Carmelite Review" in which the first promise about sending the Beads was made.

What a help to us in our journey to heaven is the feeling that we are not alone. The communion of saints is one of the most consoling doctrines in the Church, because it brings the comfort of friendship and sympathy in our struggle.

It is not an easy thing to live from day to day, suffering and worrying, and very often taking one step forward and two steps backward.

It is then, when discouraged and down-hearted and often on the point of giving up entirely that the fellowship of the saints in heaven and our brethren of the faith on earth is like wine and oil to the traveller in a desert land. We are strengthened and soothed and comforted by the thought that others are praying for and with us—yes, and struggling too, up hill work from day to day, even as we are.

Now in October, the millions of Catholics the world over are all united, Beads in hand praying to her who is indeed "our life, our sweetness and our hope."

How beautiful is the Salve Regina ! One never tires of it, as indeed one can not of any of the prayers of the Church. Take the preface of the Mass for instance. What a wonderful thing it is ! Was there ever music which lifts the heart to heaven so delightfully as the preface, when well

sung at a High Mass. It is a heavenly song and is worthy the voice of an angel.

So with the Salve Regina—the Hail Holy Queen which is in itself an act of desire, a cry of the longing heart for heaven. Say it very fervently and very lovingly during the evenings of October and be sure that when you pray “turn then most gracious advocate thine eyes of mercy towards us,” that Mary, whose eyes are like stars—myriads of stars—will turn to look at each one of her children who crown her in October days with roses of prayer. Hold on to the blessed Beads, dear children; carry them in your pockets, save up a few pennies and buy a dozen pairs in October to distribute to the poor in prisons, in hospitals, in poor mission churches.

Be missionaries of Mary; her agents are paid a commission of 100 per cent.

The fifteenth of October will bring us the feast of St. Theresa, the great doctress of the Church and the beloved saint of Carmel.

Pray to her for good common sense, which is another name for practical piety.

The watchword of St. Theresa, one of them—for she had many—was “Duty!” We hear her quoted as saying, “to suffer or die.” Well, that is not for you and me, dear children. Our imitation of St. Theresa must be to follow her in praying when she did not feel like it, simply because it was her duty. In her life we read many wonderful things—but none to my mind more saintly than this, that she prayed, kept on praying for I forget how many years—I think eighteen, without any comfort, any feeling of or taste for prayer. Only a saint, a strong woman such as she, could do

that. We know how it is with us. To-day we are in heaven because we feel like praying, feel like being good, and to-morrow we are like Mr. McGinty, “at the bottom of the sea,” so blue, so hateful, so cranky, because we don’t feel like praying or being good, or doing our duty.

Is it easy? you ask.

Not a bit of it—the hardest thing on earth to keep on doing the right thing in spite of feelings, in spite of dark days and the blue devils and a thousand and one other things which stand between us and duty, so beg St. Theresa to get you a ton of good common sense and that ton will kindle a fire of love for God and duty which will be better fuel than anything else in the world.

Devotedly,
CARMEL’S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the greatest of Flemish painters?
2. What is his most famous Biblical picture?
3. Of what American poetess was it said, “her verses have the swing of the sea”?
4. What famous Italian painter is always associated with the city of Naples?
5. What is called the heart of Venice?

ANSWERS TO THINKERS.

1. Turkey. Emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1844.
2. Trinity College.
3. Plutarch.
4. In Butler’s Hudibras.
5. The toast: “Au bon pere” drank daily to the Popes, when England was Catholic.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Hatton (hat on) Gardens.
2. Because we find then in Seine. (insane).
3. A Winter’s Tale (tail).
4. Out of debt.
5. Hooker.

Editorial Notes.

A Holy Month.

The month of October has been dedicated to the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary." Our Holy Father, the Pope has written more encyclical letters on this one subject than on any other, it is so dear to his heart. There is not a Catholic church or chapel that will not witness some manifestation of this love for the Rosary during the month of October. Even in the far-off Phillipines this Catholic devotion is cherished by the natives. In the fiercest conflict between Spaniard and Tagal no dishonor was shown to our Blessed Mother. It was left to the civilized Anglo-Saxon brute, who has covered the name of American soldier with shame and disgrace, to lay sacrilegious hands upon statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin, and to tear Scapulars and Rosaries from the necks of pious and innocent maidens. Let us frequently, during this month, while kneeling at the feet of our Queen, weaving and binding our wreathes of roses, white, red and golden roses, think of these children of Mary in the far East, and breathe a prayer for them. And for the poor Catholic boys who were unwilling witnesses of these outrages perpetrated by the men and officers of their own companies, good American boys who wear the Scapular themselves, and, let us hope, have a Rosary stuck away somewhere in their military outfit. There is something devilish in the hatred of the Blessed Virgin displayed by the enemies of God's Church. She is the "woman who crushes the head of the serpent."

The Angels.

Our holy mother, the Church teaches us that we are under the guardianship of angels, and during the month of October she celebrated a special feast in honor of the Guardian Angels. This month has therefore been called the month of the angels, and special devotions are practiced by pious Catholics in their honor. Our Lord speaks of the angels of children, and St. Paul refers to the Guardian Angels. Converts have assured us that long before they found the full grace of faith, they had cherished this particular belief. It seems so natural that our Lord "whose delight it is to be with the sons of men," who gives us His own Blessed Mother as our mother, should detail ministering angels to all the souls purchased by His Blood, raised to princely estate and made heirs of heaven. We would not need the many revelations made to the saints to convince us of their presence. Whether we see him continually, as St. Catherine of Sienna, or see the Guardian Angels of others, as St. Francis of Sales, or see them only by the eyes of faith, we know that such a faithful companion follows us from the cradle to the grave. He is honored by having this charge committed to him, and we can piously imagine angels asking for this favor at the hands of God, whenever His Divine breath gives birth to a new human soul. Christian mothers and fathers should make friends with the angels of their children, teachers with the angels of their pupils; aye, and priests with the angels of their wayward and sinful parishioners, and they

will soon find the great help these heavenly messengers can give them in their respective charges. What a pleasure it will be for all of us one day to make the personal acquaintance of our lifelong companion, our most constant friend !

The Saints.

We call this month a holy month, because it is the month of the Rosary and the month of the Holy Angels. But for us children of Mount Carmel it has another great claim on our homage. It is the month of St. Teresa, the great Carmelite saint. On the lofty heights of Carmel prayer and contemplation are the rule, but, in spite of its solitude and retirement the great saints of prayer have been made known to the world by Divine Will and command. This was the case with St. Andrew Corsini, the Carmelite bishop, with St. Peter Thomas, the Carmelite legate of the Holy See, with St. Albert, the Carmelite thaumaturgus of Sicily, with St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, the ecstatic Carmelite nun of Florence, and with St. John of the Cross, the Carmelite mystic of Spain. But St. Teresa is known more than any of the others, on account of her monastic foundations and her extraordinary writings. Ordinary Christians, in reading the usual lives of these saints and hearing of their wonderful familiarity with God, are disheartened at the great discrepancy between their distracted prayers and the ecstatic prayer of these favorites of heaven. But these great saints were of the same flesh and blood as we, they had the same weak human nature to serve as a foundation for the heavenly graces given them. Lately a professor of the Sorboune in Paris, Professor Henry Joly, published a

book called, "The Psychology of the Saints," in which he has a most charming chapter on the "Human Nature in the Saints." He shows how natural dispositions arising from nationality, from associations, from temperament and even from weaknesses, entered into the formation of their supernatural greatness. Here are some of the delightfully human traits he discovers in St. Teresa.

"St. Theresa," he says, "was another great lover of Jesus Christ, but in her way of showing her love we recognize her Spanish blood. Her birthplace was Avila, surnamed Avila of the Knights. The women of that town stood a siege in the absence of their husbands, and their brave commandress had conferred upon herself and her descendants the right of voting in the public assemblies. The saint may have had these events in her mind when she described so naturally the fortress on the top of which she has planted the 'banner of God,' and when she spoke of women who were so full of the Apostolic spirit that they envied the liberty enjoyed by men of serving 'the God of battles' in the midst of this world. There was nothing combative about her, however, nor did she love to rule and despise her own sex. 'My son,' she said one day to a religious, "when I was young I was told I was beautiful, and I believed it ; later on I was told I was wise and I believed that too, far too readily. I have often had to accuse myself in confession of these two vanities.' Even when favored with ecstasies and the most sublime revelations, she never forgot that she was a woman. . . . She was naturally as proud as she was shrewd, loving and attractive, and so careful of her honor that, even at the time

when she still loved the world and the reading of romances, that feeling was strong enough to protect her against temptations and even importunate imaginations. When, in later years, Our Lord said to her, 'My honor shall be your honor, and your honor My honor,' it may well have seemed to her that she guarded both with the same confidence and noble sense of security with which, in former days, she watched over her own youth! Her dislike of the 'way of fear,' and especially of 'servile fear,' in the service of God, came, in great measure, from the natural character which she had inherited. She wishes us to follow in Christ's footsteps with 'manly courage,' an expression she constantly uses, and she was fond of saying that He ought to be served 'gratuitously,' as great nobles serve their king."

Around the World.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when we considered our country about as big as we wanted it. In fact it was our boast that it was the biggest thing, take it all in all, in the world. But we are over that feeling now. Our bars have been let down and we have tasted blood. The little scrap with Spain did not satisfy our newly aroused savage instincts; we must have more blood—blood until our sight becomes blurred with it, and our eyes are unable to distinguish between right and wrong. What a howling farce it would all be were it not for the horribly tragic consequences! The whole nation goes into hysterics, all the papers shriek themselves hoarse, petitions are sent to the President to interfere and threats are made to boycott a great World's Fair because a Hebrew soldier of very shady

antecedents is seemingly not meeting fair play. And all this time our government is sending shipload after shipload of soldiers and war materials to the Phillipines, to murder and annihilate, if necessary, thousands and thousands of Christians who are asking their rights. Anglo-Saxon righteousness is dumbfounded at the rascality of French judges, and at the same time is deliberately and openly plotting to wipe off the earth a noble little republic in South Africa, which only asks to be left alone. They hold a Peace Conference, and although they will not disarm, they talk most seriously about arbitration, and agree to accept it in principle. Oom Paul must have thought that there was some truth in it, for he declares his extreme willingness to settle by arbitration, but he knows now that the only argument used by the so-called civilization—Anglo-Saxon civilization, if you please—is a brutal demand to stand up and deliver, and why should Oom Paul be treated better than Spain or Aquinaldo? They didn't wish to have the Pope to be represented at the conference. Thank God that he was not asked to that comedy. He would have been the only one in dead earnest. No, the beautiful letter of Wilhelmina, the Queen of Holland, to the Holy Father, and his still more beautiful answer, are worth infinitely more than all the deliberations of the conference. Canada has a little question to be settled also, and hinted at arbitration. She ought to know better, as an Anglo-Saxon colony. Her only hope lies in the newly-cemented friendship between England and the United States. Let her get what she can and not ask too much, above all things, not ask for fair play.

A Catholic Layman.

In Catholic countries, it is customary to invoke the blessings of the Church at the beginning of public works and at their completion. Thus, in our neighboring republic of Mexico, the Archbishop of Mexico was asked to pronounce a blessing on the opening of a new railroad. Recently at the opening of a new electric traction line between Dayton and Xenia, Ohio, a Catholic layman was invited to make the opening address at the beginning of the work of construction. He concluded his address with the following words and prayer :

"And that God may shield this undertaking from great mishap and preserve from bodily harm all who may, when completed, make use of its beneficial workings, let us commit it to His holy keeping, remembering also the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. x, 31) 'Therefore whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do : do for the glory of God.'

"In conclusion I ask all present to join with me—in spirit at least—in the beautiful little prayer which I learned in my youthful days, and which I deem very appropriate for this occasion. 'Direct, we beseech thee, O Lord, by Thy holy inspiration all our actions, and carry them on by thy gracious assistance ; that every prayer and work of ours may always begin with Thee and by Thee be happily ended, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.' "

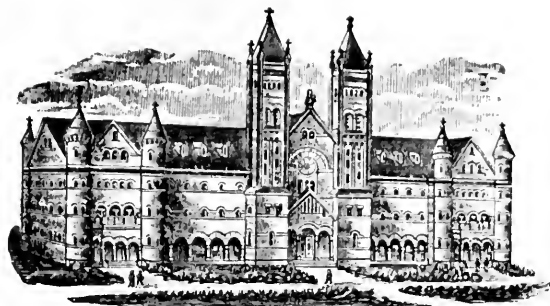
All credit to the man who thus makes use of the Catholic teaching he has received, to lift up the minds of his fellow-citizens to higher ideals and show them that all human effort should be consecrated by the invocation of God, and be made subservient to His Divine Will. Most of our Catholics

would be too timid to proclaim thus publicly their dependence on God, and would prefer to keep their piety to themselves. And yet, we have often been witness to the good effects produced by a bold and apostolic profession of faith. A layman, respected as a citizen and known for his integrity in business, by a simple act of unostentatious faith, free of cant, produces a far more profound impression on ordinary worldly people, than the most fervent protestation of faith by one who is officially ordained to preach it.

This same Catholic layman has lately made an earnest appeal to the faithful of this country, to aid him in spreading an apostolic work, which he has begun years ago in honor of the Sacred Heart and which has been personally approved by the Holy Father, in a letter to this zealous apostle. The appeal was published in last month's issue of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. We hope that it will be generously answered, and that the meritorious work may not be interrupted through lack of means.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Home Annual by Benziger Bros., New York, comes to us again as a magazine well qualified to fulfill every condition. As such it will be read over, at first cursorily, to satisfy everyone's curiosity, but it will be picked up again and again during its long sojourn in each home, and in the nature of such a publication, it must be able to stand the test. Its contents are varied and interesting. Dr. Egan furnishes a pretty story, while Carinus, the plot of which is taken from the early persecutions, is cleverly written. The "History of the Usulines," and several other stories, with many pictures, give us large value for the small sum of 25 cents.



HOSPICE NOTES.

BY VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, PROV., O. C. C.

The Hospice opened only a few months ago without any notice or advertisement in our Catholic papers or periodicals, has gained scores of friends. All our visitors were surprised at the stately beauty of the building and at the perfection of its appointments. The universal verdict was that the Hospice, with its complete electric equipment is ahead of the age. From the time of the clerical retreat mass was said daily in the chapel, and the Blessed Sacrament was kept there. The chapel is very simple and unadorned, as we are going to strain every point to begin the erection of the new church, and intend the chapel only as a temporary substitute.

The time has come to build a sanctuary in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, second to none in the country. No spot in all the New World could be found more appropriate for this purpose. Niagara Falls is the most popular spot in America. Every traveler, sooner or later, wends his way thither. No devotion in the Church is more universal than the devotion of the Scapular, and therefore it is fit that it should have its official shrine at this famous spot. After its completion, the Church

of our Lady of Mount Carmel will form the most conspicuous feature of the beautiful Canadian shore of the Niagara. Just above the Horseshoe Falls, its twin towers will rise into the air, and the statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel surrounded by a halo of electric lights will be visible day and night to every visitor at the Falls. The Holy Father accords a special Apostolic Blessing to all those who will aid, abet, and support this work. In order to raise the necessary funds, with the approbation of our ecclesiastical superiors, we have established the "Pious Union of Mount Carmel," and will at once begin the good work by appealing to all our friends and benefactors to join us in our noble undertaking.

The following circular will be sent to all our solicitors.

PIOUS UNION OF MOUNT CARMEL.

This Union has been established with the approval of the Holy See and other ecclesiastical authorities for the erection of a suitable sanctuary in the New World in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Carmelite Fathers have charge of a Pilgrimage church at Niagara Falls dedicated to Our Lady of Peace. This church was endowed with

all the privileges of the most famous shrines of Europe. The small little building serving as the sanctuary now, is on the verge of collapse and the Fathers find themselves compelled to make an appeal to all the wearers of the Scapular for help. It is no more than proper that the Scapular of Mount Carmel, the most widespread of all Catholic devotions should have an official centre in America, and that Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel should have one of the most beautiful sanctuaries on the continent. No locality could be more appropriate than the beautiful Canadian shore of Niagara Falls.

The Fathers have lately opened the Hospice of Mount Carmel for the accommodation of pilgrims to the shrine and all other lay people—men and women—who wish to make a retreat or spend a few days at Niagara Falls.

What is needed to complete the noble pile of buildings is a church in harmony with the sublime surroundings and worthy of the great Catholic devotion to our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

The late Archbishop Lynch, of saintly memory, authorized a perpetual foundation of 100 yearly masses for contributors to this noble work.

The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., grants a special Apostolic benediction to all who aid, abet and support this undertaking.

We have made arrangements to also have masses said for all our benefactors at the following sanctuaries:

1. One hundred masses every year at the shrine of our Lady of Peace, at Niagara Falls, Ont.

2. One hundred masses every year at the Novitiate of Mount Carmel, New Baltimore, Pa.

3. One hundred masses every year at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in the church of Santa Maria Transpontina, Rome, Italy.

4. One hundred masses every year at the sanctuary of Mount Carmel in Palestine, Asia.

5. One hundred masses at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, in Canada.

Besides these annual masses, we celebrate a monthly mass for all our solicitors.

All those who contribute 25 cents a year until the church is completed will, from the time of its dedication, become sharers in the perpetual foundation of masses without further contributions.

Until that time certificates are good only for one year.

We enclose a sample certificate and ask you for the love of our Blessed Lady, to act as our solicitor. Write to us for further information and address: The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

THANKSGIVING.

"Enfant de Marie desires to return thanks for many favors obtained through the Most Pure Heart of Mary during August, the month specially devoted to its honor, and after a promise of publishing gratitude in THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Let us have unbounded trust in that Most Loving Heart, in all needs spiritual and temporal, remembering St. Bernard's exhortation, "Look at the star, call on Mary," and echoing his touching "Memorare," to secure for ourselves and all that are dear to us, her "omnipotent intercession" in life and for the hour of death.

"Look up to the far blue heavens,
And breath St. Bernard's prayer."

E. D. M

Our Lady of the Rosary,

What name can be so sweet

As what we call thee when we place

Our chaplets at thy feet?

—Adelaide A. Procter.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mission Tracts by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., B. Herdes, St. Louis, Mo., price 5 cts., per hundred, net \$3.50.

Although this is universally considered the age of reading, as far as the doctrines of Holy Church are concerned, the opposite would be nearer the truth. Even Catholics are for the most part satisfied with hearing them preached from Sunday to Sunday, and the ignorance of our separated brethren on the same points, remains proverbial. Father Sherman has done a good work in giving us these short but pithy tracts on well chosen subjects. The very titles will recommend them: 1. The Old Religion; 2. The Church; 3. The Real Presence; 4. The Rule of Faith. We hope to see more of them till the whole field be covered with these splendid weapons of truth.

Eternal Religion: Its Use and Abuse, by Rev. George Tyrell, S. J., B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., price \$1.00.

This prettily gotten up book has greater beauty and strength in its contents. The author, with a master hand, touches a few great questions which are soon to become burning subjects. Though written for students it will be a valuable addition to every priest's library and no one who essays to preach on the great moral truths can afford to overlook it. Its opening chapters must be carefully studied, since the others are logical deductions from them. Religious communities will find in its pages a new stimulus to understand the essentials of their holy state, while the laity will have the means of overcoming many a doubt as to their spiritual condition. But it is not a prayer-book; it has to be read and pondered over. It is the work of a deep thinker and profound theologian. It is such a work as might be expected from a brilliant son of the illustrious Society of Jesus. We predict a large sale of this book and the Catholic world owes another debt of gratitude to the publisher.

—
"Mary is a radiant star who bore the eternal Light, the Son of God.—
St. Bonaventure.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

—
The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

—
For good health and recovery, Stratford, Ont.; several conversions, New York; for grace to know vocation; for the conversion of a husband; for spiritual favors. 5; for employment, 6; for success in business 1; for favorable settlement of a lawsuit; for strength to reform, 7; for recovery from sickness, 6; for happy death, 3; for reconciliation of a husband and wife; for reconciliation of a father and son; for peace in a family; for reformation of a husband who drinks 2; for the conversion of a father and son who have not approached the sacraments for years; for peace in a family; for the grace to overcome the temptations for drink for a husband and sons; for the reformation of a person who has become a victim to the use of drugs; for several ecclesiastical students; for health, 7; for temporal assistance, 3; for prosperity in a family; for the conversion of several persons of a family; for the conversion of a husband; for grace to overcome an evil habit; for assistance in finding honest employees, 3; for the recovery of a prelate who is dangerously ill; for a little boy who is in danger of losing a limb; for the return of thirteen persons to the church, together with their families.

—
The name Rosary was chosen to indicate its character. As the rose is composed of leaves, thorns and flowers, so the Rosary supplies subject for meditation on the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries of the Redemption.

—
"Mother, now I'll say my beads,
For my soul some comfort needs.
And what better could there be
Than to raise my thoughts to thee,
Sweet Mother!"

—FATHER RTSSEL, S. J.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from: St. Bernard's Church, Akron, O.; Brook Village, Nova Scotia; St. Joseph's Church, Snyder P. O., Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Cresk, O.; St. Agnes Church, Debec, N. B.; St. Michael's Church, Bell Island, N. F.; St. Boniface Church, Zouch, Ont.; Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Canso, N. S.; Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto; St. Andrew's Church, Antigonish.

At our Monastery at New Baltimore from: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.; Goodwin, Wash.; St. Francis de Sales Church, Chicago, Ill.; Mt. Calvary, Wis.; St. John's Church, Bellfonte, Pa.; Boise, Idaho; St. Peter's Ind.; Philadelphia, Pa.

Scapular names received at our Monastery at Pittsburg, Pa., from: Immaculate Conc. Church, Moberly, Mo.; St. Paul's Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Cross, Church, La Crosse, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud, S. Dakota.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind.; St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.; St. Aloysius's Church, Linn, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, O.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, O.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Ind.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Ignatius' Col.; Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Johnstown, Pa.; St. George's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface's, Allegheny, Pa.; Sts. Andrew's and Thomas' Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; Holy Rosary Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Bonaventura's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Michael's, Janesville, O.; St. Jerome's, Charleroi, Pa.; St. Patrick's Settlement, O.; St. Michael's, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; New Berlin, Wis.; Oldenburg, Ind., Elm Grove, Wis.; Earlington, Ky.; Jefferson, Wis.; Cleveland, O.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MR. SHANNON, an old benefactor, who died at Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1899. R. I. P.

MRS. HELEN CHARLOTTE O'KEEFE who died at Toronto, Ont.

MRS. A. KENNY, who departed this life on the 11th August, aged 75 years, at Brickby, Ont.

JAMES ROCK, aged 78, who died at Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 28, 1899.

SISTER M. ALPHONSUS POCOCC, who died Aug. 22nd at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ont., aged 51, and of her religious profession, 28 years.

CAPT. RODERICK MCNEIL, PATRICK HERR, MR MICHAEL MEEHAN, who departed this life on Aug. 11, after a very painful illness of three months. John Fitzsimons, Paul Burke, T. A. Hannify, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Honora Kylie, who departed this life Sept. 7th, 1899.

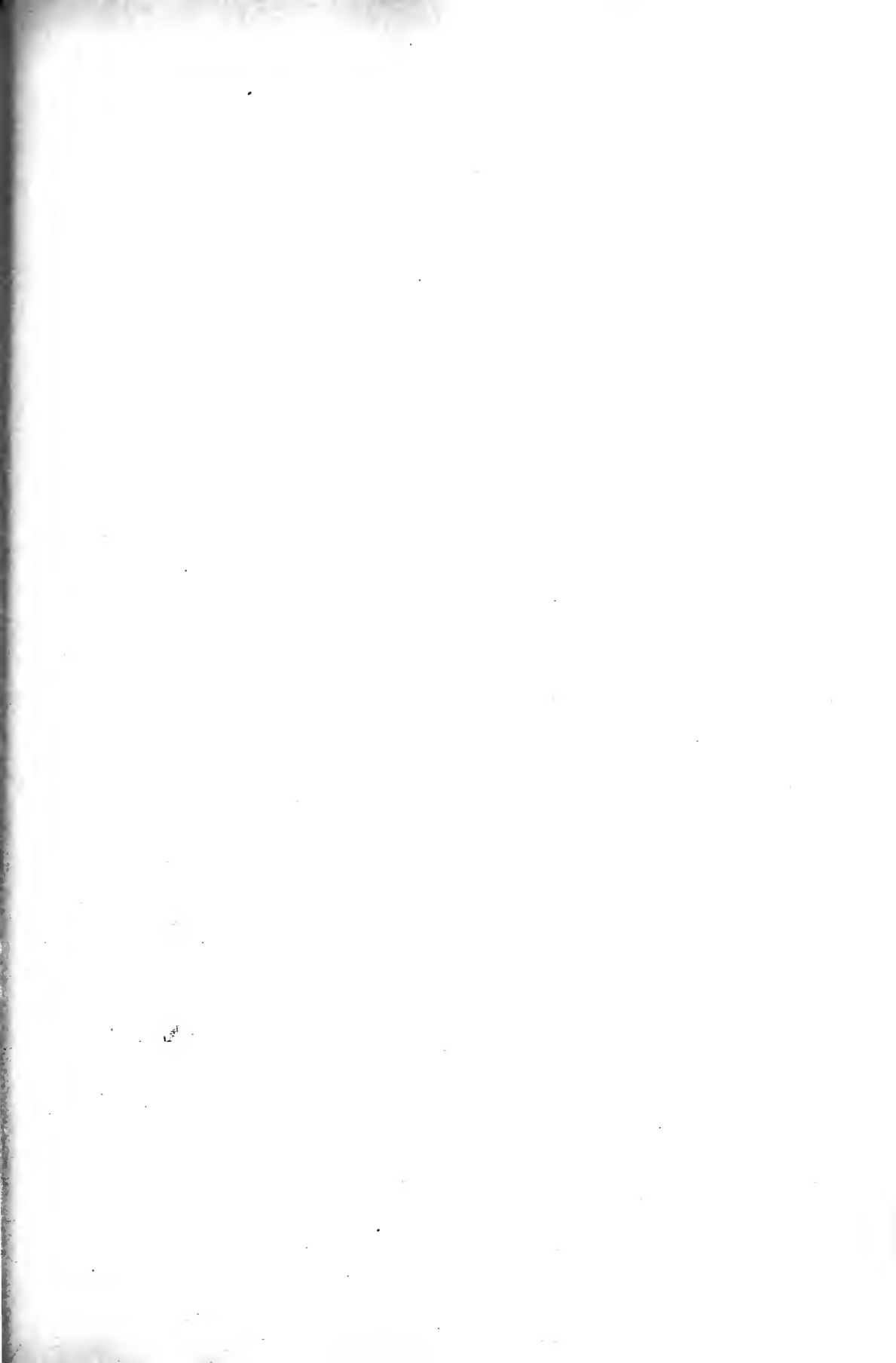
WM. DEE, who died March 21st, 1899.

REV. JOHN McDONAGH, who died at Picton, Ont., on Aug. 20, 1899.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below.** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





THE DIVINE MOTHER AND HER BABE.



In The Cemetery.

I.

DEAREST Mother! as we lingered
 In the grave yard old and quaint,
 When the sun's last radiance gilded
 Grave of many an unknown saint.

II.

O! the sunset was so lovely!
 Tints of crimson, violet, gold—
 One might think "The gates" were opening
 Heaven's glories to unfold.

III.

Youth and age with reverent footstep
 Press the still unfaded grass,
 Little children hush their laughter—
 Two and two—they come—they pass.

IV.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness
 Save the softly murmured prayer,
 Or the plaintive "*Miserere*"
 For the loved ones resting there.

V.

"Mater Dolorosa's Chapel"
See! the doors are opening wide
And the fervent Fathers asking
Mercy from The Crucified.

VI.

Mercy for the loved departed
Shall His Blood be shed in vain?
No! with joyous mien we hasten
To the sunlight once again.

VII.

I could almost hear the sighing
Of each dear expectant soul,
As it hoped on that blest evening
To attain the longed-for goal.

VIII.

Then we laid our floral tributes
O'er those silent forms "at rest"
Wondering—thinking—"do they see us?
Have they climbed the mountain blest?"

IX.

When the long procession scattered.
Homeward each with softened heart
How we thought of that hereafter
Where the loved will never part.

X

Now good bye, my own dear mother
(If *you* only had been there!)
Do you miss me? But I'm coming
Very soon—your little

CLARE.

St. Marys, Pa., Eve of All Souls.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VI.

TENEZ. LAGHOuat. SAIDA. 1860.

De Sonis appointed Commander at Tenez—The town of Tenez—Thanksgiving to God—The Roman Revolution—Longing to go to Rome—His family at Tenez—The Arab—Disinterestedness and integrity of the Commander—Appointed Commander of Laghouat—The route from Tenez to Laghouat—The town of Laghouat—The reception—Visit to the Church—The capital of the desert—Admiration of the Arabs—Mgr. Pavy visits Laghouat—Insurrection at Djelfa—De Sonis represses the revolt—The Bishop's visit—De Sonis is thrown over and recalled to Mascara—Birth of his sixth child, Martha Carmel—Pelissier appoints him Commander at Saida—His religious influence—He visits the Circle—His integrity—The Caid exposed—The ostrich hunt—Birth of Marie Joseph—The light of faith—The "Arab kingdom" of Napoleon III—Repartition of the Arab soil—Insurrection in the south—Peril of the colony—Death of Martha Carmel—His distress—*Sursum Corda*—The solitude of a village on the sea-shore—Progress of the insurrection—De Sonis is sent to quell it—De Sonis buries the victims of the fight of Aoumat—Meditation under canvas—*Tu qui es?*—Birth of his son John—Letter to his sister-in-law—The apostolate—A young officer—A child of his zeal—End of the campaign—Return to Saida—Alone with God—The Emperor wishes to attach him to his person—Noble refusal and fidelity—Promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel—Holiday at Castres—He is recalled to Africa, and reinstated at Laghouat.



ON the 18th of March, 1860, M. de Sonis landed at Oran to take up his post at Mascara. Hardly had he arrived when he was appointed Commandant of the Circle of Tenez. "I am very much pleased with my new posi-

tion," he writes, "as I am absolute master of this part of the Province, and administer it as a General does his division. My only superior is the General, and I am therefore more independent than in a regiment." Tenez was a little town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the Mediterranean to the west of Algiers. "The climate is very healthy," wrote de Sonis, "and any sort of illness is rare, which is a great blessing for the father of a family.

I have found here a very nice Government House, furnished by the State ; so that I hope my dear wife and children will soon be settled here, and that we shall be allowed to remain for a few years in peace." He ends his letter with the words : "The longer I live the more I cling to our holy religion. I cannot do much for God, but I have the most earnest will and the firmest resolution to lead a Christian life. It seems to me that all the world is conspiring against our Divine Master and His holy Church. Ought not their hatred to be the measure of our love?"

The state of things in Italy at that time filled him with sorrow, and especially the occupation of the Legations by the Piedmontese. Delighted as he was to see men like Pimodan and Lamoriciere enrol themselves under the Pope's banner, he felt bitterly his inability to join them. In all his letters at that time, he speaks of his intense anxiety to give his life for the defence of Pius IX., and his sorrow at the duty to his family which kept him in Africa at such a moment. His wife and children joined him in May, and he then set to work seriously to see what he could do for the civilization of the Arab tribes in his province. Thanks to his intimate knowledge of their language, he had no difficulty in dealing with them. Quite unexpectedly he would appear in their tents, hear their complaints, and see that justice was done to them in all cases of dispute. His disinterestedness struck them most of all. Never would he accept the smallest present or reward for his services. His earnest religious habits also excited their admiration. Frankly and simply, he said his prayers and his Rosary, fasted, and knelt morning and night while offering his usual devotions; and the Arabs would look at one another

and say : "We have at last got a good Governor,—*iaraf Rebbi* ; for he recognizes the power of God !" But it seemed as if he were never to be left more than a few months anywhere. An imperial decree of the 24th of November, 1860, having suppressed the civil government of Algiers in order to substitute a military one, Marshall Pelissier was appointed Governor, and M. de Sonis was sent to take command of the province of Laghouat. This place is on the confines of the desert, and is the most advanced of all the French posts. It was, therefore, an important position, and de Sonis, flattered at the confidence of his superiors, started gladly from Tenez for Algiers, and from thence by slow stages to his new destination.

"From Algiers, to Blidah," wrote Madame de Sonis, "and even to Boghar, our journey was not difficult. But after that there was no road. The great sandy plain was only broken here and there by a caravansary, where we stopped to breakfast or to take a little rest." The life of the poor people who inhabited these wastes filled de Sonis with compassion, for they had no means of attending to their religious duties. Only one poor woman, who had been a *cantiniere* (sutler), showed them a little oratory, which she had arranged at the back of her house, with a poor altar ornamented with some coloured prints. "It was such a blessing," he wrote, "to find one soul in this desert who remembered God."

Laghouat is a little town of 3,000 or 4,000 souls, situated in an oasis of date-palms, watered by a little river which issues from a spring, but only runs for about a mile. In the centre are two little hills, on one of which is built the hospital, and on the other an unfinished Mosque. Below are the tents and

gourbis of the natives. A little lower down is a square containing the Church, the Arab-bureau, the house of the Governor, and one or two French shops. Everything else is given up to the palm-trees, among which have been planted olives, lemons, figs, pomegranates, peaches, pears, and a large number of European fruits and vegetables. The gardens, which border on the desert, are protected from the hot winds and sand by mud walls made of brick baked in the sun. Beyond is the immeasurable desert of Sahara. Madame de Sonis, who, with her little children, had made the latter part of the journey in a litter, determined to enter Laghouat on horseback.

"We arrived very late," she writes. "It was one of those glorious nights which one only sees in the south. We were received by a magnificent display of horsemanship. All the Arab officers and chiefs were present, their horses with beautiful trappings and their saddles embroidered with gold. They fired in front of our steeds to do honour to their new Governor, and it was in the midst of this discharge of musketry that we entered the town, the roofs of which were covered with women. The white houses glistening in the moonlight against the rich green of the palm-trees made really a fairy scene, which impressed me more as I saw it for the first time."

Their new home was a building of bricks dried in the sun, with a terrace on the roof, exterior galleries and balconies, and a fine view over the whole place. M. de Sonis thought it too fine when compared to the Church, which was small and poor. "I am ashamed," he exclaimed, "to be better lodged than my God!" It was an old Mosque, which had been abandoned to make a better one; but the Arabs refused to

set foot in the new one, protesting against what they considered the desecration of their old sanctuary.

The first visit of the new Commander was to the Church, and the next to those who served it. They were Lazarists, worthy sons of St. Vincent de Paul; and when they expressed their humble gratitude for his visit, and regretted that they had not come to him first, he replied: "Whenever I arrive, my first visit is to the Blessed Sacrament; my second for It's minister. If there be a religious community, that is the third; but no one can find fault with me for making God pass before men, and His representatives before the authorities of the place." This fortified post of Laghouat, which is now joined to Algiers by a carriage road, was the chief place in the zone of the Sahara, and was captured by General Pelissier in 1852, after a terrible assault, in which upwards of 1200 Arabs were massacred. A little garrison of 1000 men was installed there, with cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and all that was required for active service, to guard the town and repel the attacks of hostile tribes. Five hundred camels ready harnessed, belonging to the Larbaa, were requisitioned in time of war for the transport service of the garrison. The administration of this place was at all times difficult and delicate. "No one could have been chosen who would do so well as de Sonis," wrote an officer from Africa at that time. "As a thorough Christian, he imposed respect on the Arabs, who, seeing the impiety of our officers, used to call them 'sons of dogs,' — *kelb-ben-kelb*. His thorough knowledge of Arabic enabled him to deal with them directly, while his disinterestedness and his bravery were a continued source of admiration to them."

His great skill in horsemanship was

well known. The Arabs were amazed at seeing him with his escort, mounted on an Arab stallion, which no one had been able to ride before, clearing every fence, completely subduing the animal, and never drawing rein till every difficulty had been overcome. It used to raise their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, for this was a prowess which they could thoroughly appreciate. It was during Lent that this final inspection was made. M. de Sonis would never claim the smallest exemption from the fasts ordered by the Church during that season. "I know," he would say to the missionaries of Laghouat, "that I have sufficient reasons to dispense myself during this fatiguing journey. But I did not want to give the Arabs the occasion to declare that Mussulmen observed the laws of their religion better than Christians; so I kept the strictest fast—that of one only meal, which I took in the evening." The Bishop of Algiers had promised a visit to the new Commander of Laghouat. He started on the 12th of April, 1861, with M. Suchet, his Vicar General, and one servant.

"As we neared Djelfa," M. Suchet writes, "a Spahis stopped our carriage, with a note from M. de Sonis, begging us not to go further on, as the Arabs had just attacked Djelfa and murdered several of the inhabitants. He added that he could not answer for our safety if we went on. Mgr. Pavy simply answered the note in pencil as follows: I shall not stop. To the care of God! Then turning to me, he said: 'And what will you do?' I replied: *Sequitur te, quocumque ieris*. But I own I think it would be more prudent to turn back. The insurgents are certainly in ambush somewhere along this road. They will probably fire on your carriage and send us into the next world.' 'Very

well,' replied the Bishop; 'we will go there together, and have a good passport to present to St. Peter.' God rewarded his confidence, and we arrived safely at Djelfa after three hours of intense anxiety on my part."

The Cure, to whom M. de Sonis had given notice of the courageous determination of the Bishop, waited for him at the entrance of the village, with two choir boys, one having his head bandaged after a bad wound from a lance, and the other with an arm in a sling from a pistol shot. The few people who dared come out of their houses, burst into tears at the arrival of their good Bishop, who had braved such imminent danger, to come and console them.

At the first rumor of the revolt, de Sonis had flown to Djelfa with a body of troops. He found the village in abject terror. A certain Mahometan fanatic having preached to the tribes a kind of holy war to rid the country of the Christians, two or three hundred Arabs had swarmed down upon Djelfa at night, and murdered thirty or more of the sleeping inhabitants, including a little child, whom they had strangled in his cradle. There were but fifty soldiers in the little garrison, commanded by a Sub-Lieutenant, who had succeeded in driving away the brigands and killing some of their men. On the arrival of de Sonis at break of day, he found that some of the leaders had not had time to escape. He seized those whom he could find, held a council of war and judged them at once. Ten or twelve were condemned to death and shot on the spot. By the advice of M. de Sonis, who feared a return of the Arabs in greater numbers, Mgr. Pavy only remained long enough at Djelfa to visit and console the colonists who had suffered most, and then pushed on to

Laghhouat. To his great astonishment M. de Sonis was there to receive him. He had done the thirty-six leagues in four hours, and declared he was not even tired !

He received the Bishop with all the honors it was possible to give him in that capital of the desert. Mgr. de Pavy was enchanted with the beauty of the oasis, and in addressing his flock took for his text the words of the Prophet : *Justus ut palma florebit.*

But then, looking at the enormous desert to the south, he exclaimed, "Eighteen hundred leagues are before us." He dreamed but of one thing—the Christian conquest of this vast land,—and spoke of himself as "Bishop of the Crusaders." He implored both officers and men to be the bearers of the Gospel throughout Africa, adding that "God had only opened the door for them for that end."

The judgment and execution of the assassins at Djelfa had been a necessary though bold act. "You have done a hazardous thing," had said the Bishop, and de Sonis replied, "I know it, but I also know the Arabs. If I had not acted vigorously yesterday, they would have begun again to-day. My duty is to preserve the good by terrifying the bad." He sent, however, a careful report of the whole transaction to the Military Governor, who approved of the act, but wished it to be unknown. The Paris papers, however, took it up, and made such capital out of it, that Pelissier threw over de Sonis and ordered his recall ! It was, to say the least, a singular scruple on the part of a man who in 1845 had smoked to death in a cave 1150 Arabs without mercy ! But de Sonis obeyed without a word, and left Laghouat, to the despair of the whole place, on the 19th of May, 1861, after being there only six months.

The only thing he said was : "I expected it ; but it is hard. Those gentlemen at Algiers know, however, very well that I journey at my own expense !"

Arrived at Algiers, he was pressed to ask for an audience of the Governor General, and to explain matters ; but he refused from a spirit of discipline. "Military obedience," he said, "does not reason." His orders were to return to his regiment at Mascara, and accordingly he embarked from Algiers to Oran for that place. Poor Madame de Sonis suffered terribly during this journey, and soon after gave birth to a little girl, whom they called Martha-Carmel, having been born on the 16th of July, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It seemed to M. de Sonis that Our Lady had sent him this child to be an angel of consolation to them both in their unmerited disgrace. But in the meantime public opinion throughout the army was very strong in favor of de Sonis, and when they heard the reason for his dismissal they were still more indignant. All the officers at Oran and Algiers had received him on his return with marked attentions, and the Marshal himself was thoroughly ashamed of the step he had taken towards one who was recognised as one of the most distinguished officers of the service. He invited him to one of his receptions ; but de Sonis politely refused, adding that, if it were an order, he would, of course, obey. Pelissier had sense enough to understand ; and finally yielded and sent for him privately. "Commander," he exclaimed, pressing his hand, "forget what has passed. You are a man who knows his duty and practises it." He did still more ; for he appointed him soon after Commandant of the Circle of Saïda, by way of reparation.

Saida, a little new town in the Province of Oran, built in 1854 to the south of Mascara, promised to be an agreeable station. Its name signified "Happy" and de Sonis accepted it as a good omen. "Our house," Madame de Sonis writes, "was a good one, built outside the barracks, with a large garden. We lived there in an almost complete solitude, only seeing the officers and a Cure, M. Lacombe, whose Mass my husband served daily. We had the consolation of receiving Mgr. Pavy, who came here for a Confirmation.

"The arrival of M. de Sonis and his family at Saida," wrote the Cure, "was the religious resurrection of my parish. He came to see me directly, and never missed the daily Mass. He wished to go to Communion every time; but I, knowing the scornful and bad tone of the Garrison by bitter experience, advised him to communicate only two or three times a week. I have always regretted this since, not only for having deprived this noble soul of more frequent Eucharistic joys, but also for having robbed the Sacred Heart of Jesus of more intimate union with one who was more holy than any soul I have ever known. It was a great joy to me," he added, "when, following the example of the Commandant and all his family, I saw the soldiers and the colonists with their wives once more find their way to the church, which they very soon filled to overflowing. The presence of M. de Sonis was better than a mission!"

We may imagine that this new regime did not suit the free-thinkers and evil-livers, who had hitherto reigned supreme. De Sonis was inflexible in repressing excesses of all sorts, and it was even feared that he would be recalled from Saida, as he had been from

Laghouat, for simply doing his duty. But he disregarded all the denunciations of his enemies, and fortunately was able to throw such light on certain disgraceful proceedings, that the Supreme Court of Algiers supported him in every particular, and punished the guilty parties.

His reputation among the Arabs of the "really just man," which had followed him from Tenez and Laghouat, at once won the esteem and confidence of the native population. He visited them in their tents, judged their causes and administered justice impartially to all. One day an Arab, richly dressed, came to him and asked for the post of Caid, which is a function greatly coveted by ambitious Mussulmen. Finding that his request was not very favorably received by the Governor, he suddenly lifted his burnous, and pointed to a large bag of five-franc pieces with a significant smile. De Sonis bounded from his chair, called his guard and ordered them to take the Arab and put him in prison for a fortnight, "for having insulted the Commandant." This act, which was instantly known among the tribes with the reason for it, made an immense impression. "This extraordinary man is incorruptible!" they exclaimed, and venerated him in proportion.

He showed the same inflexible justice to great and small. An officer of high birth took advantage of the temporary absence of the Commandant to organise an ostrich hunt, in which a vast number of Arab horsemen were employed. A great circle is made around the birds, which is narrowed by degrees, and the poor ostriches thus imprisoned are shot or knocked down, while those who escape and fly towards the desert, are pursued by the horsemen till they drop from fatigue. A

great many horses were killed on this occasion; and the French officer decreed that those whose animals had survived should club together to replace the horses which had died. This was an iniquitous proposal, for the value of the ostriches killed would more than have compensated for the Arab horses.

No sooner was de Sonis's return known than the Arabs flew to him to demand justice. Having heard the whole case, M. de Sonis sent for the officer, and said: "Sir, I give you your choice of two things: either you will draw up a true and official report of your proceedings in this matter, which I will myself forward to the General; or you will go yourself with my Arab interpreter, find the horsemen whom you engaged for this ostrich hunt, and tell them that you come, by my orders and in my name, to make amends to them for the loss they have incurred through you, by paying each Arab, on the spot, the price of the horse he has lost. Which course do you choose?" The haughty officer bowed in silence; he preferred to pay for his amusement, rather than lose his reputation and perhaps worse. When the Arabs saw him come in person to make them this act of reparation, they were more loud than ever in their praises of the great *Marabout des Roumis*, whose name is still legendary among the tribes.

The death of a little girl, Marie Therese, in France, far from her parents, and the birth of another son, Marie Joseph, in May, 1863, brought to their home that mixture of sorrow and joy of which the life of M. and Madame Sonis was composed. But both seemed to lift their souls nearer to God. Writing to M. Henri Lamy on the 28th of July, 1863, he says:

"My life is indeed a strange one;

and I sometimes fear the justice of God from having experienced so much of His mercy. God has allowed me to see so clearly into the things of the other world, and He has given me such lights, that if I do not follow them I shall be guilty indeed. I envy you being able to make a retreat. I am always on the move, alas! and yet I feel that it is high time that I should be allowed to recollect myself a little and have a little short time of silence with my God."

About this time, a Bill debated in the Senate and voted in the middle of April, 1863, had decreed that "*the Arab tribes should be considered proprietors of the soil they occupied.*" "Algeria," wrote the Emperor to Marshal Pelissier, "is not so much a French colony as an Arab kingdom. The natives have as much right to my protection as the colonists, and I am as real an Emperor of the Arabs as of the French."

However unwise and imprudent such an announcement may have been, it was necessary to carry out the decree, and to begin by making a repartition of the Arab territory. M. de Sonis was chosen for the difficult task, and was ordered in October to go to the division of Mostaganem for this purpose. He wrote from there on the 22nd of March, 1864: "Here I have been working like a Turk for five months at this arduous task. What will become of me afterwards? Shall I be sent back to Saida? or where? But God knows what is best for us, and I am in a good school for breaking my will and my tastes, though I have not yet succeeded very well in this!" The death of the Duchess of Parma was a real sorrow to him, though one which he had to bear alone. "This country is too new to preserve the memory of great things or great names," he writes; "and yet we are the last testimony of the glory of our kings. Oh, when one is saddened by these thoughts, how needful it is to look upwards! That is, in truth, the only consolation one has in this sad world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All Souls.

BY THE REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

During the French Revolution a young French nobleman was shot in presence of his twin sister. Her heart filled with grief gradually hardened and whenever the thought of her murdered brother struck her, it was coupled with a desire of revenge. Well instructed in the teachings of the Church as she was, she knew, that the petition in Our Lord's Prayer "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," would in her mouth turn into a curse, and that she could not receive absolution until she forgave the murderer from her heart. Hence she neglected prayer, Mass and the Sacraments, for nineteen years.

Her worthy pastor had often and in vain labored to soften this heart and re-awaken religious feelings. At last—it was the eve of her birthday, and also of the anniversary of her brother's death he told her, that he would ask the souls in Purgatory to obtain her conversion, and for the purpose, returning home he said a *De profundis*.

It was the custom of this noble woman to spend the anniversary night watching and brooding over the reminiscences of their childhood, the capture, condemnation and execution of her brother, and to recall with feelings of undying hatred the faces of his executioners. Suddenly her brother stood before her, sad, yet tranquil. "Where do you come from, beloved brother, and why do you re-visit this earth," she exclaimed. "I come," was the reply, "to complain that all these years you have so thoroughly forgotten me." Forgotten! Forgotten? I think of

nothing else but you, and uncounted tears my eyes shed. Indeed you were not forgotten. "Dear sister," her brother answered, "your tears, and thoughts, and desires of revenge did not help me. In eternity we look at these things in a different light. All these years I saw thousands of souls released by the prayers of their relatives and holy Masses, leave purgatory and ascend to God, and all these years not one prayer was said for me, no holy sacrifice offered, nor did my body even receive ecclesiastical burial, and thus I was kept in purgatory all this time, until in answer to a *De profundis*, which somebody said for me yesterday, I received permission to visit you and bring my complaint before you. How could you be so cruel, sister, as to thus neglect one, who loved you so dearly!" Saying this, he disappeared.

The scales fell from the eyes of his sister. She shed a flood of tears, no longer of hatred, but of contrition. For the first time in nineteen years she sank on her knees, to recite from her heart the Lord's prayer, and when the well known and long neglected church bell called the congregation to an early Mass, she rose, went to Church, prayed in tears, received holy Communion a few days later, and thence the remainder of her life was spent in prayer and good works for the poor souls in Purgatory.

Is not this little story our own? How often do we witness that survivors strain every nerve, and spend the last dollar to bring those to justice, who were instrumental in shortening the

life of a deceased relation ! How often do we find people, who never tire to sing the praises of the deceased, to have pompous funerals, resembling pagan pageantry, as the tombstones are often but pagan in conception. And all these people flatter themselves that they show their appreciation of their deceased in this way, and they do not reflect, they never ask themselves the question, What would the deceased think of your words and actions, would he be thankful for what you do now in his behalf?

This question, seriously put, and sincerely answered, would lead many to an entire change of conduct towards their deceased relations. For it is an article of faith, that the souls in Purgatory can no longer merit, and it is likewise an article of faith, that they are victims of the inexorable justice of God, unless and until some survivor who is able to merit, intercedes for them.

What good are mahogany coffins and silver buckles to the souls in Purgatory? What comfort is there for the soul in flowers and wreaths? What benefit before the judgment seat of God is a glowing panegyric on the virtues of the dead, and will a dead march soften the rigor of divine justice? And yet we see that the very ones, who are so solicitous about the circumstantial pomp of the funeral, are the ones that hardly ever think of offering a prayer or the holy sacrifice for those they pretend to love so well. How can they be so cruel?

Our ancestors entered more fully and more religiously into the considerations of the true wants of these souls. The funerals were more simple, but prayers, Masses, and alms-deeds, more frequent and liberal. They understood the word of our Saviour: What you

have done to the least of my brethren, you have done to me. And they also understood the other word: By the measure, by which you mete out, it shall be measured unto you. They knew that those, that show mercy shall obtain mercy.

Is not All Souls' Day a memento more for all? If we place ourselves in the place of these holy souls, who have seen their God for one short moment, only to be told, that they shall not escape from prison, until they have paid the last farthing they owe to God, if we consider their burning thirst for the beatific vision, their consuming contrition for their shortcomings, their sorrow for their inability in person to atone and to gain Heaven at once, and if we then ask ourselves, What would you like your surviving relations to do for you?—would you ask for an expensive coffin, a mountain of flowers, a string of carriages or a brass band? No, nothing of these at all. But, like Job, you would exclaim: Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of God has touched me. You would be greatly thankful for every Hail Mary, you would be enraptured by the expectation to have the Blood of your Saviour offered up for you frequently, the smallest alms, given for your sake, would afford you the greatest relief. In a word, you would disdain any service rendered to your corpse, and desire all possible help for your soul.

Do unto others, as you wish them to do unto you.

The Church places All Saints and All Souls at the head of the last month of the ecclesiastical year, and wishes us to devote this month specially to the veneration of our sainted brethren and the intercession for our suffering brethren. All the treasures of the Church are

opened to us for the purpose, and the Communion of Saints gives weight and influence to our endeavor far beyond the intrinsic merits of our efforts.

Let then our readers make up a nose-gay of prayers, indulgences and penitential works. They need not fear, that in thus procuring happiness to others, they jeopardize their own interests; God's liberality will amply compensate them, and though the holy souls may not, as they did to some saints, appear to us soliciting our intervention, or thanking for their de-

livery, God will reveal to them the benefactors to whom they are indebted, and gratitude will oblige them, to render unto us, what we rendered unto them. We will experience what the baroness spoken of above experienced. For when she, on the anniversary of her brother's death—lay on her own death-bed, her face shone with happiness. "O," she exclaimed, "I see my brother in his glory, and he calls me to share it with him." She helped him into Heaven, and he reciprocated the service.

EARLY MASS.

Like a great rose-red flower, the living dawn
Comes shining, silent, o'er the waiting sea;
And Thou dost come, by love's impulsion drawn
O blessed Christ, thus softly unto me.

'Tis past belief and yet I dare not doubt;
The shining of Thy hidden power abides
In consciousness of wonder all about,
And answering love, in sudden, swelling tides.

It is the force that vivifies the world;
Why may it not be life and warmth to me?
Too great to comprehend,—yet, soft uncurled
Like some rich bloom, its Heart of Love I see.

Then, forth we go—to work, O Lord, for Thee;
Yet with us go the sacredness and charm!
Unseen yet felt, Thine own sweet mystery
Of Love, too near and tender for alarm.

It soothes and comforts, lingering with us still;
Tenderly clinging, though our wayward souls
Turn swiftly back to Earth, whose good and ill,
Like whitening waves, its undertow controls.

O wing us to the blue in fuller flight,
Dispensing ill, as sunshine scatters rain!
Shine on us, ever, Sacrificial Light!
Follow us ever, charm of Love and Pain!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW—CONFIDENCES—PROFESSION OF FAITH—EFFORTS
OF HELL—APPARITION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN—HIS
TESTAMENT—I—4TH OF JANUARY, 1366.



OR Blessed Peter Thomas, and for de Mezieres, friendship based upon mutual esteem was so elevated—so pure—that it merited to be ranked among holy things. It elicited an unfolding of the soul almost equal to the Sacrament of Penance. The invalid wished, whilst his friend remained with him, to renew all his confidences to a heart so worthy to receive them. Under a form somewhat resembling Confession, conversing heart to heart with the Chevalier, the Bishop told the story of his own life to the very least detail.

We would not venture to intrude upon this scene of inexpressible devotion if the description rested with ourselves, but we can listen to de Mezieres, who relates it with pathetic naivete.

“Before I left my friend and Father, he summoned me to his side, for he

wished to talk with me, alone, without reserve. He addressed me with exceeding great tenderness, showing that he loved me despite my unworthiness. He thought that I did not know him well enough, and, with great contrition, he made a familiar avowal of all the faults of his life. He called them “his sins” : I did not consider them sins, and, every circumstance carefully weighed, I still do not think they were. To console my friend, however, I spoke to him such words as our dear Lord whispered to my heart. He said, ‘My dear brother, I am a great sinner, but I have a Judge whose paternal kindness is without limit, and whose mercy is exceeding great. To Him I will have recourse, and I do not despair of obtaining pardon.’ ”

Behold with what a mysterious need of self humiliation the saints are tormented ! But God, who will not permit Himself to be outdone in generosity, rewards them by a reflex of His consoling light. As for us, tepid Chris-

tians that we are, whose religion has perhaps been linked with an ordinary, indifferent life, what a lesson this touching example contains for us. Alas! if the lively faith of St. Peter Thomas can discern subjects of remorse in a life which appears to us so admirable, what anguish should overwhelm us when, by the clear light of the Gospel, we attentively consider our own.

Towards the close of their prolonged communing the voice of the Legate became sensibly weaker, and de Mezieres was alarmed lest the end was nigh.

But he assured him that he was full of hope, that he thought *he would soon depart*, and urged the Chancellor to go to the King, to organize the voyage and finish his letters of embassy. "Go to Nicosia," said the Legate, "in order that you may soon return. *Any day of next week will suit for the departure if God so wills it.*" By the term "*departure*," as more remote than that of "*setting out*," it might seem that the Legate had reference to the great journey to the other world. But if so, it was probably only an undefined impression, or a vague premonition on his part.

"I left him as he requested," continued de Mezieres, "God knows that I never had any other solicitude than to fulfil the will of my dear Father." Touching avowal, which alone would prove to us the pious deference of the Chancellor for the Patriarch, "But upon the evening of that Saturday, after I had left him, he grew worse, and by a direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit he knew precisely the hour when he was to die."

There was no apparent terror of death." Far otherwise, he appeared to have more assurance, more discernment, more wisdom than ever. Several prominent personages came to visit

him, amongst them Pierre Marcel, Grand Chamberlain of the King. Blessed Peter said to him, "Messire Pierre, have preparations made for my embarkation, for before next Wednesday I will depart." Thus figuratively did he inform his visitor that he was to die.

On Sunday, January 4, 1366, early in the morning the patient summoned his Confessor, Fr. Amould de Solinis, a Carmelite, and with the most fervent contrition, made, in detail, a sacramental confession of his entire life. Then, at the altar which had been arranged in his room, he heard the Mass which his Confessor celebrated there, and was overjoyed to see all his episcopal family receive Holy Communion.

During his entire monastic life, as much as his varied ministrations permitted, Blessed Peter had invariably refused to accept any mitigation of the rule. And so it was in his last illness. He refused the slightest comfort. Clothed in the woolen habit and scapular of the Order, declining even a feather pillow upon which to rest his head, the Patriarch of Constantinople lay, dying, upon a miserable truckle-bed. And even this, upon this day of special fervor, was not enough for his spirit of mortification. He implored them to place him upon the floor, to cover him with some torn sack-cloth, and, "according to his deserts," to put a cord around his neck. Having been obeyed (under protest) he fervently kissed the cord of camel's hair,—in expiation, as he said, for the sins of his wicked tongue.

In this position he wished to renew his profession of faith.

The celebrated preacher had, above all, been specially devoted to the purity of the doctrine of the Church, and to announcing it in its untarnished splen-

dor. Nevertheless, in view of his proximate death, and the terrible judgment to follow it, his sensitive conscience impelled him to protest publicly that if, in his conferences, or controversies, or sermons, or conversations, or in any manner whatsoever, either from want of thought or from ignorance, anything contrary to the Catholic faith, or to the discipline of the Church had escaped him, he retracted it with his whole heart at the feet of the Sovereign Judge.

This protestation was made before receiving Holy Communion. He was heard to murmur: "O! God! be merciful to me, a poor sinner." Then he recited the prayer "*O! Salus*" (a prayer which we no longer know.) Striking his breast, he thrice repeated "*Domine non sum dignus.*" "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou should'st enter under my roof.—Then. his eyes full of tears, and his heart full of love, he received his God, his Master, the only one for whom, during fifty years, he had lived in penitence and prayer, in labors, and journeyings, in solitude and combats. After some moments of silence and exterior recollection he permitted those in attendance to raise him and place him upon his bed, Hugnet de Maymon, his major-domo wished to remove the cord which so irritated the neck of this saintly penitent, that they could not bear to see him suffer so, but the Patriarch exclaimed "No! No!—Do not touch it. It is only too slight a penance for my sins."

That evening in presence of his religious brethren and of his patriarchal house, he dictated distinctly and as if under an inspiration from above the expression of his last wishes. As testamentary executors he named first: the Chancellor of Cyprus. The others were Raymond, Archbishop of Nicosai,

and Birenger, Dean of St. Gregory, of that city, and pontifical collector.

To our great regret the text of this ancient document is not found in any biography.

There are two clauses which have come down to us. The first is, that some largesses, of which mention will be made later on, were to be distributed amongst his servitors. The second regulates the arrangement of his sepulture.

This was to be conducted with a simplicity which confounds us. He who was looked upon by all the Christians of the Orient almost as a Pontiff—and truly he was a worthy representative of one—he, who on account of his eminent virtue was almost adored, says his historian "forbids any pomp at his funeral. To prevent them placing his tomb in the Cathedral Famagouste—as indeed they would have done, he said: "Bury in the Church of the Carmelites at the entrance of the choir, where every one will pass the place. I would deserve even that the goats and the dogs should trample me under foot." How profound and absolute must not his humility have been to be thus persevering to the end. He had always been an implacable enemy to self love. He was, if that were possible a more bitter foe at the hour of his death.

It was not enough for him to never have sought the esteem and eulogies of his contemporaries: he now desired the disdain and contempt of posterity. To please God that he might live again in Him—such had been his constant occupation. Such was now his final dream. But the heavenly life which this servant of God had led did not prevent the powers of hell from laying their infernal snares for his last moments. They actually appeared to

him under the forms of spectres and phantoms, seeking thus to overwhelm him with terror. The Patriarch, eager to obtain assistance, revealed the fact to two Holy Priests,—the Fathers Bernard and Pierre. The former had the duty of copying the Papal Bulls, and the latter was his assistant. They had come to see the saintly patient, who then entreated their prayers that God would deign to deliver him from the terrible apparitions. He asked them to take his patriarchal cross, which stood at the head of his cot, and place it before him. Thus it was between him and the spot where the diabolical foe was visible. Another marvellous favor was granted him at this supreme moment. The Immaculate Virgin, his constant protectress, also appeared to him, and completed the work of putting the demons to flight. The happy client of Mary, that Queen as gracious as she is powerful, could not conceal this new grace from his two assistants, but imparted it to them, his face, the while, being, as it were, transfigured from joy.

Having thanked all who were in his room, he bade them a kind good night.

Then this child of Mary, falling into a peaceful slumber, even as a bird reposes trustfully under the maternal wing, passed a calm, untroubled night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAST ADIEUX — EXTREME UNCTION —
REMEMBRANCE TO HIS SERVITORS—
FINAL COMMUNING OF TWO DEVOTED
FRIENDS—5—6TH OF JANUARY—1366

On the morning of Monday, January 5, Blessed Peter pressing lovingly the two hands of Hugnect de Maymon, one of his faithful clients, who generally had accompanied him on his voyages, said solemnly: "All is over with me. It is the will of God. We have

made our last voyage *together*." Then he added, "Bid them summon my dear friend, the Chancellor." They had on the day before—Sunday—impelled by the ardor of his friendship—heard the patient say softly, "O! why is not the Chancellor, my dear son, with me now?"

Hugnect hastened to comply with his wishes, but the distance between Nicosia and Famagouste was such as would necessitate somewhat of a delay before the Chancellor could arrive.

Notwithstanding his increasing fever, the invalid attempted to recite the canonical hours. Since his entrance into religion he had never once missed that holy exercise, whether on land or at sea. But finally his strength failed him, and after three ineffectual trials he desisted, and entreated his Confessor to recite them aloud for his benefit. That evening, feeling much worse, he sent a messenger to Simon, Bishop of Laodicea. This prelate, who belonged to the Dominican Order, fulfilled in the name of the Archbishop of Nicosia, the duties of Vicar-General at Famagouste.

In accordance with the rite prescribed for the administration of the last sacraments to a Bishop, Blessed Peter requested his lordship, Friar Simon, to come with the College Chapter, and thus bring, in procession, the holy oils, that he might receive Extreme Unction. To prepare himself, he asked for the pontifical book, took it in his hands and read the prayers for the consoling ceremony. Then he begged them to lay him on the floor,—*"in the dust."* His humble request having been complied with, he had the cross placed near him, the holy water, and two white wax candles, at either side.

Then they opened the door of his cell. The Bishop of Laodicia, upon his entrance, saluted the Legate bending

his knee before him. Then he began the sacred psalmody. The invalid, as if he had regained his strength, recited with the Bishop the seven penitential psalms, and the litany of the saints. The Bishop administered the Holy Unction, so strengthening for the final struggle, and it was the Patriarch himself who, in accents of deep emotion, responded to the versicles and liturgical prayers. After the ceremonial, eager for all the assistance which the Church can impart to her dying children, he again struck his breast, and, reciting the *Confiteor*, asked for a general absolution for all the relics of sin; also for the plenary indulgence at the article of death to be free from all his debts towards the divine justice.

Before leaving, amongst other touching words, the Bishop said to the Holy Legate, "O, Father, why do you leave us? Who will now demonstrate to the infidels the articles of faith? Who can organize the *passage*?" The Apostle-Chevalier did not attempt to conceal the undefinable trouble which these interrogatories caused him. Deeply affected, he raised his eyes to heaven. "O! Lord! if I am useful to Thy people I will not refuse the work. But Thy holy will be done." All present wept, and from all came the appeal, "Father, father, give us your blessing!" The Patriarch, with his wonted affability, extended his hands, whilst his gaze still remained directed towards heaven, and blessed his children with the usual formula: "*Benedictio Dei omnipotentis.*" Then with an olive branch he traced over the kneeling group the sacred sign of redemption.

Ever mindful of the requirements of courtesy, he thanked the Bishop for the consolations he had brought him, and advised him to take some repose. The

latter, before consenting, begged the invalid to permit them to place him upon his bed. Blessed Peter repeated twice, in decided tones, that it was nothing but just that such a sinner should expire upon sack-cloth and ashes.

Nevertheless, after a third suggestion, he acceded to the wish of the Prelate, fearing to give disedification by a persistent refusal.

A little while and the demons, under the most hideous forms, returned to renew the assault upon the peace of the beloved invalid. But he dispersed them all, making the sign of the Cross, and crying out "Accursed ones! Begone!. You can have no power over me. I enjoy the friendship and love of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer." Another principal of consolation and source of strength for him was to hear read the grand scenes of the Passion. "Upon this occasion," remarks the pious Mezieres, who never missed the slightest precious detail of those last hours, "there was witnessed an eloquent token of the lively faith of the doctor of the Church. His devotion to the Holy Spirit,—Inspirer of the sacred scriptures,—was so great that he could never pass unnoticed the least fault in reading them.

So accustomed was he to this that, even in this extremity, he reproved several times the reader for a few inaccuracies which he fell into."

The remainder of the night he enjoyed some intervals of repose.

It was Tuesday, the sixth of January, the day which Blessed Peter knew would be the last of his life. At day dawn he called about him all his intimate friends, and thus spoke to them: "O! my brothers and dear friends, what labors, what sufferings, what dangers you have endured for me!

Hunger, thirst, cold, vicissitudes, and tribulations. I have not considered you. I have not cared for you as I should have done. Forgive! forgive! and accept my heartfelt thanks."

After the ceremonial of Extreme Unction he had spoken similarly to the Vicar-General, the clergy and the assistants: "Pardon me, dear brethren, and ask pardon in my name of all the inhabitants of Cyprus, and of any strangers you may meet there." Admirable virtue! Under the form, so simple and yet so touching, in which Blessed Peter gives expression to the inmost sentiments of his soul, who could refuse to recognize the pure gold of true, solid, and profound humility? But his goodness did not end in loving words. He caused to be opened his private coffer, in which he had one thousand florins (about 17,000 francs.) Of all the resources which had been so unreservedly placed at his disposal for maintaining his establishment as appropriate for the rank of a Legate, there remained but this comparatively modest sum, so much had been devoted to the sacred cause.

The good Father distributed with his own hand to his friends the sum he had fixed upon in his will, and exhorted them to persevere in the service of God, the most generous of masters. He promised them that this divine service would ever yield them all desirable things, and bring them untold joys.

To behold this liberty of spirit, this energy of purpose, one might almost hope for a prolongation of his precious life. There were so many interests of religion that testified to the need of clinging to that most welcome thought. But the court physicians, who were enjoined to lavish every care upon the distinguished patient, agreed that the fever had, by no means diminished,

whilst the weakness had increased. The entire city was stirred to its very depths. It seemed as though all felt that a family grief was pending, and there was a constant stream of visitors, representing "all classes and conditions of men." The dying monk, although growing ever more wan and weak, and suffering now from severe chills, would not permit that even one should go without the much desired benediction from him, to which he even added a few fervent, loving admonitions.

But there was *one* wanting for whom all the rest could not compensate; one towards whom his faithful heart turned in friendship. At three o'clock he called his major-domo, whom he had yesterday commissioned to send for de Meizieres to come and sit near him. "Has not the Chancellor come yet?" he asked. "He will arrive soon" was the reply. A courier has just heralded his approach. Scarcely able to articulate, the Saint whispered that he did not wish to leave this world without having said farewell to his friend. Did the aspirations and supplications of christian friendship ever fail to find a response from the heart of Jesus, the inspirer of pure love, and its remunerator? At this moment by a celestial favor Blessed Peter knew that his wish would be granted. "I can wait still two hours" he said with unswerving hope. And continuing to console his callers, he preserved his sweet and unalterable serenity with all his pain. An officer of the royal army, a brilliant chevalier, Jacques de Rubeis de Parme, whom the Saint loved sat by his bed, in the deepest grief. "Do not mourn thus" said the Saint. "All is for the best, My Saviour calls me, I will go to Him as one of His elect children." Again, before several witnesses, he

protested not alone his resignation, but his contentment, and perfect repose of spirit.

The divine consoler who had revealed to him the day and hour of his death had also favored him with the assurance of his salvation. Another royal messenger who had arrived meanwhile asked him solicitously to take some thing to revive him. He turned towards the crucifix which Godfrey, the chaplain held up to him, and said: "There the only nourishment for which I hunger, the fruit of life which sustains me." And opening his emaciated arms he invited the approach of his Redeemer. He pressed his lips upon the image, which his failing strength would no longer permit him to hold. In this mysterious colloquy he lost the use of his speech. His frame gradually became powerless, his limbs grew icy cold, the fatal denouement seemed imminent.

But no! Peter Thomas could never disappoint Philip de Mezieres. Faithful also, the latter arrived about the hour of sunset. As a sweet and vivifying zephyr his presence revived the feeble heart which had almost ceased to beat. The sight of his friend dilated those rigid eyelids. His words restored voice to those lips already closed!

Celestial interview! even though great tears fell from the eyes of Philip. But Peter to console him began to speak in the loving tones of former days. They conversed for a long time, for in view of the approaching separation what expression of holy thoughts would prevail, what intimate confidences be made! How the fragrance of sanctity would make itself known. Finally with marvelous lucidity and clearness the dying religious explained

the wishes which were already set forth in his testament, and with renewed ardor, enjoined upon his faithful disciple, the devoted Chevalier, never to forget their compact, to always remember the Holy Sepulchre, and the promised return to the Orient.

But this prolonged interview, and too great animation might sever the bonds which retained this spirit already hovering between heaven and earth. The Chancellor, sacrificing his own special joy at the preservation of the dear invalid, and his power to converse with him, in order to leave him a few moments recollection and silent rapture, said. "But my, dear father, the hour is nigh when you will contemplate that sublime Divinity whom alone you have preached during life." The Saint replied without hesitation, "My son, I have already begun! Farewell! farewell!"

Then he requested the fulfilment of some duty which would call the Chancellor from the cell, wishing to spare him the sight of his last agony, for the hour was at hand. These souvenirs, these fragments of conversation, this exact narration of the last hour were all religiously kept by de Mezieres. With far more justice than is any precious stone, they are set in *gold*, in the pure unalloyed *gold of his love*. Reflecting upon such an example, and pondering upon those Christian sentiments cannot fail to edify and enrapture the soul.

In their scintillating brightness the light of faith gleams with redoubled splendor, as if indeed some brilliant ray of paradise had touched it with celestial fire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

The Pope has made it known that during the coming year of the Jubilee on account of his extreme old age, and following the example of his predecessors on similar occasions, he will not receive pilgrims into private audience but in order not to deprive any one of the privilege of receiving his blessing, he will impart it in solemn form in the court-yard of Belvedere, or some other place according to the circumstances. This ordinance takes effect now and will continue during the whole of the coming year.

His Holiness recently wrote two letters, one to the Bishops of Brazil, and the other a very long one to the clergy of France. In the latter, having reminded them of the love and solicitude with which he had formerly given advice to the Catholics of France, he speaks of the instruction that should be imparted in the seminaries, exhorting them to pay great attention to the study of Theology, ecclesiastical history and Canon Law, and in Theology as well as in Philosophy to follow the teaching of St. Thomas. During the latter part of September a large French pilgrimage visited Rome. Those directly from France numbered about 2,000 and they were joined here by 300 more who had previously visited the Holy Land, and were now returning.

On Monday 25th they were received into audience by the Holy Father, who experienced great pleasure and satisfaction on seeing them.

Every evening whilst they were here, they had service in the Carmelite

church of S. Maria in Transpontina. First the rosary was recited, then followed a fervent discourse in French, and finally benediction of the most Holy Sacrament, all the pilgrims singing the hymns with admirable skill and ability. On Wednesday the 27th His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar General of Rome delivered an eloquent sermon in French for the pilgrims and afterwards assisted by the Carmelites gave solemn Benediction.

It is a great source of consolation in these turbulent times to know that when the Supreme Pontiff speaks, the echo of his voice is heard from one end of the globe to the other. Last June His Holiness gave out an encyclical on the Sacred Heart inviting all to make a solemn consecration, and his command is obeyed in the far East. In August the Patriarch of Antioch, of the Syro-maroonite rite wrote a letter to all the Catholics within his jurisdiction, a beautiful letter, in which he expressed his allegiance and filial devotion towards the immortal Leo, as the lawful successor of St. Peter, and exhorts them all to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart all on the same day as was done throughout the whole West.

The Italian people seemed gradually to be losing their ardor and enthusiasm for the celebration of the breach at Porta Pia. The great hopes and expectations of liberty, and prosperity which they formerly nourished have faded away and the present realities stare them too clearly in the face. In 1895 when they celebrated the 25th anniversary of the 20th Sept. they

made a great show, but afterwards nobody wanted to pay the expenses, and the case finally came before the court, where even the mayor was summoned. This year they endeavored to have some kind of a celebration at Porta Pia. By the explosion of some fire-works, however, three or four people were almost killed, and they declared afterwards they would never hold the festival again. To know what kind of people were present it is sufficient to say that in the public houses in the vicinity many articles were missing the next morning. The young engineer, Barman Arne of Bergen, Norway, lately presented to the Pope as a sign of homage two electric calorific machines of his own invention, constructed with admirable mechanism. The Holy Father granted him a private audience. When he saw the stoves had accepted them and asked Barman to explain the mechanism, but as the young artist was not sufficiently acquainted with Italian to do this Mrs. Del Carmen Christofani kindly acted as interpreter and eulogized the assiduous labor of the young

artist, stating that he worked constantly for three years to offer a worthy homage to his Holiness. The Pope listened with great attention to the short but learned discourse, especially when the artist, although a protestant, was presented as a great admirer of his Holiness.

The very presence of the venerable Pontiff inspired the young artist with great joy and consolation, but when the Holy Father made him a present of a large medal with his own image, he could no longer restrain his feelings of joy, and burst into tears. Before retiring the Holy Father asked the lady what she desired for herself, her answer was that the Holy Father bestow his blessing on the young artist; the Pope approached him and pressed his head twice with his august hands, caressing him and encouraging him to persevere in his labors and expressing his desire to see him soon again. This invitation has so effected the mind of Barman, that he has decided to leave his home in the North and come to live near the Vatican.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

“LET the wild rose, blushing on its spray,
 Mark this day;
 Let the sweetbrier and the columbine,
 Flushing, around His tabernacle twine;
 Let the white acacia wave its plumes
 Where the censer's precious incense fumes;
 Let the crimson balm show every dart
 Tipped in blood from Jesus' Sacred Heart.
 Sing, O Choirsters! With tongues of flame,
 Jesus' Name.
 Bend, in azure beauty, from on high, Blissful sky;
 Summer clouds, that through the welkin roam,
 Troop, with angels, round His temple-dome.
 Summer sunshine let your ardent ray
 Urge the shy, blue harebell on its way,
 With the virgin train to bear its part,
 Round our Lady of the Sacred Heart.”

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A LEGEND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



ANY centuries ago there lived in a city of Italy a little boy who had lost his father and mother. His mother, who had been a most holy and noble woman, had said to him before she died, "My dearest son, I am about to leave you. God calls me, and I obey his voice. But when God takes a mother from her child, He replaces her. I leave you to our common mother, Mary. 'Holy Virgin, from this moment may my son be your son, and dearest Child Jesus, may this child be your brother.' Many times, my dear child, you will have need of consolation and counsel; remember then that if other children have recourse to their mothers, you should have recourse to the Holy Virgin and to the infant Jesus. Go and kneel on the steps of the altar where I carried you when an infant, and dedicated you to Mary, and where I have so often knelt to pray for you. Join devoutly your little hands, and pray with all your heart to Him who has said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me.' At the same moment, I will pray for you in heaven, where I hope the mercy of God will receive his humble servant." Saying these words, and embracing her son with many tears, the mother died.

Her face remained so beautiful after death that she seemed to sleep. The poor child, who knew not what death was, kissed the hand of his mother again and again. "My mother," said he, "speak, I am listening. Speak to

your child of the Holy Virgin and of the Child Jesus. Mother, do you not hear me—you who used to hear the slightest movement that I made in my little bed? Why are your eyes shut? Why do you not smile?"

As the dead mother made no movement, the poor child understood that she slept that sleep of which she had sometimes spoken to him—that last and deep sleep from which no one awakes.

The child wept much. The next day he begged to see once more the face of his mother. God had permitted that the expression of celestial beauty that the last prayer of the pious mother had left on her face should still remain. The priest, on entering the room, asked from whence came the odor of violets and jasmine, but no one could answer him. He became thoughtful, and kneeling, prayed.

He remarked also at the funeral, when the coffin passed under the hedge of white-thorn, the branches seemed to move to and fro, and the blossoms fell upon the black cloth like perfumed snow. Two turtle-doves, descendants, perhaps, of those St. Francis of Assisi had tamed, followed the procession, touching the coffin lightly from time to time with their wings, making, as it were, a solemn and beautiful chant.

The poor, whom the dead had succored during her life, revealed then the secret that her right hand had hidden from her left; and the sick, whom she had nursed, joined their voices to those of the poor, and cried, "We also have lost a mother." Then the child, surprised that tears could dry tears, said to them, emptying in their hands the purse which he carried, "Since my

mother was also your mother, share with me the goods she has left me. I give them to you in the name of the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus."

The next day, the child was placed, according to the directions of his mother, in a convent of the order of St. Benoit. The reverend father abbot had been the confessor of the mother, and had a great love for the little orphan.

"My father," said the child to him, "my mother told me, when dying, to have a great devotion to the Holy Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and I beg you therefore to give me permission to visit the chapel every day during the recreation which follows the dinner."

"Very well, my son," said the abbot, "I am quite willing. And if you ever have need of counsel or consolation, do not fear to come to me, for though I have many occupations, I shall always find time for you."

Day followed day; without ever failing, the little boy, on leaving the refectory, repaired to the chapel. He wept when he first entered, but he went out consoled. Kneeling on the steps and joining his hands, he said, "Holy Virgin Mary, I had two mothers; now I have but you. Take pity on me and aid me to conduct myself as one of your children should. Dear Child Jesus, my mother said that you would be my brother. I am very weak, very imperfect, very ignorant, very destitute, for I have no more my mother. But thou, oh, Child Jesus, art the most perfect of children; thou art wisdom, goodness, light; teach me to know your holy will and to do it."

The child from the first day wept no more. He spoke always of his mother, but with sweetness and confidence. Some monks remarked that when he went from the church after his accus-

tomed prayer, he had, as it were, the reflection of a shining light upon his face. "One would say," said a young novice, "that an infant Moses had descended from Sinai."

He astonished all the convent by the wisdom of his words and of his conduct. Orphan that he was, he surpassed in prudence and piety those who could consult their parents. The reverend father abbot partook the general astonishment. Sometimes he praised the child for his wisdom and piety, but casting down his eyes, he would reply modestly, "My father, I am only a poor child, very ignorant and feeble, but my mother told me that the Holy Virgin is the mother of orphans and the Infant Jesus is their brother."

The reverend father, without attaching any particular importance to these words, admired the fervor of the child, and only said, "On this little white head there rests the seal of predestination."

One day the usual prayer of the little boy before the altar where the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus were seated was much prolonged. The father abbot, becoming somewhat disquieted, entered the chapel. Wonder of wonders! The Virgin and the Child Jesus were no longer upon the altar. Looking down upon the steps, the reverend father saw the Child Jesus instructing the other child, who was asking him questions, while the Holy Virgin, as a mother full of solicitude, seemed to watch over them.

The reverend father bent his head before this vision, and prostrating himself upon the marble floor, he remained in profound meditation and prayer.

He still prayed when he felt a little hand resting upon his arm. He opened his eyes. The vision had disappeared. The Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus

were upon the altar. The little orphan stood before him, and, in a voice sweet as the last harmonious notes of an organ, told him that the clock of the monastery had struck the hour for the end of the recreation.

"God has done for you a great favor, my child," said the priest.

"A great favor, truly," replied the child; "but my mother told me often that the Holy Virgin is the mother of those who have no mother, and the Child Jesus is their brother."

Every day until the first communion of the boy the prodigy was renewed. On the eve of this great day, the Child Jesus informed him that He should descend into his soul, never more to leave him, and that he must listen to that interior voice which rises from the depths of the conscience when all is silent within us; that voice which inflames our hearts as the voice of the beloved made the hearts of the disciples to burn within them as they journeyed on their way to Emmaus.

Mr. Advice and Miss Deed.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

Outside a city there stood a miserable hut. Mrs. Needy lived in it. She was a poor woman, and had seven little children, who were always hungry und cross, and cold and sick, and just as troublesome as they could be. Out of the city there came every day a nicely dressed, fine looking old gentleman, with a frock coat and a golden-headed cane. He very often stopped at Mrs. Needy's and tried to comfort her in her different troubles. "Oh, dear me!" he would sometimes say, "what a bother these children of yours are, Mrs. Needy—always sick! Now, Mrs. Needy, next door to me there lives a physician in whose skill I have every trust. If I were in your place, Mrs. Needy, I would go and consult him about these children; you need not be afraid about the pay—I do not think he charges poor people. Then you must go to the clergyman and ask him whether he cannot get you some corn or potatoes, or something to make you more comfortable. He was speaking this way again one day, when there came a young girl up the road.

She carried her travelling bag in one hand and her shoes in the other, while she walked barefoot. She seemed very tired, and sat down on the bench in front of Mrs. Needy's house to rest a little while. Looking through the window, she saw the poor ragged children, called the youngest one up to her and gave him her piece of bread. After she was gone, the gentleman came up to the little boy and said, "Dear me! a piece of dry, coarse bread, to give to a sick little child! Mrs. Needy, will you allow him to eat that?" "Yes I will," said Mrs. Needy, "and be thankful for it to God and the good girl, who most likely gave him her only piece of bread; but you, sir—you know her—perhaps? And pray won't you tell me who you are yourself?" "Oh, that girl! why, she is Miss Deed, and I am Mr. Advice, my good woman, and a doctor of philosophy, too, ma'am."

Where one little good deed is needed, a cartload of good advice is not worth a shilling.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Let me acknowledge with grateful appreciation the many letters,—perhaps thirty in all,—that have lately come to the Secretary, requesting a pair or pairs of beads blessed by the Dominicans. All of the requests have been honored, and I trust the beads reached every writer promptly. For the many kind words in the various letters concerning this department of the REVIEW, the Secretary begs to express much gratitude. It is very gratifying to know one's worth is appreciated even by a few.

Now, as it would be impossible to answer personally the multitude of questions about the beads blessed by the Dominicans, they will all be answered in this letter.

First—For every person who signed his or her Christian name to the letter sent to the Secretary, I will have the name entered on the register of a Dominican church, and that person thereby becomes a Rosarian, and gains great indulgences simply because his or her name is on the register.

Secondly—For merely carrying those beads on the person there is an indulgence. For each bead, not said separately, but one decade—Our Father and ten Hail Marys—there is an indulgence, and one decade may be said at a time. It is not necessary to say five in order to gain some indulgence.

One writer asks if these beads are the same as the beads of the Blessed Virgin.

There is only one Rosary recognized by the Church—the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin—no matter by whom the beads are blessed. But the Dominican blessing entitles one to greater indulgences; so many that they are not enumerated.

The lady who asked if the Bridgettine indulgence is attached to beads blessed by the Dominicans may rest assured that every indulgence is included in that blessing. The Dominicans are empowered in this matter more than any other Order of the church.

The lady from Missouri who asked if beads can be sent to Dominicans and blessed, can write to the Fathers at Columbus, Ohio—nearer to her than New York—and they will bless all she will send. Or write to the Dominican Priory, Lexington Ave., cor. 65th St., New York and they will be attended to. Only enclose stamps for their return.

Now we have come to the month of November—the month of the Holy Souls—consecrated to our dear dead. May the Secretary request all who have or will have received a pair of beads through her, to say them once for the dead? Surely we do not desire to gain indulgences for ourselves alone. Oh! No! The truly Catholic heart is never selfish. Sacrifice is a part of holiness, and in November nothing is too much for our beloved dead.

Long prayers are often out of the question, but who cannot say hundreds of times a day, "My Jesus, Mercy!" (100 days indulgence) for the poor souls!

Dear as they were in life, they are inexpressibly dearer now, and our very life goes out to them in piteous supplication. Who does not hear them cry out to us in November, "Have pity upon me, at least ye, oh, my friends."

Ah! dear children, can any of us bear that reproach? "At least ye, oh my friends!" How few there are who really deserve the name of *friend* in life—who are faithful and true through thick and thin; who believe in us and trust us through good and evil report; who do not tire of us, but love and cling to us even to the end. *That* is what friendship means. Well, all that we may give to our dear dead.

Going to Early Mass is the greatest act of charity we can offer them, and the little sacrifice it entails is the test of our devotedness.

Things that cost us little are not very likely to empty purgatory, and one who is not willing to suffer for those he loves is not divested of the meanest part of his nature—love of self. The older we grow the more convinced we are that the most delightful people in the world are the unselfish ones.

It is worth while studying the people whom we know, and notice how very few of them are unselfish.

One member of a family is invariably so—the beloved mother. One cannot imagine a selfish mother. No; always uncomplaining, giving out her best and sweetest to her own, denying herself that they may have the good things of life, and very often getting nothing in return.

There are many whose lives are spent in the ceaseless endeavor to be kind to their fellow creatures. The world calls them philanthropists, but in the church they are known as hidden saints, and such are they who are noted for unselfishness.

The month of the Holy Souls is rich in opportunities for forgetting ourselves. Some who have made what is known as the "Heroic Offering" can testify to the strange peace which comes into one's life after renouncing all self interest, even in the spiritual line.

The Heroic Offering consists in a voluntary sacrifice of all our efforts—all our prayers and good works, all our indulgences, and all that may be done for us after our death—all for the souls in purgatory. It looks like a foolhardy thing thus to rob ourselves of all our spiritual goods, but the merit of them is always ours, and in reality we are gaining, not losing.

Why? There is no ingratitude in eternity. God never forgets; neither do those who are longing for a sight of His face. We wear ourselves out in our efforts to befriend those we love—deprive ourselves that they may have what we resign. And what do we get? Forgetfulness. It is the will of God to prove to us the incompleteness of life. So few are grateful; so few acknowledge what is done for them, thinking it a trouble even to be the recipients of kindness, voting many things a bore,—all this is the way of the world. Now in November let us forget that world which forgets the dead, and be mindful of our loved and lost. Pray also, dear children, for the broken-hearted mourners who live only in the past, when their dead formed the sunlight of a happy home. Be very tender-hearted to those who are in sorrow, and may you one and all be strangers to it for many happy years.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

A Troublesome Call.

We were going, on Saturday, ever so far—

My mamma and I—to the Dollies' Bazar,

Where fifty wax dollies—the loveliest show—

Went walking about when they wound 'em, you know.

You wouldn't believe half the things they could do ;

Why, one said : " Good-morning," as plainly as you,

One played the piano, and one, dressed in lace,

Walked up to the mirror and powdered her face.

Well, when we were ready we stepped in the hall

And there was a lady a-coming to call, She said she just chanced to be passing that way,

And she really had only a minute to stay.

We waited and waited, and hoped she would go,

Till I saw it was almost the time for the show.

For I heard the clocks striking all over the town,

And I knew that the dollies would all be run down.

And so I just said : " I should s'pose, Mrs. Black,

Your little girl wonders why don't you come back,"

That's all that I spoke, every 'dential word ;

But she said : " Little girls should be seen and not heard."

I guess that's a proverb, so maybe 'tis true ;

But, if people won't see, what can little girls do ?

My mamma looked queer, but that ended the call,

And we went to the Dollies' Bazar, after all.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Russian Fable.

A peasant was driving some geese to town, to sell them. He had a long stick and drove them pretty fast. But the geese did not like to be hurried, and, happening to meet a traveler, they poured out their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

" Where can you find geese more unhappy than we ? See how this peasant is hurrying on, this way and that, driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow ! He never thinks how he is bound to respect us, for we are the descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago."

" But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves ?" asked the traveler.

" Because our ancestors "—

" Yes, I know. I have read all about it. But what I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

" Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

" Yes, yes ; but what have you done ?"

" We ? Nothing."

" Of what good are you then ? Do leave your ancestors at peace ! They were honored for their deeds ; but you are only fit for roasting."

So, with every pulsation of our hearts, with the warmest throbbings of our bosoms, and with the earnest desires of our souls, let us venerate this Mary ; because such is His will, who decreed that we should have everything through her. This, I say, was His will, but it was on our account.—St. Bernard.

MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Large embrace,
Infinite Goodness hath whose arms will ope'
For every child who turneth back to grace.
—Dante (Purgatorio.)

2. We who live or seem to live,
But live to plead,
For the departed myraids at their need.
—Aubrey de Vere.

3. For once you think of hell think ten
times of the bright Heaven your Father has
prepared for you.—Faber.

4. How strange it seems, with
So much gone,
Of live and love, to still live on.—Whittier.

5. Andrew, the good teacher, the friend
of God, was led to the cross, and when he saw
it afar off, he said: God bless thee O cross, be
welcome to the follower of Him that hung on
thee, even me, master Christ.—Breviary.

*"Blessed are the clean of heart, for
they shall see God."* St. Matt. v. 8.

In what manner did Mary enjoy this
reward, this Beatitude of the pure?
At the moment of creation her soul
"magnified the Lord," because she
was His fairest reflection, and pos-
sessed the infused and moral virtues,
and the Gifts of the Holy Ghost per-
fecting these virtues, in a manner far
above all His outpourings in the souls
of the Saints, or in the spirits of the
Angels.

She saw Him by the sublime Gift of
Faith, which is "the light of time," as
the light of glory will be the medium
of our vision in Heaven. She adored,
loved and praised Him unceasingly,
who had done "great things" for her.

No poetic mind which, from its
innate perceptions of the unseen,
throws a halo of beauty over those
that are seen, so harmonized with the
loveliness of creation as did our Blessed
Mother. No Saint ever penetrated the

mysteries of nature or of grace as she
did.

She saw Him in man, and hence her
ardent love of souls. She saw the
mournful shadows of Calvary and its
dying Victim, and a little after, the
golden light of His Resurrection.

After His Ascension she saw the sac-
ramental veils folded round her Be-
loved, and longed for His unveiled
vision. At last the summons came:
"Arise my love—and come!" Again,
we echo: "Blessed are the clean of
heart!" and we earnestly pray that,
like Mary, we may see God by faith in
this life, and "the light of glory" in
the next. And in order to do this, let
us implore her Immaculate Heart to
keep us like lilies amidst the thorns of
earth, and to send the Holy Angels to
lead us safely through the "vale of
death" to the Kingdom of unclouded
vision.
—ENFANT DE MARIE.

ORA PRO ME MATER.

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread com-
mand,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my labouring
breath
From out her sacred shrine.

Cardinal Newman.

"Holy Mary we implore thee,
By thy purity divine,
Help us bending here before thee,
Help us to be truly thine."

—ST. CASSIMIR.

Editorial Notes.

November Thoughts.

Nature is sinking into its winter sleep. Vegetation is gradually being stripped of its beautiful foliage and flowers. All around us are signs of death and decay. Bleak as the aspect is, the outlook would be still more dreary if experience had not taught us to look forward with positive assurance to a new birth in the spring. Our Holy Mother the Church enters, into solemn thoughts awakened by the season, and at the end of the ecclesiastical year reminds us of our last things. With exquisite delicacy she puts before us the bright visions of Heaven, before she invites us to think of our dead. All Saint's precedes All Souls' Day.

Death is not what it seems. It is not the end of all things. On the contrary, it is but the beginning of our immortal life. By death we put off the corruptible in order to put on the incorruptible. To be a Saint, one of the Blessed in Heaven, is our end. For this end we were created, redeemed and sanctified. The Saints in Heaven are our departed friends, who are still in communion with us, probably in far closer union with us than was possible in life. God who knows how to make our land of exile so attractive in all its varied beauties of the field and flower, of mountain and stream, of sea and sky, displays all His personal beauty to the ravished vision of His Blessed. They are inebriated with plenty of His house and He makes them drink of the torrent of his pleasure. (Ps. 35, 9). All that interests them is communicated to them by the Beatific Vision. In this way they now know, when and what we think of them, what we say to them, what we need and expect from their

intercession, and are full of joy at our thanksgiving.

The souls in purgatory are saints also. They are friends of Jesus, who, though not fully prepared to enter into the abode of the Blessed and to see God face to face, yet are in the vestibule of Heaven, undergoing the necessary process of purification, before they are fit to enter. They also are in communion with us. We can hasten their glory by our intercession, by gaining merits and indulgences for them. They, too, know what is being done for them, and no saint can be guilty of ingratitude. We expect gratitude for favors received from the lowest criminals on earth. Surely the saints must be eminent in this virtue, not only towards God, but also towards all, who honor or have been helpful to them. There is no surer way to join friends with God than to place them under obligations to us. This we do by praying to the Saints in Heaven, and praying for the Saints in purgatory.

And in this connection, no means is so simple and yet so powerful as the Scapular. Who can count the millions that have been saved by this blessed garment of Our Lady? Who can number the thousands whose purgatorial flames are lessened and entirely extinguished by this pledge of eternal alliance "with the Queen of Saints." Who can calculate the abundant graces and indulgences which like a continuous stream of refreshing waters, inundate the suffering souls of those who once wore her scapular. Not to speak of her own gracious promise embodied in the Sabbatine Privilege. Heaven must be resounding with the praises of the Mother who clothed her domestics

with the double garment of salvation. If the Scapular Confraternity on earth is probably the most widespread in extent, and the most numerous in members, it is certain that its Saints in Heaven must be innumerable.

Let us, therefore, enter into the most intimate union possible with our Saints in Heaven and in Purgatory. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is the Queen of Heaven. The great Saints of the Scapular were among the most intimate friends of Jesus even here on earth. Think of St. Albert, St. Peter Thomas, St. Andrew Corsini, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross' not to mention the thousand saints of prayer continually being formed within the blessed walls of Carmelite cloisters. Such Saints from the Queen down to the lowest of them are all powerful with the Child of Mary. Let us make saints of all whom we can reach on earth by inducing them to wear the Scapular and thus to honor the Queen. Let us make use of the countless treasures of indulgences, merits and suffrages granted to the confraternity of Mt. Carmel, to help our departed friends in Purgatory and thus to unite them to us with still closer ties of friendship, until Heaven, and earth and Purgatory form but one grand vineyard of Carmel, whose Queen is the "Flower of Carmel" by excellence.

An American Centre Party.

The question of a Catholic political party in the United States has lately been revived by some of our Catholic papers and periodicals. Some speak in favor of organising such a party on the lines of the famous Centre party in Germany, others oppose the formation of such a party altogether. In spite of the intense patriotism manifested on all occasions by some of our ecclesiastical

dignitaries and their assertion that everything is for the best in this best of all republics, the fact remains, that Catholics have serious grievances. Forming about one-seventh of the entire population, and this one-seventh comparing more than favorably with the other six-sevenths in all civic and domestic virtues, the Catholics are in such a hopeless minority in all branches of the government, that their influence is nil, and they are continually ignored even in matters of the most vital interests to them. The islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico are entirely Catholics, and the Phillipine Islands nearly so. Yet, when commissioners were appointed to visit these islands and to report on their condition, not a single Catholic was called upon to perform this duty. Then there are always the crying evils of compulsory contribution to Godless schools, the injustice displayed in the question of the Indian Schools, the discrimination displayed in some states against the religious garb of the teaching sisterhoods, and periodical outbursts of bigotry at the elections, &c. These are grievances, and Catholics should unite against them. But how? By organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, or by a great political party such as the Centre party in Germany? In modern times, no party has done more effective work in the interests of the Church and Catholic principles, than this powerful organization. In order to have anything like a Centre party in this country, we should be in somewhat similar conditions, in order to succeed. Let us examine these conditions. In Germany the Catholics form one-third of the population. They are all of the same nationality and language. At the time of the formation of the Centre party they were violently persecuted by the Government. The

Catholics are not so scattered as they are here. Whole provinces are exclusively Catholics, others are overwhelmingly so. The Centre party affiliated with no political party, but formed a political program of its own, which to-day appeals strongly to thousands who are not Catholics. And finally the competent leaders for the party were at the head of it. These conditions of success are not to be found here. We are but one-seventh of the population, of different nationalities, different races, and different tongues. There is no open persecution by any political party or by the administration. Our Catholics are not a compact population anywhere in the States, but are disseminated over the whole country in small and loosely united numbers. To form a distinct political party with our own political programme, would be an utter impossibility, as even our material interests are not identical in the various sections of the country. And the greatest difficulty of all, who could or would be able to lead such a party, even it could be organized? No, all things considered, the times are not ripe for such a movement. Republics are not a propitious field for minorities, and personal merit cannot compete with the ruling power of our country, money and money interests.

The War in South Africa.

There are two countries in the world which boast to be in the front ranks of civilization, England and the United States. Both are conspicuous for the immense strides they have made within the century in trade, commerce and industry. England has built up a navy which makes her mistress of the sea, and America has outstripped all older nations in her manufacturers and material progress of all kinds. Both countries attribute their progress to

their enlightened governments, based on liberty and the rights of man. It is a strange coincidence that both are now engaged in warfare against people who are fighting for these very objects, liberty and independence. And this at a time when the deliberations of the late Peace Conference, at which representatives of both countries assisted, have hardly been published. What is the cause of this strange coincidence? Somebody must be in the wrong. History at a future date will settle this question fairly and justly. At present we are too much interested, and too anxious to see our side win, that we can give a fair judgment on the question. The attempt of the Boers to stand up against an Empire, such as the world had never seen, appears to the impartial looker on as a fool-hardy, suicidal act. The Phillipines are in a similar way attempting the impossible. God is the ruler of nations and His purposes will be carried out, no matter, how things may develop. The end is not yet and when it comes, it may be at the close of a tremendous struggle for the Empire of the world between the East and the West. For this war in South Africa seems to be only a preliminary move in a concerted attempt to destroy Great Britain's ascendancy. Under all circumstances, the Church of God, the Kingdom of Peace will gloriously carry on its divine work, and the bark of St. Peter will carefully float on the tempestuous ocean of man's contending passions, the only safe home and shelter of true freedom and liberty.

The Hospice.

Our usual instalment of Hospice Notes will be suspended until early next spring. The Hospice is open and there are guests who come to rest and who love solitude, but during the winter season there will be no new developements that might interest our readers.

THANKSGIVING.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

REV. FATHER ———

Having suffered a painful sickness for twelve years, I was at last obliged to submit to an operation. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, I am again at home, weak but fast improving. I promised to have this published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Sincerely,

MRS. S. D.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

REV. FATHER ———

Enclosed please find \$—— in thanksgiving for special favor obtained from Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. MRS. J. A.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

REV. FATHER ———

Having promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have the granting of my request published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, I now, since this great favor has been bestowed upon me, desire you to publish it in your pages to her greater honor. ~~Yours very truly~~ K. J. M.

ORITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following.

MRS. KENNY, who departed this life on the 11th of August, aged 75 years, full of years and merits.

ISABELLA DUNPHY, Mr. Paul Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Feter Kelley, Mr. Shillcock, who departed this life on the 25th of August, 1899 and for his son, Master Shillcock, who departed this life on the 28th of June, 1899.

IRENE HARTT, who died on the 4th of Sept. last.

MRS. MICHAEL RYAN, who departed this life on the 18th Oct. 1899. The deceased was a friend and benefactress of our Order, and all our undertakings; she was buried on Saturday, Oct. 21st, shrouded in The Carmelite Habit.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

The Mystic Rose.

BY ALIGHIERI DANTE.

O VIRGIN-MOTHER, daughter of thy Son !
 Created beings all in lowliness
 Surpassing, as in height above them all ;
 Term'd by the eternal counsel preordain'd ;
 Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
 In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
 To make himself his own creation ;
 For in thy womb, rekindling shone the love
 Reveal'd whose genial influence makes now
 This flower to germin in eternal peace :
 Here thou to us, of charity and love,
 Art as the noonday torch ; and art beneath
 To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
 So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
 That he who grace desireth, and comes not
 To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
 Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
 Thy bounty succours ; but doth freely oft
 Forerun the asking. Whatso'er may be
 Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,
 Are all combin'd in thee !

Translated by Henry Francis Cary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Friars in the Philippines," from the pen of Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., just issued, by Messrs. Martin Callanan & Co., of Boston, Mass., is more than an apology for the much maligned monks. It should more than counteract the made-to-order falsehoods which have been served up to a gullible public by the nauseating "yellow" journals. Father Coleman, while defending his much abused confreres, pays a just tribute to the civilizing and educating activity of the friars. To quote the author in his preface, "There is a real and pressing need for the information it contains," and a "fair consideration of the facts it presents is confidently expected from a people whose love of justice is almost proverbial. Truth should have nothing to fear from Americans." This book is within the reach of all, selling at 50 cents bound in cloth, and 25 cents in paper.

A stirring story of '76 entitled "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet," has been issued by Messrs. Benzinger Bros., of 36 Barclay street, New York. The author is Marion Ames Taggart, who has already charmed a large reading constituency in her other clever productions, particularly in "Three Girls and Especially One," "By Branscome River," "The Pennsylvania Postoffice," etc. The present book, decked in handsome cover, contains 233 fascinating pages. It is a book for both young and old, and is well worth the price, eighty-five cents.

What is Liberalism? by Conde B. Pallen. St. Louis, B. Herder. Price 75 Cents Net.

Under this heading Pallen gives us a little work, which is chiefly a translation from the Spanish work of S. Sarday, which was highly eulogized by the congregation of the Indies, and which Pallen has adopted to the needs of this country.

Liberalism is defined, traced to its different sources, examined as to its dogmatic, moral and social aspect, and proved to be a sin, a mortal sin, a sin greater than many another mortal sin.

The language is simple, clear, concise and cogent, calculated to open the eyes of many a Catholic in this country, who tried to combine

the impossible, Church and heresy. It is therefore to be wished, that all the Catholics read the little work, and read it repeatedly, so as to be imbued with its spirit. For unfortunately it cannot be denied, that the description of the character and extent of American Liberalism in the closing chapters of the book is printed from life, and a timely remedy must be found.

Pallen deserves the thanks of well-meaning Catholics for this publication, and the low price of 75 cents for a bound copy places the work within the reach of all.

We wish it Godspeed.

The many Pittsburg and other friends of the accomplished elocutionist, Marie Cote, will be pleased to know that she has just brought out a charming little drama in four acts, entitled, "The Witch of Bramble Hollow." This new play needs only to be read to be duly appreciated, and should be eagerly sought for by Catholic teachers. The price is only thirty cents. Address the publishers, Messrs. Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

Julian McCormick has done a good work in bringing to light some beautiful Christian names which makes a handy reference for parents who are in quest of a pretty name for the latest visitor to their household. All sources have been searched, including the martyrology, and there will be no necessity of naming boys and girls after pagan gods and goddesses. "The Child's Name" can be had by sending fifty cents to Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; Cape Breton Co., N. S.; HoKah Convent; Mt. St. Vincents, Halifax, N. S.; St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O.; St. Agnes' Church, Quebec, N. B.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; Immaculate Conception, Cape Breton, C. B.; Chicago, Ill.; Sacred Heart Church, Bathurst Town, N. B.; St. Joseph's College, Westmoreland Co. N. B.; Immaculate Conception Church, St. Louis, P. O. P. E. I.; St. Ignatius Mission, Mont.; St. Edwards Church, Westford, Ont.; Church of the Nativity of the B. V. M., Willingstown, Ont.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Holy Cross Church, Pomquet, N. S.; St. Margaret's Church, Grand Mira, C. B.; Debec, N. B.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Manitoba; Kenosha, Wis.; Long Prairie, Minn.

At our New Baltimore convent one name was received from Sparta, Wis., this month.

Scapular names received at our Monastery at Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak.; Our Lady of Good Council, Normandy, Mo.; St. Stanislaus Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Michael's Church, Findlay, Ohio; New Coehn, Wis.

Favors for the Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. S., Patterson, N. J.; D. L. M., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mrs. J. B., Meadville, Pa.; Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Sr. M. l'E., Longue Point, Montreal.

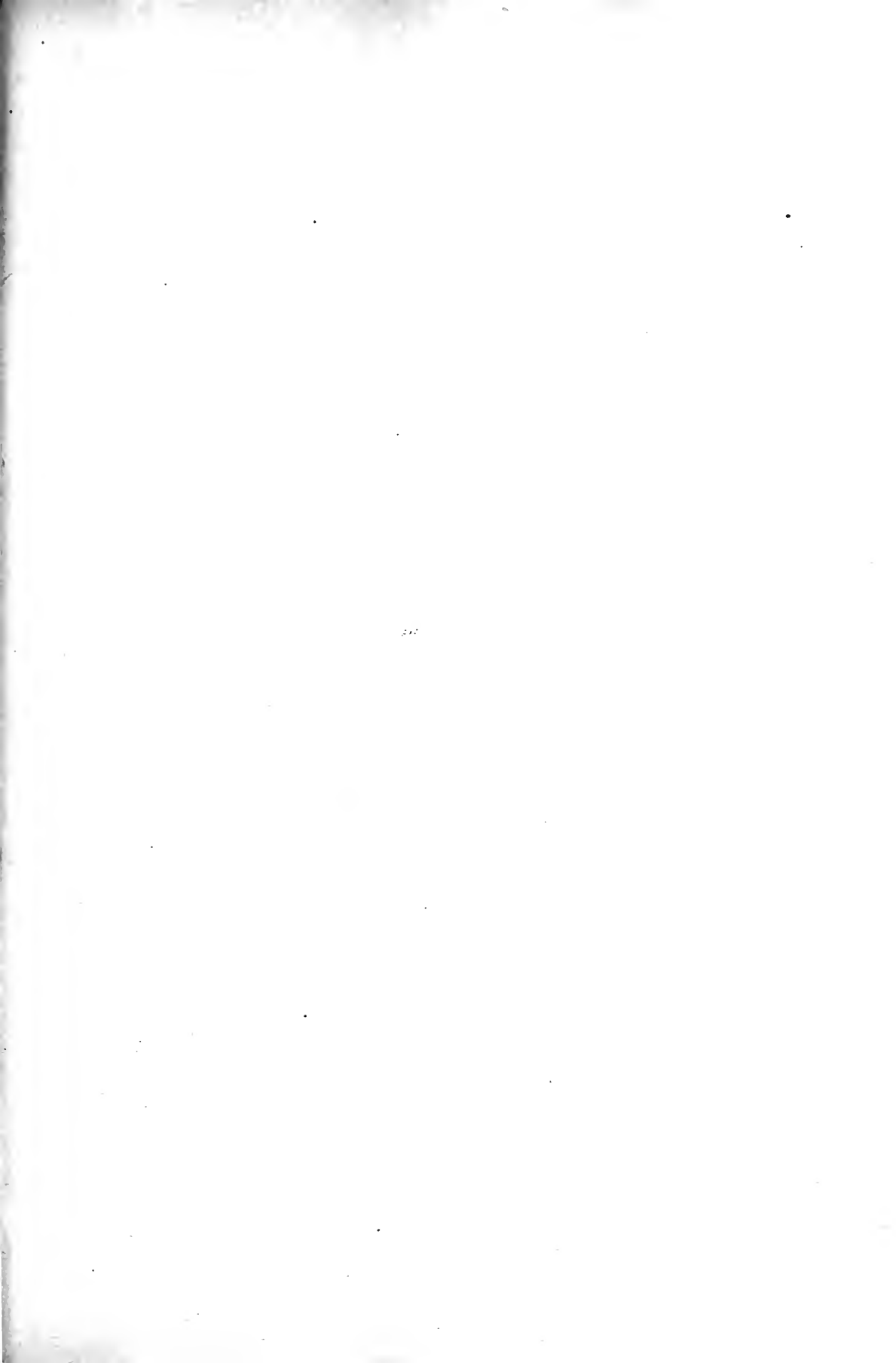
PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

For relief from severe fits of headache ; for the reformation of a son ; for a son that may return to his duties ; a very special intention ; for assistance in sale of property ; for the attainment of a home near a Church ; relief in spiritual and temporal difficulties ; conversion of a father and brother ; that a lady may obtain a suitable home ; a very special intention ; for the amelioration of the condition of a poor cripple ; for the recovery of two sick persons ; for four special intentions ; very special intention ; special intentions 4 ; for a sick person ; for a mother and son ; for employment ; for a change of heart for a mother ; for a father and family ; for a mother and daughter ; restoration of health , the return to his duties of a brother ; the recovery from a nervous disease ; settlement of a young lady in life ; for means to support of a priest in a little mission ; for success in work that a mother is undertaking to support her fatherless children ; for peace among brothers ; for an equal division of property ; a very special intention ; for the conversion of a sister ; for a young man whose heart is seriously affected ; for a brother who drinks ; that a son may obtain suitable employment ; for amendment of the life of a young man ; for the cure of a daughter who is suffering from a severe cough ; for success in business ; for one who suffers from cancer ; for restoration of health ; for a special intention ; for success in life ; for a young man, that he may remain faithful to his religious duties ; for restoration of eyesight ; to obtain employment for one person ; for two special intentions ; for the reformation of a sister.

Woe to us sinners, if we had not in heaven this great advocate, (Mary), the treasurer of all the graces that come from the hand of God.--St. Camillus of Lellis.





The Divine Mother and Her Child.

"My Beloved to me and I to Him."



The Holy Innocents.

I.



FROM the East three wise men journeyed,
Star led to Jerusalem,
Asking for the new-born Christ-King ;
Herod, hearing, summoned them
To his presence privately—
Stung with secret jealousy.

II.

When the Magi entered, Herod
Graciously stepped from his throne ;
Condescending, even, hearkened
Whilst they made their mission known—
But deceit lurked in his smile—
For his heart was filled with guile.

III.

Yet he said—"When we have found Him,
Bring me word, that I before
This divinely royal Infant,
Kneeling with you, may adore !"
Still his soul was cruel the while
Craftiness leered in his smile.

IV.

They, with passing months, returned not ;
Then to little Bethlehem town,
Quiet 'mongst its hills, King Herod
Raging sent his army down—
Down upon the feeble foe—
O that wicked day of woe !

V.

In their children's wailing chorus,
O the hapless mothers mourn ;
While their bleating lambs defenceless,
Clinging from their breasts are torn—
Shrieking babes that agonize—
Crushed—beneath those helpless eyes !

VI.

Hail ! ye lovely tearful victims,
In your hard deaths triumphing ;
Baby soldiers of the Christ-Child,
Slain to shield your Infant King—
'Midst your sufferings who flies,
Shielded by your plaintive cries.

VII.

Martyrs crowned with pearls of morning,
Slaughtered, ye, in Christ's defence ;
Rose-buds bloody red, and shrouded
White in snows of innocence—
Jesus wafts on dying sighs
To His blissful Paradise !

VIII.

Little Saints of God—we pray you,
Slain for Jesus at His birth,
From your heaven watch to keep us,
Children of your native earth,
White-robed guards of honor—true—
Near the little Christ and you.

IX.

Help the waifs of heathen nations,
Withered flowers cast away ;
O'er each drooping blossom sweetly
Pour the pure life-giving spray ;
That each lighted, lifted face,
Jesus in your ranks may place.

—SISTER W. O. D. C.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OBSEQUIES AND MIRACLES—HIS PEACEFUL DEATH—UNIVERSAL GRIEF—FUNERAL SERMON—NUMEROUS PRODIGES WROUGHT AT THE
TOMB OF THE SAINT.



IN accordance with the request of the Patriarch, De Mezieres left the cell. But having spoken with the Notary and some attendants, he returned, and bending over his friend, said :

"Father, I have done as you directed. Everything is just as you desired." "It is well," came in a faint whisper from the dying Carmelite, and those were the last words he uttered.

Friar Arnould whispered sweet words of piety, but an icy coldness had taken possession of his exhausted frame, whilst his serene and untroubled agony seemed to merge into a peaceful slumber. There was not the slightest sign of death, yet no one could perceive the least evidence of life. Meanwhile the men and women who had hoped against hope, stifled their grief, and redoubled their prayers. But the summons from on high had been obeyed, Peter

Thomas had given back his soul to God, but so quietly that the most intense solicitude could not have detected the moment of final separation.

Already in a new life, the eternal Love, to whom the saint had ever been so devoted, had infused into that ardent soul unspeakable and never-ending joys. In the beatific vision his transfigured spirit had seen realized the *perfect* manifestation, the *veritable* manifestation of the pure Light which the saint had so faithfully followed. It was Tuesday, the sixth of January, towards ten o'clock at night.

The vivid realization of the event, however, soon was evident, and signs of grief were visible from all. And De Mezieres, after his first outburst of sorrow, reverently closed the eyes of his saintly friend !

They did not dress the Patriarch in his episcopal robes, for he had requested that he should be buried in his religious habit and white mantle. Still they put the pontifical gloves upon his lifeless hands, and sandals upon his feet.

Then they bore this light burden, the almost ethereal covering of a heroic soul to the chapel of the convent, in the centre of the choir. According to his further suggestion, the mitre was placed at his feet, below the simple catafalque, composed of one unpretentious trestle like those of the other monks.

The entire life of the holy Legate had been consumed like a burning torch, a steady flame, which cast its pure clear light throughout the Church of God—and our Lord was pleased to attest this by a marvelous phenomenon which manifested itself that very night. One of a community who had been noted for her great confidence in the servant of God was keeping devout and prayerful vigil by the silent form. Towards two o'clock in the morning she perceived a brilliant light descending from the height of the Church which bathed in a mysterious radiance the holy remains of the Saint. Others, who also were in the dimly lighted chapel, overcome by weariness and depression of spirit had fallen asleep. The happy religieuse wakened them, but the light had vanished. Nevertheless, they all went to the catafalque, and found the glorious body moist, as if from a recent bath. They wiped the face with cotton which was afterwards religiously preserved.

But now the intense anxiety which had pervaded the city of Famagouste for the past few days was changed into public mourning. From the first sound of the Angelus groups of sorrowing citizens were seen going to the Carmelite Convent. And amongst them were those Venitian merchants who, but a little while—nay scarcely a month—ago, had accused the Legate of being a disturber of the peace! They were remarked for their reverential demeanor,

and the repentance which they openly manifested. Eager to get near the venerated catafalque were not Catholics alone, but members of heretical sects, and even infidels. Amongst the dissenting Christians were Georgians, Copts, Maronites, and *self-styled* orthodox Greeks. What specially deserves mention was the bearing of the Caloyers. During the life of the Legate these Greek monks, because his lucid demonstrations confounded their errors, would willingly have sacrificed him to their hatred. But now, ashamed of the contempt with which they had regarded him, they no longer appeared like schismatics. On the contrary, manifesting a filial affection, they uncovered the head, which they are not in the habit of doing, even in their temples. To-day a blessed and happy union seemed realized. Every one wished to touch the dead prelate, and to kiss his hands and feet.

This ascetic, who during life so mortified and humiliated his body, little thought how it would become an object of general veneration after his death. It was regarded as the body of a saint, a truly great saint, and whatever had belonged to Blessed Peter, or whatever he had used, was sought after as a relic. Catholic and heretic alike esteemed it a signal favor if they could obtain a shred or fragment, no matter how small, of the coarse woollen garments that he wore.

Another fact worthy to be related, and testified by all who visited his remains was that as soon as his death had taken place, a fragrance, so delightful that it could only have been wafted from Paradise, came from his wasted frame. Like an urn filled with celestial perfume his body continued to fill the Church with this sweet odor, to the joy and admiration of all. His face, which

exposure to the elements, as well as recent suffering, had turned a deep brown color, now appeared snow-white and fair. The joints of his limbs were supple and flexible as if he were alive.

The Archbishop, Raymond de la Pradele, hastened to the scene of death. He arrived from Nicosia that evening, (January 7), and with several other prelates chanted the Vespers for the Dead.

It was decided that, although the burial was not to take place for some days, the funeral ceremonies would be performed on the morrow, which met with general approval. The immense throng in attendance were so profoundly affected that one might well imagine they were assisting at the obsequies of one of the fathers of his country, who had gained some unspeakable favor for his fellow men.

After the celebration of the adorable Sacrifice, the funeral sermon was preached by the renowned Doctor of Theology, John Lamersonius de Lusentia, Minister General of the Franciscans of the Holy Land. It was he who wrote the biography from which we have quoted in the course of this work. Although he had not been informed that this duty would devolve upon him until the evening before, he acceded to the wishes of the Archbishop, and delivered a most eloquent and highly appreciated eulogium.

In his enthusiastic development of the long list of prodigies which had marked the entire course of the Legate's monastic life, the orator continually spoke of him as "the saint." As the Church does not permit that title to be absolutely applied to any except those who have been canonized, the infraction of such a rule by one of such repute as Lamersonius, called for an explanation on the part of his Arch-

bishop. The good Franciscan replied in all sincerity that he had felt *positively impelled in spite of himself* to apply the name whilst preparing the discourse he had resolved within himself, that no matter how great his veneration was for its subject, he would be careful not to attribute to him, as if officially, the holy title. But, when he began, an interior impulse, which he believed to come from above, gained such a mastery that he could not do otherwise than speak as he did.

It would have been more difficult still to understand *how* to prevent the manifestation of the popular devotion to the deceased Carmelite. God, Himself, seemed to approve of it by preserving the body of his servant from the usual corruption, and by granting the performance of miracles. During the six days that the body remained exposed in the chapel, there was neither decomposition, nor rigidity. Meanwhile the throng at the catafalque never diminished, and, not being able to procure veritable relics, the devotees contented themselves with what approached them to a certain extent. The fragrant transudation which moistened the body had been eagerly sought after. Thousands of trustful hands had borne away pieces of cotton or some similar article with which they had wiped it away. They esteemed it a favor to have something which had thus come in contact with the precious remains, and through which, as we will hereafter relate, many marvelous cures were effected.

After the burial which, in accordance with the wish of the humble monk, took place in the Church of the Carmelites at Famagouste in the very spot he had designated, private pilgrimages to his tomb began and continued for a long time. Every day some new tri-

bute was paid to the sanctity of the deceased by the promulgation of miraculous cures. Public opinion was so exercised that the authorities both ecclesiastical and civil, deemed it their duty to examine their veracity in an official process. Therefore, upon the convocation of the King, and under the presidency of the Bishop of Laodicia, Vicar General of Famagouste, three months after the death of Peter Thomas, on April 14, 1366, a juridical commission met in the sacristy of the Carmelite convent at Famagouste.

The first to give testimony was Jean de Faenza, of the Order of Friars, Minor and Custodian at the Monastery of Paphos. He had been suffering since December with an aggravated form of quinsy. In January it reached such a point that for nine days he could neither eat nor sleep. Finally, full of confidence and hope he went to the catafalque, where lay all that was mortal of the Holy Patriarch, and, taking that hand, which had always been so ready to bless the faithful, he touched it to his throat. He was instantly cured.

Dominic Etienne, one of the members of the Commission, related a favor of which he had been the recipient. For twenty years he had been a victim of mange, a most irritating cutaneous affection. He went to Blessed Peter's grave, and having knelt for a while in fervent prayer, he placed his hands upon the tomb and then applied them to the affected part. He immediately found relief, and had, so far, had no more trouble.

Agnes Penoti, whose husband was a painter suffered intensely from her heart and liver. She was visibly wasting away. She testified by a solemn oath upon the Gospel that, after she had applied a piece of cotton saturated

with the moisture upon the face of the Saint, to the region of the pain she was entirely cured.

Residing at Famagouste, Dame Sibylla, widow of Nicholas d'Ancona, testified that her slave, Costa, a Greek, who had a violent fever, besides other chronic troubles, was relieved at once by the application of this marvelous cotton.

Elizabeth de Saigit, a widow, was cured by the same means, of similiar afflictions. Alice, daughter of Nicholas Castel, deceased, formerly a resident of Famagouste, learning that her friend Marie had been cured of an intensely painful headache after she had bound a band of cotton about her temple, applied it to her side where she had continually intense pain, with the same beneficial result. She also related that Sibylla, a friend of hers had been reduced to the last extremity of agony which never ceased during the three days which preceded the birth of her child. After the miraculous cotton was used in her behalf she was relieved, and in gratitude to the Saint she gave her son the name of Peter Thomas.

Friar Nicholas, whose arm had been paralyzed for fifteen years, placed a wax candle, and a hand of the same material upon the tomb, and even *as he prayed* his cure was granted to him.

One afflicted with dropsy drank of the water in which a statue of the saint had been washed, and was healed in a few days. A blind servant gathered some of the dust upon the tomb, and promised to have a Mass celebrated in honor of Blessed Peter. He was cured of his misfortune and was enabled to see, to his great gratitude and joy. Alegressa had almost lost the use of her limbs; Francisca was painfully lame; Marie Baude had been declared

incurable by several physicians. The efficacious remedy that restored them was no other than the application of the blessed soil from the same sepulchre.

It was not only his brethren in religion and "the devout female sex" who found Blessed Peter always so compassionate and helpful. A brave and noble soldier, Jean de Montolivet, Counsellor of the king of Cyprus, obtained on March 27 relief from a chronic fever. The Chevalier Jean Garathus, officer of the household of the Queen Dowager, (widow of Hugo IV), a few days afterwards was cured of a dangerous bronchial malady. A little one, five years old, was stricken with a mortal illness, but after its mother had made a certain promise in case it was spared to her, it recovered at once.

Finally Fr. Simon, the presiding Prelate, had several *personal* facts to adduce. He deposed that when the Patriarch of Constantinople, three days before his death, had told him that he wished to receive Extreme Unction from his pontifical hands, he said, "*You will know the hour best suited for the function. I can still make the responses, and I will live more than ten hours after my last anointing.*" This was verified. Still more, when in preparation for the Sacrament they recited the seven Penitential Psalms together, the Prelate inhaled an odor so indescribably delightful that he could compare it to no perfume of this earth. He seemed indeed to be no longer on earth, but to be breathing in some celestial fragrance, some balmy breeze from Paradise. Turning to the right and left, he sought for the vase from whence it came, and perceived that the nearer he approached the dying monk, the more perceptible was this evidence of his sanctity. It con-

tinued during the entire recitation of the prayers. When he left the cell it vanished. Until now he had not spoken of it, fearing that he might be considered too presumptuous or too credulous, but he had been encouraged to mention it through a very important favor that he had since received. The Prelate went on to say that one night during the month of March he had been suddenly attacked by such violent pain that it deprived him of speech, movement, and almost of sight. His whole body became black and cold, and he perspired so excessively that his bed was saturated. He could not call his attendant, although he was close at hand. "By a supreme effort I managed to seize a cord which hung near me. It was the band attached to a hat worn by the Legate on certain occasions, and which I was so fortunate as to procure for a relic.

"The hat fell upon my bed. I drew it towards me as well as I could, and with fervent devotion held it, and the pain left me at that moment."

Thus far the testimony which it has been our privilege to relate. The account of such marvels will surely promote devotion to the great servant of God into whose compassionate soul we have been permitted to glance. But the enumeration is not yet complete. There are others consigned to the verbal process at Famagouste, most consoling also, but we have chosen the principal ones.

The canonical commission terminated its labors by a tribute of gratitude to the venerated remains. Upon May 8, 1366, four months after the death of the Thaumaturgus, in presence of all the members, the disinterment took place. The flat stone which had been placed over the earth having been removed, the process went on, and the

body of the saint was found perfect as when it had been laid in the grave. The limbs were as flexible as before; the head moved easily to the touch. There was, it is true, a darker tint upon the face, and a slightly accentuated odor from the vault. But according to the most rigid testimony it did not proceed from the withering blight of decay to which our poor mortality is subject. It was rather the odor of mould coming from the action of subterraneous humidity upon the grave clothes.

All these circumstances were inscribed with the most scrupulous precision in the regular attestation drawn up by the Secretary Lamersonius, and the duplicate thereof has been inserted in the life of Blessed Peter Thomas by the same doctor.

The tomb having been sealed up again, the pious visits to it, and additional miracles, were in order as before. The Holy Legate, from his bright home above, seemed never to refuse the requests of his devoted clients on earth.

CHAPTER XXX.

PUBLIC VENERATION—WADDING'S HOSTILITY IS CHANGED TO ZEAL—THE PATRON OF CARMEL AND THAT OF PERIQUEX—THE COMPATRIOTS OF ST. PETER THOMAS—CONCLUSION.

The political revolutions which soon afterwards agitated the kingdom of Cyprus prevented the Archbishop of Nicosia and his successors from continuing the investigation regarding the miracles of Blessed Peter Thomas. The process of canonization of this admirable servant of God never was introduced at the Court of Rome.

Nevertheless, the devout Cyprians continued to pray to their holy Legate. They invoked him specially in the same way as St. Sebastian and St.

Roque are enlisted by the faithful. That is, against pestilence and epidemics. But the record of miracles granted to succeeding generations has not been handed down to us. The invasion of the island by the Turks, and the fall of Famagouste in 1571, it is probable, brought to an end the pilgrimage to the miraculous tomb. If the tomb of the Saint were not subjected to sacrilegious profanation, at least it disappeared, and remained forgotten under the debris of the dismantled monastery.

In 1735 an earthquake completed the ruin of the ancient city, and reduced the population to three hundred. Who, at the present day could designate the spot where once stood the beautiful Church of the Carmelites at Famagouste!

Devotion to the Saint inaugurated by popular confidence insensibly permeated the Island of Cyprus. Although Peter Thomas was not canonized according to the form ordinarily used, his name and miracles had been surrounded with so great a splendor that the religious authorities thought it best not to oppose this public homage. The Carmelite family adopted the devotion, not in Cyprus alone, but in all their monasteries. In the fourteenth century the Carmelites celebrated the feast of St. Peter Thomas under the title of Confessor Pontiff.

There came an era of liturgical reform. In the seventeenth century the Congregation of Rites, after having examined the breviary proper of several religious Orders, took up in turn that of the Carmelites. In regard to the office of St. Peter Thomas, there arose a great difficulty. It was feared that the venerated personage must be looked upon as apocryphal. One of the consultors, Luke Wadding, a

learned Franciscan, alleged that a decided error had been found in the lessons of the second nocturne, where mention is made of the Saint. According to him all that was related in those pages of *Petrus Thomas*, notably that he was Bishop of Patti and Lipari, then Archbishop of Crete, finally Patriarch of Constantinople was nothing else than the history of *Petrus Theutonicus*, a Franciscan.

Fortunately a celebrated Carmelite, Fr. J. B. Lezan, the erudite annalist of his Order, was also a member of the Sacred Congregation. Maintaining the exactitude of the Carmelite breviary, he obtained a decree of delay from the judges, that he might discover the proofs of his assertion, and present them to view.

During the interval the zealous Carmelite implored the fervent prayers of his brethren, rigid fasting, and masses celebrated in honor of Blessed Peter Thomas. Meanwhile three other learned Carmelites united with him in searching the archives of the Vatican. In the Mass of Parchments, they at last discovered a Bull of Innocent VI, wherein *after* the death of *Petrus Theutonicus*, Bishop of Patti and Lipari. *Petrus Thomas* was named as his successor. The search was over. Wadding was so amenable to the truth that, to acquit his conscience as historian, he went even beyond his enlighteners in exploring the Archives, and found twenty-eight other Bulls addressed to Peter Thomas,—being those which we have cited in the course of this work.

As an *amende honorable* to the Holy Patriarch he wrote a sketch of his life, which now he knew thoroughly and published the proofs which had rewarded his search in the Vatican. Thus the traditional cultus was maintained and approved. The Apostolic

indult of Paul V, (1609) was renewed by Urban VIII, (June 12, 1628.) The office of St. Peter Thomas, fixed at first for January 29, has, since the canonization of St. Francis de Sales, been transferred for the Carmelites to February 15.

The glory with which the young shepherd boy was now environed could surely not be left unmarked by his native place. The ancient diocese of Sarlat celebrates his feast, with fitting pomp and the actual diocese of Perigueux pays special homage to his memory under the title of "Confessor Pontiff," on February 13.

The Parish of Salles justly manifests for him an ardent love and practices a special cultus. The baptismal font of the Church, although simple and unadorned is carefully treasured, for tradition hath it that Peter Thomas was baptized therein. A stained glass window recently put in place proves that devotion to the Saint is ever fervent. This work of art is of the highest conception. It is at the right side, and represent the Patriarch of Constantinople, rather below medium height, wearing his mitre, in his pontifical robes, and with the pallium. He stands erect, his left hand holds the Cross, his right a book and purse, emblematic of his learned writings, and infinite charity. His gaze is fixed upon an image of *Mary*, the constant love of his ardent heart. In this pious souvenir, except for the violet robe, which the humble Carmelite never wore, may be recognized the aesthetic and ideal portrait of this fascinating hero whose sanctity and achievements captivated so many hearts. In default of an authentic likeness of St. Peter Thomas, one could not have a more acceptable substituted than this memorial picture at Salles.

At Lebreil, the hamlet where the Saint was born, a small and unpretentious but pretty chapel, has been erected in his honor. It is said to be built upon the site where once stood the home of his earlier days.

Close by there is a natural basin formed by a depression in the ground. The verdant grass which so luxuriantly encircles it, contrasts in a most pleasing fashion with the lovely wild flowers which grow profusely amid the verdure, and here, according to authenticated tradition, the very day of the Saint's death, the limpid waters of a perennial spring burst forth.

Its placid surface reflects the azure skies of Lebreil, whilst several stately trees afford an inviting shade.

As soon as the saint had "entered into the joy of his Lord," he besought the Almighty to grant him this favor: The hamlet had been badly provided with water; the people had to go quite a distance for that necessary element. Peter Thomas during life had not been able to assist his compatriots, but he remembered them beneficially in heaven. It is still the only fountain in the place, and, when drawing water, the villagers gratefully remember their illustrious benefactor. The fountain and the chapel were, for a long period visited by pious pilgrims throughout all that region. As at Cyprus, they particularly implored the intercession of the Saint in cases of fever.

But the great Revolution, taking umbrage at the little oratory ruthlessly destroyed it. To-day, alas! the hallowed place is scarcely marked by the shrubbery which, twined in and out with drooping ivy leaves, would fain protect it from further ruin in a firm but futile embrace.

A small statue in the niche, as one entered the oratory, represented the

Holy Patriarch, but foreign impiety mutilated it with relentless hate. However, a large piece of almost the entire bust was found, and religiously guarded by a family in the hamlet. All the inhabitants still consider the preservation of their faith owing, in a great degree, to prayers of the glorious Child of Lebreil.

When those faithful friends of Blessed Peter Thomas, the Carmelite Fathers, and their Sisters, the Carmelite Nuns heard of the projected annotation of this life upon our part, they were devoutly interested and overjoyed. Every one wished to co-operate according to his or her means, by prayers, by cheering words, or in whatsoever way came within their sphere.

And thus, with the full sympathy of that widely spread spiritual family, and with an ardent devotion to the Holy subject of this biography, we send forth upon the world, asking his efficacious prayers, this wonderful life of a glorious Carmelite Saint.

LAST WORDS.

Before closing this volume and laying aside the work, it would be most beneficial to us to cast a retrospective glance in unison upon its pages, and recall the lessons to be derived from this Christian Odyssey. Love is an active passion. If there be, according to the vocation of each, different ways of acting for God, certain it is that *who ever does not act does not love*. In Blessed Peter Thomas sanctity was manifested by a life of external activity. If the intrepid hero, without ever relaxing, went always forward, and always upon the right path, it was because he had yielded his whole heart to the power of celestial love.

He loved his God. From his youth this feeling was powerful, and as the years passed it grew more intense. He vowed to serve him generously. Faithful to his religious vocation he observed in every point the spirit and letter of a severe and crucificial rule. Thus it was that in the midst of distracting duties, often of a nature to diminish the spirit of prayer and union with God, the interior nourishment of his soul was never permitted to fail. The thought of the adorable presence and infinite goodness of the Master to whom he was too happy to devote his services, inspired him with that confidence which may well be called *supernatural*; that was one of the principal characteristics of his dauntless and enterprising spirit.

He loved the Blessed Virgin. Devotion to her was his element. Mary, who had watched over his infant steps remained the guiding star of an adventurous life. Tossed hither and thither towards every shore, "he looked at the star and called upon Mary." Was he in trouble? He had recourse to his good Mother. Had he reason to rejoice? It was to the most amiable Mother that he directed his first smile. Had he met with an unexpected success? He paid homage at once to his Protectress. Did any one ask his aid in some pathetic situation, or his influence in promoting some powerful work? He invited the solicitor to unite with him in fervent prayer to the Mother of all. Had he a few hours at his disposal? He hastened to a sanctuary of Our Lady. Not only had Master Peter composed a special treaty to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but he opened all his discourses with the name MARY for his watchword, and in their development he was always eager, by learned and

fervent considerations, to exalt the glory of his Sovereign Mistress.

In private life his filial love evinced itself in a thousand naive and graceful ways. He never, in any prayer, omitted to interweave an invocation to the Holy Virgin. Before sitting at table he reiterated her praises. His food would have been insipid if it had not been seasoned with a thought of the Immaculate Madonna. At the corner of the streets through which he passed, by the family hearths that he visited, seeing the image or statue of her whom our devout ancestors loved to honor, he always saluted it in the most reverential manner that could be imagined. He loved the Church. To her service he devoted an intelligence bright and acute far beyond the average degree, and an absorbing zeal that would leave nothing untried to effect its end. Never once saying that the weight of his varied duties had grown too pressing, he was ever happy to co-operate by the most heroic efforts to the strengthening and extension of Catholic unity, that ardently desired end. In the fourteenth century, under the French Popes, as in our day, under the glorious pontificate of Leo XIII., the wishes of the Papacy and the means employed by the Pontiffs to bring back the Greeks never vary, for the divine principles never change. With the unalterable patience of a mother, and an infallible confidence in the promises of the eternal Shepherd, the Roman Church calls back her erring ones who have strayed from her sheltering fold. The holy Legate was, in his day, a worthy mandatory of hope and Catholic charity. He loved Jerusalem. In the cause he displayed a degree of energy very rare, even in that age of chivalry. In a way, *he moved heaven and earth* to obtain a general movement in favor of

the crusade. Never reproach him with its failure, *that* must be attributed to *human passions*, not to any defect of his zeal. And, generally speaking, it would be unjust, in the face of his immense and incessant exertions, to criticise some slight faults whether *apparent* or *real*, which may have escaped him in spite of his superior wisdom. We seem to hear, in fact, more than one disciple of a *sanctimonious idleness* censuring, at will, the faintest imperfection to be met with, here and there, in the acts and character of some grand and chivalrous hero. But it is only those who do and accomplish *nothing* in the course of their wasted lives, who *do not commit numerous faults*. They commit only one !.....But that endures *perpetually* !

To suffer trials and contradictions with patience and humility, to adore the delays of divine Providence proves the existence of a virtue great indeed, and wins for the heroic soul who does so the unspeakable joys of duty conscientiously fulfilled.

Peter Thomas, because his love was pure and without a trace of selfishness, always maintained an unalterable serenity. Having so ardently desired to accomplish such great and good things, and yet having *apparently* realized so little of his wishes. Having taken up so many works of zeal, and bringing so small a number to a successful issue, he *might* have given up. Yet never once did he manifest discouragement, never was he heard to murmur. His death was *more* than happy ; his ardent soul went forth to meet its God, fortified with all the consolations which the faith he loved so fervently could give. How admirable then—let us say it once more before we close—how noble—how indicative of his firmest faith was his confidence in

God and in the ever Blessed Virgin ! The story of his life resembles a romance of those golden days when chivalry prevailed—but better far it is the life of a devoted soldier of the cross, of a glorious saint !

But, alas ! with what indifference has he not been treated—Europe, where this valiant promoter of the crusade was not understood during his life, cared little to honor his memory after death. Byzantium always turned a deaf ear. Cyprus, where Mussulman rule succeeded in obscuring the understanding and hardening the heart scarcely thinks of the treasure it possessed. Avignon has forgotten him.

Condomois, Armagnac, Agenois and Quercy have for years neglected the memory of their apostle.

The Roman Church has never been solicited, by either kingdom or province, to award Blessed Peter the glory of a solemn canonization.

Only the Carmelite Order, the diocese of Periquex, and the little parish of Salles, have faithfully gathered and carefully preserved the bright and scintillating gems of a well merited devotion to the saint, and as year after year rolls away, they have never failed to surround his hallowed memory with glory. But to us who have gained some insight into the great soul of St. Peter Thomas, it should be a joy and duty to honor him by a steadfast imitation of his virtues, and by generous efforts, in our sphere, to promote devotion to this wonderful servant of God, and admirable Carmelite Saint !

[THE END.]

There is nothing which is more profitable and more consoling to the mind than to frequently remember the Blessed Virgin.

ST. TERESA.

Devotion to the Infant Saviour.

BY THE REVEREND THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.



THE greatest event that the world ever witnessed took place in the present month. Though the earth is bereft of all her beauty at this season of the year, still there is a joy born of

that memorable condescension of God that insinuates itself into the hearts of all Christians on that auspicious occasion. On the birth of the Infant Saviour, the children are looking for gifts—earthly gifts, it is true, in many cases; but were there no Babe of Bethlehem, were there no Christ-Child to love, the ideal image of Whom is painted in their little hearts by the sweet words of their mothers, the gifts would lose much of their coloring and sweetness, and more than half the joy would fade. The peals of the Christmas bells are not necessary to rejoice the hearts of Christian people, though they are the outward expression of the pent-up feelings of peace and gratitude fostered in the breasts of the faithful during that holy season. They do not create the general rejoicing, but they give it expression; nor can they communicate the full flow of exultation as it is felt.

Joy is not confined on that glorious day to the rich alone; there is probably more peace, more sweetness in the cottage of the peasant than in the palace of the great. A higher order of things than earthly goods, and the pleasures born of them, go to make up the sweet joys of Christmas, for on that

happy day a holy influence is felt in the true Christian heart,—an influence that the Spirit of God alone can give,—and is worth more than all the treasures that earth can bestow. Heaven has come down to earth, the celestial hosts have come down to a sinful world because their Lord is there. They sing of the two great benefits wrought by the Incarnation,—glory to God and peace to man. The Incarnate God is on earth. He gives His Eternal Father adequate glory. His exalted merits, infinite in value, enter the highest heavens, pass through light inaccessible to the bosom of the Triune God. The offended majesty of His Eternal Father is appeased; a victim is on earth that is worthy of Him to Whom it is offered. Glory and praise go up from earth, gladness and peace come down from heaven, for justice and peace have kissed. This glorious mystery is too great, its influence is too broad, its power is too penetrating, to have its recurrence controlled by riches and mere earthly joys. It brings with it gifts that are not of this earth; its influence is felt, and it imparts a peace that surpasses all understanding, a peace that the world cannot give nor take away.

The Babe of Bethlehem has been always an object of the deepest devotion to Christian people, especially at the holy season of Christmas. That we may the more intelligently understand the doctrine of the Church on this subject, we must know that Jesus, Our Divine Lord, was God and man. In our adoration of the Divine Infancy, we adore His Sacred Humanity united with

His Divinity. In other words, we give the Sacred Humanity of our Divine Lord divine adoration. We pay to the Sacred Heart and the precious Blood of Our Divine Lord the same adoration that we give to the most Holy Trinity, because His Divinity communicates to them Its own worth, by virtue of the hypostatic union. We will quote here the words of the Athanasian creed, which clearly, and distinctly, explains the doctrine of the Incarnation : "It is therefore the true faith that we believe and confess, that Our Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God is God and man. He is God from the substance of His Father, begotten before all ages, and man born in the world from the substance of His mother. Perfect God, perfect man, subsisting of a rational soul and human flesh. Equal to His Father according to His Divinity, less than the Father according to His Humanity. Who, although God and Man, however is not two, but one Christ. One indeed, not in the co-version of the Divinity into flesh, but in the assumption of the Humanity in God. Finally, One, not in the confusion of substance, but in the unity of person, for as the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and Man is one Christ."

We see here from the Creed, that the two natures of Our Divine Lord are not commingled nor confused, and consequently His Divine Nature receives no admixture, and His human nature loses none of its integrity. And although His two wills, Human and Divine, are quiet distinct, nevertheless His two natures are united in one person, and that Person is Divine. Thus we see the union of the two natures takes place, not by the blending, but in the unity of the person, and this is what the theologians call the

hypostatic union. This confers an infinite value and dignity on the operations of His Human Nature, and entitles each drop of blood and whatever belongs to the integrity of His human nature, to the honors of Divine worship.

Thus we see how pleasing devotion to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord must be, and especially how pleasing is devotion to His Holy Infancy. Even this sinful world of ours, defiled as it is, by the footprints of sinful man, stands pre-eminent in the planetary system, because of the Incarnation of Our Divine Lord. It is but a small item in creation. Great planets roll above us in the empty wilderness of space; suns with their systems, are too far distant, to illumine this world, and there are fixed stars so far distant, that their light takes thousands of years to reach us. Nevertheless small as this globe may be, and man but an atom on its surface, in the sight of God and in the sight of His holy angels, it is the brightest gem in the planetary system. Words fail to express its lustre, because it was drenched by the Blood of an Incarnate God.

Then again, if we wish to foster greater gratitude, and evoke more joy in our hearts towards the Infant Saviour, let us consider the condescension of Our Lord in becoming Incarnate. The creation of man was an incomprehensible condescension on the part of God. He created him just and holy, "a little less than the angels." "He crowned him with honor and glory," and placed him above the work of His hands. But if every human being born in this world, were in sanctity and perfection, superior to the heavenly hosts that stand before the throne of God, still in that case, the act of

creation, would be an act of the deepest condescension on the part of God. We could easily perceive this, if we knew God better, and if we knew ourselves much better than we do. We should frequently consider the infinite gulf that must ever exist, between the Creator and the creature. The creature, the tenant of an hour, but yesterday and he was not, the love and the mercy of God alone gave him existence, but to-morrow and he shall not be. Even now if the Creator withdrew His sustaining power, we would fall back to the original nothingness from which we were drawn forth. But behold the Creator, the Eternal God before Whom there is no time; He that was, that is and will be; before whom the past and the future are always present; the All-Holy! the All-Perfect, and the All-Beautiful! What is all the beauty scattered over the face of creation, which delights the hearts of men, but a scintillation, of the beauty of Him Who has made all things! But in what did God by creating man show so much condescension? He showed His condescension by creating man to His Image. Only think of it! The Creator to make the creature the Image of Himself! The Eternal God—He Whom the heavens cannot contain, to make man to His Own Image! and to make His destiny the highest, that the destiny of a creature could be made. To lift him up to a new and supernatural life; to destine him to love Him, and to enjoy His own happiness where the eternal years will not fail! All this to us is an unspeakable mystery, to us who had no existence, till the loving and omnipotent hand of God, stretching into the deep gulf of nothingness, brought us into existence, we can only be silent and with deep gratitude adore the

goodness of Him Who made us.

The Incarnation was a still deeper condescension on the part of Our Divine Lord. That a God should create man to His Own Image is incomprehensible, but that a God should assume human nature, lift it up and dignify it, by uniting it to His Divine Nature in the unity of His Divine Person, is a mystery that men and angels will ever contemplate with joy, but will never be able to fathom its depths. A still greater condescension on His part, was the institution of the Most Holy Eucharist. He was a hidden God here in this life, His Divinity concealed under the veil of His Sacred Humanity. But before He left this world corporally, that is, before He withdrew Himself from the eyes of men, He would perpetuate the Incarnation here on earth, and remain really and truly with us to the end of time. For this purpose He devised a mystery of love, and concealed His Human and Divine Natures under the veil of the Sacramental Species. By His Incarnation He assumed human nature, but in the Eucharist He unites Himself by the Sacramental union with the individual soul, and through the ministry of the priesthood, perpetuates His Sacramental life for all time. These are mysteries that only the faith of Christians can penetrate, and believe though they cannot fully understand, and still more, it is only the devout Children of the Church can appreciate them.

Now let us look on the Babe of Bethlehem and let us throw a rapid retrospect on His life since His first tear consecrated the manger, where He was born till His last sigh on the Cross, and what a depth of humility, self abnegation, and suffering do we behold! The creation of man, the condescension of the Most Holy Trinity, the Incar-

nation, the Holy Eucharist, the sufferings and the humiliation of Our Divine Lord, the gratitude of man, all call on us, in this holy season, to approach the crib of Bethlehem and adore the Divine Infant. In this stage of His life He appeals to the tenderest sentiments of the human heart. Man may be a sinner and on account of his sins may fear the judgments of God. He may recall to mind, the majesty of the judge on the last day, and the terrible consequences, that may follow. But even though he be a sinner, why should he not approach the Infant Saviour? There, there is no majesty displayed. The Holy Infant came to save the world, and his influence is felt by all classes, to the uttermost bounds of the earth. It is not by the terrors of His Majesty, He calls the sinner from His lowly habitation in the stable, but by the simplicity of His love. He conceals the overwhelming grandeur of His Divinity, but a holy influence surrounds Him. Waves of holiness went out from Him, wave followed wave, and filled the lowly habitation where He chose to dwell. He told us Himself in after life, when healing the sick, as the woman touched the hem of His garment and was made whole, that as virtue went out from Him. The Manger is the city of refuge for the sinner, it is the throne that the Infant Saviour has chosen, it is not the throne of power and majesty, where He will judge and condemn, but it is the throne of His selection, from where the voice of His love calls the weary pilgrim, no matter how weary may be the burden of his life, that He may relieve him. The Holy Infancy has a peculiar charm for men. It is a hard heart, that the lowly situation and the love that created the situation will not penetrate. Our Lord frequently gives special

graces to children, as though He loves their childhood and their innocence, in a special manner. How often, when all things else failed, when the most convincing arguments could not soften the heart of a poor sinner, a little child attending school, where she learned to love the Divine Infant and His Blessed Mother, recalled her father to a sense of his duty, and had the happiness of kneeling by his side, when he received the pledge of life at the altar of God! If the Holy Infant gives special graces to children, special graces to convert others, will He Himself repel the poor sinner, no matter how great may be the burden of his sins? No. He is all compassion, all love. There is hardly one so depraved, that the confiding innocence of the child does not captivate. It is difficult to understand how any one, no matter how great his sins may be, who prostrates himself before the Divine Infant, and not receive the grace of conversion.

The devotion to the Divine Infancy in the strictest sense of the word, is not a particular devotion, for any Devotion to Our Divine Lord in any phase of His life, is not a particular devotion, as under all circumstances, He must be always the object of our adoration. Neither is devotion to the Holy Childhood of recent date, as the first worshiper was His Blessed Mother, and that at the first moment of His birth. The Holy Angels were the next in order, as the Gospel informs us, for on that auspicious occasion, a multitude of the heavenly hosts, sang praises to God and peace to men. It was an angel that brought the glad tidings to the simple and lowly ones of the earth, and they in turn adored the new born King. But what was the adoration of angels and men compared with the

honor given Him by His Blessed Mother? It is true there was a new impulse of joy felt throughout the heavenly court, the angels were in raptures over His birth, the earth that had been a plague spot before His coming, now received a new lustre, more beautiful in the sight of the Heavenly Father, than the splendors of the heavenly court. But with all this, the adoration of His Blessed Mother was nearer to an adequate honor, than that of angels and men, thus it was, that Our Blessed Lady gave the first and greatest honor to the Babe of Bethlehem. With what depths of love, did the hosts of heavenly spirits, gather round the lowly cave, on that cold winter's night? What pæans of joy rang out, and were caught up from choir to choir! as they contemplated in rapturous joy, the depths of the great mystery, that they will

always love, but never understand.

As we have said, devotion to the Divine Infancy was always known and practised more or less in the Church, still it is a Carmelite devotion. It received special prominence, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, through a Carmelite nun—the Venerable Margaret of Beaune, in France. It was this lowly nun that God raised up to propagate, devotion to the Holy Childhood, not only by her teaching, but by her mystic life, and the high state of prayer to which she attained. Father Faber says: "Devotion to the Holy Infancy, was systematized in the hands of the Carmelites, and took a more tangible and exclusive shape, than it had ever done before." "And," he continues, "The present devotion of the Sacred Infancy, is as much the gift of the Carmelites, as the present devotion to the Sacred Heart is the gift of the lowly, sweet-spirited daughters of the Visitation."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

On the eve of Merry Christmas
 The blessed angels come,
 With the sweet child Jesus presents,
 To every little one.
 While the children, sweetly sleeping,
 Are dreaming of His birth,
 The angels, laden with His gifts,
 Float gently towards the earth;
 And in the lowliest cottage,
 Or halls that tower above,
 They leave the glowing Christmas tree,
 With the sweet Child Jesus' love.
 When at last the rosy morning
 Has kissed the children's eyes,
 And they wake to greet the Christmas,
 They look with glad surprise
 On the gifts that God has sent them,
 And mothers talk the while
 About the greatest gift of all,
 That of the Holy Child.
 And the children bless the Christmas,
 And rejoice through all the earth,
 For thus our Lord would have them keep
 The mystery of His birth.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Bannard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

TENEZ. LAGHOUAT. SAIDA. 1860.



BEFORE the work of the appropriation of the Arab lands was completed, a bloody insurrection was the result of the new decree, which had roused all the old fanaticism of the Arabs. The Ouled-Sidi-Chiekh tribe were the first to revolt; Colonel Beaupretre, who had been sent to subdue them, was assassinated, being betrayed by his Arab guard; his soldiers were massacred, and a "holy war" declared throughout the "Tell," or Little Kabylia. De Sonis wrote: "I expect every moment to be sent for to start again on active service. I believe I should have been already on the march, if I had not been obliged to remain to finish a work here which they think may have some value."

On the 21st of June a fresh domestic sorrow came upon him, which he describes in the following letter:

"My dear Henry,

Pray for me and my poor wife. Our dear little Martha-Carmel died on the 15th at three o'clock in the afternoon of diphtheria. The poor child, who was really the pearl of our family, said: 'I want to go to heaven!' She died

while calling on her mother and lifting her eyes to the Crucifix on her little bed. The chalice is very bitter, but we must drink it bravely, and bless the Hand which strikes us."

Later on, his grief is softened by the thought of "the joys with which my darling is now overflowing, forming one of the little pearls of the crown of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. If our tears still fall on this earth, our hearts cry out: *Sursum corda!*" He adds: "Ah, how all is vanity save the love and service of God! I know well how poor and miserable a creature I am; but God has given me the grace to attach myself more and more to him. In Him alone do I find consolation; in Him the only real joys. He alone can fill our hearts. More and more, then, may we be all his!"

But the insurrection in Algeria had become more and more serious, and had spread to Aumale and Setif and the Province of Constantine, and everywhere the French troops had been defeated by superior numbers. Marshal Pelissier had died. MacMahon had succeeded him, and determined on a vigorous winter campaign, of which de Sonis and his regiment were to form a part. He wrote on this occasion:

"I have decided to send back my wife and children to France. Madame de Sonis is again expecting her confinement, which makes this separation still more bitter. We make it over the grave of our child. We kissed the stone together and then parted; she to embark, and I to start immediately for the south. Our hearts were very full, but our Lord helped us to bear the burden." He adds: "The horrible massacres of our troops during this last month made me think seriously of receiving my viaticum before starting. I have had that consolation, and am ready to be buried for all eternity. But I have placed myself unconditionally in the hands of God, Who has always been so good to me, and, borne in the arms of His Providence, I am prepared for the start."

The first thing which met the eyes of his troops and himself was the terrible battle-field of Aiouinet, where Colonel Beaupretre and his corps had been massacred. The bodies of the soldiers had been left unburied to the vultures and the jackals, and the stench was horrible and suffocating. The order was given to the troops to cover their poor mangled remains with sand; but no one had the courage to begin; upon which de Sonis seized a spade and began himself digging the graves. The soldiers hastened to follow his example, and to bury their unhappy comrades. De Sonis wrote to Pere de Bouchaud:

"We came upon this field of death and found that the poor fellows had fallen in the square. Their hands were clenched as in agony; it was a terrible sight, this attitude of despair, and a great lesson! Some had still flesh on their faces; others were mummified by the sun. The impression on the army was very great. They were all buried

in a common grave; but, alas! as usual, there was no priest in this great army of Christians to bless the tomb!"

To another friend he writes:

"We have literally marched day after day over human remains. One day we had to bury one hundred and fifty of our poor fellows, massacred by the Arabs. Among them were some of the officers and men of my own regiment, and I discovered among others all that remained of a very smart young officer, which had not been devoured by the jackals. I saw this body which had been the object of such minute care;—but his soul, what had become of it? Yes, we are souls, and it is of them we have to think! This morning, the third Sunday in Advent, I was reading my Mass in my tent, and I found in the Gospel these words addressed to the great precursor: *Tu qui es?* 'Who art thou?' I could not help addressing these words to myself and on going back to the days of childhood and youth until now, always preserved and guided by the good God. What am I to have been the object of so many graces? to have been preserved from so many dangers? to have been raised up after so many falls? What are we all, in fact, but souls bought at the price of the Blood of God. We are not only dust and ashes; we are something grander,—for we are immortal souls!"

The expedition directed by General Yusuf, with Ain-Mahdi as a centre of operations and Laghouat as a magazine, had been not only a series of skirmishes, but also a continual fight against the privations of the desert. "What a man that de Sonis is!" exclaimed at that time his Colonel, the future General Marmier. "And what a determined Christian! We often had nothing but dead horse to eat during

our expedition ; but in spite of that he never would touch meat on Fridays. He is the most wonderful man in the army !” Forgetting his own privations, de Sonis wrote :

“The army has suffered very much during this campaign. As for me I have no merits, for Our Lord has been as tender to me as a Father. Cold, wet, wind, snow, after the broiling sun, bad biscuit in place of bread, muddy water in the ‘*o’dirs*,’ brackish water in the wells,—all this has not affected my health in the least, so that I have had no merit in tiding over these miseries. If I want to strengthen my faith in the supernatural, I should only have to think of the goodness of God towards myself.”

During these days of fatigue and privation his wife had presented him with another son, whom he called John, and who, hereafter, in the flower of his youth, was to share the cross of infirmity with his father.

“My wife is full of courage,” he wrote. “She is closely united with God, and is to me a great example and consolation. The affection which we had for one another, and which you used so often to admire at Limoges, has only strengthened with our advancing years. It was founded upon God, Who has deigned to help our union more and more.”

It was a like marriage and one equally in accordance with M. de Sonis’s views, that his brother Theobald had just contracted with Mademoiselle de Chiseuil. From his bivouac of El-Menia, de Sonis wrote these words to his now sister-in-law :

“I have just heard, my dear sister, in my camp in the south of Algeria, of your union with my brother. To tell you how happy we are at all the joys and graces which you bring with you

to cheer his home, and which have been bestowed upon you by God, would scarcely be worthy of you. You will let me, then, simply unite myself with you in a common prayer to Him who has made you my sister to thank Him for having thus united two souls so well fitted to love and to understand each other. I thank you beforehand for all the happiness you will bring to my brother. To say that he is half of myself will not surprise you. He will tell you that we have never had but one heart and one mind ; but in this heart, it is the place of God which I recommend to your faith. That is the great object of my solicitude for my much loved brother. Adieu, my dear sister. My position as a soldier in a rough campaign will plead my excuse for these few lines, scribbled with one foot in the stirrup. Before taking leave of you, allow me, as a Christian, to recommend myself and those dear to me to your prayers.”

The life of de Sonis in the camp was, as usual, that of an apostle. Pere de Bouchaud had recommended to him a young man of seventeen, who was making the campaign with him, and whose mother was anxious about him. De Sonis wrote at once to the latter :

“I had hardly read Pere Bouchaud’s letter when I went to inquire after your young son, Madame, whom I found in his little tent. We soon made acquaintances, and I brought him into my tent, which is rather larger than his, and gave him material to write to you. Your child is so interesting, Madame, that there is no difficulty in becoming attached to him. After a few days, we were like old friends, and he will tell you that I scolded him several times for not having come to me, when I would so willingly have placed myself at his disposal. It is necessary for me to add, Madame, that

I went straight to the point with him, which was all the more necessary as we are in a campaign where the ball may touch the life of any of us at any moment? I was delighted to find in him a real lively faith, and it is a great consolation to me to think that I may have helped him a little to increase it. We made our examination of conscience together, and when we arrived at Saida, it was with a promise on his part to get rid of a little coldness and tepidity which had slipped into his religious life, and to devote himself henceforth frankly to the service of God. I did not ask less of him, Madame; and he is now enrolled in that little band of Christians of which I am one, and which is already remarked in the army, to the great despair of the impious. That is in a great measure the work of the Society of Jesus, for it is from their colleges that we get the greatest number of our best recruits. We try to become good Christians, like our fathers in the faith, and I know more than one whose life may be proposed as a model to your dear boy."

De Sonis never lost sight of this soul. He recommended him to his Captain, Vicomte de Lignieres, "a man both distinguished and a Christian." Very soon, at his request, he was made a sub-officer in his own regiment. When he returned to Saida, he got leave for him to pass a week in his home, on which occasion he wrote again to his mother:

"While I am writing, your son Peter is sitting by me, which is a real pleasure to us both. In the morning we go together to Mass, and he has promised me not to leave Saida without having gone to Holy Communion together. I feel sure, Madame, that this will be a great consolation to you, and prove to you what a good father and protector we have in St. Joseph. To him

I have committed the important work of the thorough conversion of our Peter; and by this I mean the entire gift of himself and of his soul to Jesus Christ and His Church. That is what I wish for him, for I have a great deal of ambition for his soul. I long to see him raise himself to those higher regions of thought, where the truth is, and where it is such a comfort to live. Tell your dear boy, then, that it is unworthy of him to do things by halves. You have, I think, a special grace for touching the heart of your son, as he has a tender devotion for you. I do not doubt, then, that your advice and your prayers will be blessed by God. As for myself, you need not fear but that I shall give myself heart and soul to this work. It is a great joy to me to see the tree of faith growing in the army, where at first it was such a feeble shoot. By loving one another and drawing nearer and nearer to each other, we begin to form a strong body, with which the evil-disposed have to reckon. May our Lord do the rest; for it is only for Him and for His Church that we labour."

At the end of December, the campaign was at an end; and General Yusuf could report to the Governor-General that all the tribes had submitted, and that the whole region of the Tell was pacified. But de Sonis was not very well pleased with the result. He wrote:

"It is true that the tribes have sent in their submission; but the repression has been so weak that I fear we shall have to begin again in the spring. The insurrection has lasted from April to December, has greatly compromised the interests of our colonists, and merged the whole civil authority into the military one. I think I shall be ordered to take back my command at Saida before Christmas, but shall find

myself alone there, where I was before so happy with my wife and children. The remembrance of my poor little Martha never leaves me. I know she is in Heaven; but the faith which makes me look upwards does not prevent my turning my eyes downwards to the little stone beneath which my darling lies buried. I hope, however, to be able to keep Christmas this year as a Christian. I have fasted too long from the Eucharistic food, and I am longing to resume my old habits, for God treats me as a spoiled child. I will be sure and remember you, at the holy Altar, and trust you will not forget me."

At the beginning of the year 1865 de Sonis accordingly resumed the command at Saida. On the 3rd of May the following year, Napoleon III. landed at Algiers, and began that solemn visit to Algeria, during which he gave full vent to the chimerical illusions of his youth. Wishing to put in personal relations with the Arabs, he asked Marshal MacMahon to give him an officer who knew the country and the people thoroughly, and who could be attached to his person during his stay in Africa. Every one thought of de Sonis, whom the Emperor had remarked at the head of his Spahis, in all the military fetes given in his honour. But, before bringing him to the Emperor, MacMahon spoke to de Sonis himself, who courteously but firmly refused. His political feelings and the attitude of the Emperor towards the Holy See at that time would not permit him to appear as one of his personal escort. This refusal astonished everybody; and de Sonis lost a glorious opportunity of promoting his personal interests; but he kept his conscience and his fidelity. "Yes," he wrote at that time, "I feel I have been faithful to my God, to my Princes,

and to the Church. I am faithful, too, to my friends, for they would not be such if they were not first the friends of Our Lord. Every day I feel also a stronger love for the Church; and the hatred which her cruel enemies bear towards her at this moment only strengthens and deepens my affection."

In June, 1865, de Sonis was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Spahis, without, however, giving up the command at Saida. He hoped, therefore, to be able to spend a couple of months with his family in France, and started for that purpose. But when he got to Oran, he found he had been appointed by MacMahon Commandant of the troops in the south of Algeria, whose base of operations was his old station of Laghouat.

"It is a very flattering and excellent appointment," he wrote, "but it has been a great blow to me to have to give up my holiday with all I love! But I must have courage and say with entire submission to the will of God, *Fiat!*" Thus complete reparation was made to him, to the great satisfaction of the army. Laghouat was not only given back to him, but he returned to it with increased honours, and at a moment when his great military talents would be called into play for the defence and protection of the whole country. He started, therefore, leaving his wife and children in France.

"I live a most isolated and solitary life," he wrote, "and Holy Writ has said, '*Vae soli!*' But in God is my trust. All for God! There alone can I still the sufferings of my heart, or satisfy my longings for love, for the Infinite is the object and end of all."

[To be continued.]

Christ's Nativity.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW.)



AND the angel said unto them : Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." St. Luke, c. II, v. 10. 11.

Thus spoke the angel of God to the shepherds who kept nightwatch on the slopes of Bethlehem, nineteen centuries ago. In this joy announced by that heaven-sent messenger, we all share more or less at Christmas-tide. The mysterious feelings of mirth and gladness which at this holy season well up in the human heart are but the consequence of those good tidings of great joy. Each returning Christmas in the cycle of years that make up our sojourn in the here below, acts upon us as a full moon on the ocean's tide. It expands our love of humanity. Hence that overflow of good will which makes men go out of the sphere of their own selfishness, and tender to their fellow men the expression of best wishes, hence old enmities are forgotten, old friendships are renewed. Young men and maidens, working out their lot of life, whether amid the bustling throng of neighboring cities, or in the quiet of distant hamlets, re-visit the home of their childhood, and there the scattered members of the family are once more united, and rejoice as they sit together at the festive board. Should some loved one be absent, he or she is recalled with fondest memories and spoken of with deep affection.

These good tidings of great joy do not affect Christians only. As the sun shines upon the good and the bad, so the influence of this great event is felt even by those benighted ones upon whom the noon day light of the gospel of God has never fallen. Yes, even in their hearts a joy day cannot account for springs up at Christmas-tide. Souls in Purgatory, suffering spouses of Jesus Christ, rejoice within their cleansing fires.

The approaching festival brings us back on the wings of time, nineteen hundred years, and places before our mind's view the scene of that event which we are about to commemorate. In obedience to an edict of the proud Augustus Cæsar, the inhabitants of that vast Roman Empire are repairing to their native towns to have their names inscribed in the census book. Amongst those wending their way to Bethlehem, the city of David, our eyes fall upon two—the one a man perhaps in the meridian of life, the other a young virgin of scarce sixteen. They have journeyed four days, and now, weary and way-worn, are nearing the city of their royal ancestors, whose famed white walls they behold glittering before them amid the beauteous rays of a golden sunset. Does the gloomy foreboding of the cold refusals, they are to meet with when asking for lodging that night, now brood over them? We know not, but certain we are that deep down in those two pure hearts there dwells a peace, a calm which only the just and the holy enjoy. They enter the city, go to the inns to seek lodging for the night, but there is no room ;

they pass from door to door, still receiving the same response to their inquiry—"there is no room." Evening is declining, and earth is veiling in the mantle of night; the stars are falling into order and taking up their respective places in the dome of heaven. The cold is growing more intense, and Mary and Joseph quit the city, and going forth, find by the wayside a cave tenanted by two beasts of the field, and there in that rude grotto which affords them a roof, less cold than the starry sky of a winter's night, the Son of God is brought forth into the world, enters visibly into His own creation.

At that same moment the shepherds in the plains and on the hillsides of Bethlehem are startled by the entrancing melody of celestial music vibrating from harps of gold, and listen to the sweetest songs that ever fell from seraph lips. An angel of God announces to them the "good tidings of great joy." "This day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David." Yes, a joy indescribable, a joy everlasting; for the greatest event that has occurred from the moment when the Spirit of God moved over the waters and removed the darkness from off the face of the abyss until now, which ever shall take place until the angel of God shall sound the trumpet and say "time is no more," has just been recorded. The chasm between the Creator and creature has been bridged, and God and man are united in the person of the Babe of Bethlehem, and from His manger cradle there arises a hymn of praise—incense like to the throne of God, sweeter in its aroma than that emanating from the golden censers of ministering angels—a hymn of praise infinite in its worth, wherefore this great event, though second in order of time, was

first in the decrees of the Eternal, because the most worthy of Him.

God, out of the immensity of His love, created man to enjoy a never-ending bliss. But to try his obedience, and to make him more like the Divine model, and hence in some way the author of his own glory, God imposed on him a command. In an evil moment our first parents giving ear to the devil, the father of lies, were induced by him to transgress the Divine-mandate and thereby forfeit all right to the Kingdom of Heaven. But "the mercies of the Lord are over all His works," and hence, amid Eden's lovely bowers, prostrated in degradation and remorse, before the God who out of nothing called them into existence, our first parents were promised a Redeemer who would make atonement for their sin, and restore to them their lost inheritance. Buoyed up with this hope, they went forth into the world to begin the battle of life, to "fight the good fight." This promise of a redeemer was handed down from generation to generation. But as years rolled on, and faith waxed cold—men giving way more and more to the evil tendencies of a corrupt and fallen nature—drifting down with the tide of destruction on the billows of passion, until finally poor humanity sat in the valley of death, amid the husks of swine under the shadow of sin, and now after the lapse of four thousand years of suffering and oppression, the promise is fulfilled. The desired of nations has come, "there is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

Since this great event, God, though unchangeable, has taken a different attitude toward fallen man. Heretofore He was known only as "the God of armies," "the Lord of Hosts." No one dared to address Him by the sweet

and endearing name of Father. But since the advent of Christ this is our privilege. Jesus is the first-born of many brothers. God is His Father, and hence our Father also. Hence we are taught by the Saviour in that most excellent of all prayers to say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." This little Babe of Bethlehem, whose birth into the world we are soon about to commemorate, has stayed the arm of God's avenging justice, cries out to the Father in infantine accents from his manger-cradle, "Sacrifice and holocausts thou wouldst not, but a body thou hast fitted to me! Behold I come."

REV. F. S.

THE SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

Do you ask why laugh our hearts,
While the tear of rapture starts
From our eyes?—these blessed eyes,
They have pierced to Paradise;
Oh, our ears—o'er hill and plain,
Catch the angels' thrilling strain;
Hark—o'erflowing earth and sky—
"Glory be—glory to God on high;
Glory and glory to God on high!"

"Peace on earth!" 'tis ringing still;
"Peace to all men of good will!"
Through the streaming crystal light,
"Christ the Lord is born to-night!"
Chant the bright celestial throng,
And we join the angels' song
Echoing o'er earth and sky—
"Glory be—glory to God on high;
Glory and glory to God on high!"

Let us leave the Lord to keep
Angels by our lonely sheep,
While we go to kiss His feet;
He, our Infant Saviour sweet,
Smiling on us through His tears,
As the Christmas chant He hears:
List—entrancing earth and sky—
Glory be—glory to God on high—
Glory and glory to God on high!"

A String of Pearls.



NOT long since, a charitable organization associated with a Catholic church in a prominent New England city, gave an entertainment for the benefit of its holy cause.

In connection with the event, was issued as a souvenir, a handsome illustrated brochure, containing, among other interesting matter, a number of admirable thoughts on CHARITY. These had been solicited by a zealous worker for the Poor, from the pens of all the leading Catholic (and some of the non-Catholic) *literateurs* of the country, both male and female.

The collection was a veritable chaplet of gems,—true pearls of poesy and prose. It has seemed well to us to loose the jewels from the little casket, wherein they were first enshrined, and present them here to the admiration of the general public.

Place aux dames! The sentiments of our gifted women on this noblest of themes, claim, by courtesy, precedence of those of the sterner sex :

Fortune, find what your gifts can do
for her,

Search your treasure house through
and through for her,

Follow her steps the wide world over,
You must, for here is a four-leaved
clover.

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

There is sometimes a greater charity
in seeming not to see our neighbor's
trouble than in trying to relieve it.
“Let me alone!” is the prayer of

many a tortured heart when the curious, the officious, and the tactless force the door of its place of desolation ; albeit, they bring wine and oil.

—Katherine E. Conway.

Beyond the skies, Faith joyous dies ;
It turns to sight at Heaven's door.
Hope, there, doth meet fruition sweet
Wherein it fades. But, evermore,
Love, born of God, unchanging, pure,
Thro' endless ages shall endure !

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER :—I could think of nothing so good for your purpose as an old epigram of a Roman poet ; so I have put it into English, by way of a *moral*, and trust it my not be unwelcome.

“Whate'er ye gave, so much indeed
Is safe from changing fortune's
breath.

That wealth alone ye hold ; nor need
Resign it after death.”—*Martial*.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

If Charity is asked :

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

She answers,

“Yes, if you are your Father's child.”

—Julia Ward Howe.

“Have patience (Charity) with
others—but chiefly have patience with
yourselves.”

—Sarah Orne Jewett.

How white are the fair robes of
Charity, as she walketh amid the lowly
habitations of the poor ! Giving
doth not impoverish her and her patience
is unfailing.

—Mary A. Livermore.

The best word on the subject of
Charity was uttered long ago—“It is
more blessed to give than to receive.”

—Louis Chandler Moulton.

Deserving! Lord how can we be
Deserving of Thy clemency?
Man with his Maker only pleads
His sore distress, his abject needs,
And we, dear Lord, would learn of Thee
The rule of blessed Charity.

—Eliza Allen Starr.

The gentlemen follow, in the alphabetical order of their names:

"The greatest of these is Charity"—because Faith without it is bigotry, and there is Hope for the world only while it endures. Justice is its father, and its mother, Mercy; and to him who has it by him, have hope and peace and light come to abide forever.

—Henry Austin Adams.

Charity should be a joyful sacrifice and *not* the giving to others what one cannot use for one's self.

—J. C. Bowker, Lawrence.

Chief among the blessed Three—born of God, Christ's gift to earth, treasure of the soul in Heaven, where Faith and Hope shall be no more—sweet Charity.

—Rev. Francis X. Burke.

Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, East Pepperell, Mass.

"Charity which, for love of Christ, helps suffering humanity is a divine Alchemist who changes the act into gold by which an eternal reward is purchased."

—Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.,

President of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

If we would keep the narrow path

And Heaven's crown obtain,

Sweet Charity must be our guide,

Else all our works are vain.

—James D. Dollard,

St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

Love and Charity joined hands one day

And said, "Let us walk the earth

And drive poverty and care away."

—Rev. D. J. Donahue,

Church of St. John the Evangelist,
Northfield, Vt.

A generous, cheerful giver is usually
at peace with himself and mankind.

—Hon. James H. Eaton,

Mayor of Lawrence.

We who give to the poor deserve no
gratitude from them;—it is their right
to receive; our duty, to give.

—Maurice Frances Egan,

Washington University.

Charity is the lending of principal
with God as the bondsman.

—Hon. William R. Grace,

Ex-Mayor of New York.

I cannot be so presumptuous as to
speak of charity in any hope of doing
justice to the great theme. When all
the other virtues are considered, what
St. Paul says is still true. "The greatest
of these is Charity."

—Hon. George F. Hoar,
United States Senator from Massachusetts.

All the other virtues smile upon success,
but Charity is the comforter of failure.

—William Hopkins, ("Bud Brier.")

Charity is the only alembic wherein
the human becomes the heavenly.

—Walter Lecky.

"A new commandment I give to
you; that you love one another as I
love you." To spur us on to the perfect
fulfillment of this precept Jesus
says that what is done to the least of
His Disciples is done to Himself. He
has given that affectionate parable of
the good Samaritan to teach us our
duty to our neighbor.

—His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian
Martinelli.

Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic
Delegate to the U. S. of America.

Christian Charity is the great hope
of society. The bond of sympathy and
gratitude it creates between the poor

and the rich robs poverty of its bitterness, takes the hatred of the rich out of the hearts of the poor, and brings all of God's children closer together. The more we foster this spirit of charity, the less fear there will be of anarchy.

—Thomas M. Mulry,

St. Vincent de Paul Society, New York.

Practical charity consists rather in helping than giving.

—Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O. S. A.,
Pastor St. Mary's Church, Lawrence.

Open your hearts to the poor, and Christ will enter as your guest.

—Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O. S. A.
St. Augustine's Church, Andover, Mass.

Charity is the Prince of Virtues, unless it boasts itself.

—James Jeffrey Roche,
Editor Boston Pilot.

The mother may forget her child, the lover his well beloved, but the children of men will never cease to be drawn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding,
Bishop of Peoria.

If but the world would give to Love
The crumbs that from its table fall,
'Twere bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

—Rev. John B. Tabb.

Strictly speaking, charity was never conceived of except through that phase of the essential, divine love, which becoming incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, suffered all the pains and pangs of human anguish, and by his death gave birth to a divine love in the human heart.

—William Henry Thorne,
Editor of the Globe Review, New York.

"To put one family beyond the need of Charity is more useful than to tide twenty over into next week's misery." This can only be done by careful, painstaking, personal work.

—Wickes Washburn, M. D.

Chairman of Charity Organization Society, N. Y.

Beside these original contributions from men and women distinguished in letters, or prominent in social, political, philanthropic or ecclesiastical circles, others of note sent quotations appropriate to the golden theme chiefly drawn from the Inspired Word. We subjoin the most striking of these :

"Charity is patient."

—Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan,
Archbishop of New York.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

—Patrick Donahoe,
Of the Boston Pilot.

"Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this : to visit the widows and orphans in their tribulations and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

—His Eminence, Most Rev. J.
Cardinal Gibbons,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

"He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly ; and he who soweth in blessings shall also reap of blessings, for God loveth a cheerful giver." —St. Paul ii. Cor.

—Very Rev. Philip Garrigan, D. D.
Vice-President of the Catholic University, Washington D. C.

"Shut up alms in the hearts of the poor, and it shall obtain help for thee against all evil."—Eccles. xxix., 15.

—Rev. A. J. Hamilton,
St. Patrick's Church, So. Lawrence.
"For alms delivereth from death and the same is that which purgeth away sins and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting."—Tobias, xii, 9.

—Rev. F. A. McCranor, O. S. A.
Pastor of St. James Church, Carthage, N. Y.

"And the King shall say : Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one

of these my least brethren, you did it to Me."—Matthew 25-40.

—Most Rev. John J. Williams,
Archbishop of Boston.

"Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare."

—*Visions of Sir Launfal.*

—Hon. Roger Wolcott,
Governor of Massachusetts.

In these utterances of wise (and, in many instances, illustrious) intellects in these citations from the Sacred Text, —we have an epitome of fraternal love which is as beautiful as it is edifying.

But, as the honorable Senator from Massachusetts, has suggested, no more human words can do justice to this celestial theme. No earthly eulogy of the divine virtue can say as much as or more than St. Paul's famous Epistle to the Corinthians, wherein he eloquently proclaims that: "Charity never faileth: whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed." For, "now there remains faith, hope and charity, these three: but THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY!"

—CARITAS.

CHRISTMAS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It was during the year 1793. The Revolution was filling every city and village of France with bloodshed and terror. Christmas night had come, and the inhabitants of a small town in Brittany had determined to have their Christmas Mass. Their churches had been desecrated, so they were forced to prepare a barn in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice. They covered the sides with fine linen and decorated them with shining hollyberries. A rustic table was used for an altar, and two rosin torches, set in iron candlesticks, were placed upon each side of the crucifix. Here, at midnight, came priest and people, in terror and trembling, to celebrate the mystery of God made man. Like the shepherds, they came to worship in a stable the Divine Babe of Bethlehem.

Death would be the penalty of their

act if they were discovered, but this did not appal them. The venerable priest was a confessor of the Faith. Only a few days before he had been delivered up to the executioners, but by a miracle, as it were, he had been saved from death. Amid tears and sobs the Holy Sacrifice went on, and at the Communion every one approached the altar to receive his Saviour and his God, and thus carrying Him in their hearts, they returned to their homes rejoicing, and ready to die for Him if it was His holy will.

"I have celebrated this holy feast," said one who was present at this midnight Mass, "in the lofty cathedrals of Europe, and even under the dome of St. Peter's, but never has the Holy Sacrifice been to me so solemn, or made so deep an impression upon me, as that Christmas Mass in a stable."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

We have come to the last month of the year, and, many say, to the end of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, we will not discuss it here, but rather talk about what is a great deal more important, viz.: the solemn homage to Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, which is to mark the closing of the century.

With the blessing and encouragement of His Holiness, Leo XIII, and the approbation of bishops all over the world, an international committee has undertaken to promote a solemn homage to Christ the Redeemer, thus to consecrate to Him the century which closes and the one about to begin.

The headquarters of this committee are in Rome, and to initiate its great plan, it invites the Catholics of the whole world to take part in a spiritual pilgrimage to Lourdes, in order to place this sacred work under the maternal protection of Mary, the Mother of God.

The little circular issued by the committee adds that our Holy Father, Leo XIII, grants an indulgence of one hundred days, to be gained once a day, to all who will say contritely and devoutly the following prayer; this indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory: "Grant us, O most merciful God, by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, to expiate with tears of repentance the evils of this dying century, and so to begin the century which is about to open that it may be wholly consecrated to the glory of Thy Name and to the

kingdom of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, that all nations may serve Him in unity of faith and perfect charity. Amen." This holds good till the end of 1901, which looks as if the Holy Father holds a different opinion to many as to when the twentieth century begins.

Dear children, it would be a glorious thing to spend a whole year in time in paying homage to Jesus Christ. We expect to pass our eternity in doing so. Why not begin it on earth? Now, if you one and all say this little prayer every day, you will be doing a number of good things,—making reparation to the offended majesty of God, imploring His mother's prayers, begging a blessing on a new era of time in which you hope to live long, happy days, and praying with the desire that it be consecrated to the glory of God and the spread of His kingdom. Lastly, you are hastening the coming of the happy time when there shall be but one fold and one shepherd.

Dear children, we do not pray enough. You and I do a lot of talking and fault finding and empty wishing that things and people were different to what they are. All of no use. One good quarter of an hour spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament would do more to *right* things than all the talking in the world. *That* is preaching; the practice is not so easy. But one can but begin, and fail, and then begin it over again, and *keep* at it. Father Faber, in his own sweet way of helping people make the best of things, said: "I believe many heroic and saintly lives will be found at last to be simply

an entanglement of generous beginnings."

Notice how he qualifies beginnings—*generous beginnings*. Ah! that is just the point. God forgives many faults to those who are generous with Him. It is not the perfect souls alone who are pleasing to Him. Where would the greater part of the world be if that were so? No, the unfortunate army of stumblers to which you and I belong, dear children, are very, very dear to Him Who is constantly stooping in the sweet condescension of His mercy to mercy to lift some fallen one.

Some will not be lifted up, but, like pouting children, lie down in the dust and dirt, and *kick*.

We know what mothers do to children who cut up such capers. Sometimes they unwisely whip them. But the wiser ones go off and leave the youngsters to themselves. Bye-and-bye the performance is over, and the little rebel is tired, and sleepy, and hungry, and then there is no one like "*Mamma!*" So, the arms of God are like those of one's mother,—always ready for us to fling ourselves into them, sure only of an embrace without a word of reproach. It is a pity that so many of us refuse to see the maternal side of God.

In the Gospel how tenderly He talks to poor Jerusalem, telling her that He would gather her to His bosom even as a chicken gathers her young ones under her wing—"but thou would'st not." The same thing He says to us all, dear children.

Now we are in the holy season of Advent, when the cry of the whole church is the beautiful prayer of St. John, "Come, Lord Jesus, come; come quickly." The Christ Child of Bethlehem is He to Whom we all cry, "Come quickly!" Who can resist the pleading arms and piteous cry of a baby? Our

dear Lord took upon Himself the form of an infant so that we could not, even if we would, resist the arms of our baby brother.

Go to Him, dear children, and do not be content to kneel close to the crib, gazing at Him lovingly and longingly. No. Beg our Blessed Lady to place her treasure in your arms, and be sure she will not refuse you. I am sure she put Him into the arms of the shepherds if they even *looked* as if they wanted Him, and the holy kings from the East, surely they too held him for a few moments close to their loving hearts.

Now we have even a greater claim on our dear Mother's goodness.

Beg, then, and be not afraid.

One word about buying the privilege of holding the Divine Infant close to one's heart. Cross the palms of His best beloved children, the poor of Christ, with the silver of Christian charity. It is not a "Merry Xmas" which forgets the poor, nor has any niggardly or ungenerous heart any right before the Crib of Bethlehem.

Oh! for a St. Francis of Assissi to teach us of this age the love of the poor. How many forget them; how few are kind even in their charity, and how very few love them as their brethren in Christ. All this is Christmas work. So get ready early. Save your pennies so that you may get up a big basket for a Xmas dinner for some poor family. Take it yourself, and say something very sweet and gracious, as if it were rather a favor done you in being allowed to play Christ Child, not Sante Claus, on Christmas morning.

Don't fail to go to Holy Communion on that blessed feast; first receive your own precious gifts, then go and break the bread to the little ones of Christ.

Nearly a hundred letters, all kind and gracious, have come to the Secretary, and now she closes the Rosary box for another year.

Happy, holy Xmas to you, and yours, dear children. May its joys be like heaven to you. This is the loving wish of

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

Editorial Notes.

Peace as Preached and Practised.

Amongst the old Romans the doors of the temple of Janus were closed during days of peace and opened in time of war. They were closed when Christ, the Prince of Peace, came into the world. To-day the doors are wide open. Behold the carnage on the "dark continent" and in the islands of the far East! How can we venture to preach peace—we Christians who profess to be disciples of Him Who was all meekness? Is the refined method of butchering our brethren the culmination of modern civilization? Some day the lion will lie down with the lamb, but not in this century. The Christmas joy is, alas, overshadowed by the bloody bulletin which tells of the widow, the orphan and the desolate home. The mad greed for gold impels men and nations to plunge into sanguinary conflict, and Providence makes use of the scourge of war to chastise them. Let us pray the divine Infant, during the coming days, to deliver the world from the horrors of war, and to grant—as prays holy Church—peace and concord to Christian kings and princes.

A Shackled Peacemaker.

The heart of the majestic Man of Peace, Pope Leo XIII, is wrung with sorrow as he witnesses the ravages of war, and when he sees his own impotency in preventing it. The common Father of Christendom was well able and ready to adjust things, in harmony with the strictest demands of justice, before the field guns commenced their deadly work. But he could not, as his Master, command the storm to be still, and was given no opportunity to act as an arbitrator. The only return for his kindly offer is to be made the victim of misrepresentation. There are, as was to be expected, in some quarters, particularly in editorial sanctums, attempts made to declare the Holy Father a sympathizer with one of the belligerents to-day and to-morrow with another. The fact is, although he has, in common with all right thinking men, the option of forming his own opinion, the Pope has not expressed himself for or against either

party. He has a horror of war, and fervently prays for peace in the coming Holy Year. A large proportion of fallen soldiers are Catholics, and we are told His Holiness has said holy Mass more than once for them, and it is but natural that he remember his children who stand in need of his and our suffrages.

Looking Backward.

Another year, a "holy" one, and we shall have rounded out another century. The closing years are indeed well freighted with history,—much of it written in blood. In the scheme and spirit of holy church, the new year should be rich in grace and spiritual things. God grant it be so. Apropos of the fast declining years, it is in place to call attention to a beautiful "End of the Century" prayer now published. For this prayer, Pope Leo XIII has granted the remarkable Indulgence of one hundred *years*, to be gained once a day till the end of the year 1901. This short prayer as translated runs: "Grant us, O most clement God, through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, that we may expiate with tears of penance the sins of this declining century, and thus prepare for the beginning of the new century that it may be wholly dedicated to the honor of Thy name and the kingdom of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Whom may all nations serve in unity of faith and perfection of charity. Amen."

Twisted Truth.

In one of his Western speeches, the President of the United States said, amongst other things, that the soldiers who are at present busy looting churches and shooting Filipinos, would be followed up by the "men with the text-book and the Bible." A secular paper is astounded at this assertion and asks editorially, "What does the President mean?" The truth is,—to quote the paper in question, the *Buffalo Enquirer*—"For three-hundred years the Filipinos have had the Bible!" Further on the *Enquirer*, in its zeal for truth, if not for the friars, points to the fact that a special envoy of the Protestant Episcopal

church has reported what indeed the men are really in front of. It is not the text-book and the Bible. It is the gin shop, the gambling hell, the carpet-bagger, the sharper and the disreputable element of America which is following the army like a flock of unclean birds. The natives are not prepossessed in favor of what is represented to them as American civilization. At the conclusion of its vigorous philippic the *Enquirer* avows that it is "a secular newspaper and has no interest in church controversies, but the fact of Filipino civilization and the fact of their highly religious character are matters of history which no one can falsify."

Repeating History.

As was said more than once during the Dreyfus agitation, the Catholics of France will have to pay "for the broken pots." It is the old story,—it started long ago in Rome with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!" Evidently the religious Orders will be the first to receive the stroke. It was ever thus. But God brings good from evil. The number of Carmelite saints to-day in heaven would be less had it not been for French persecution. Persecution of the Orders in America is but in embryo, but it will crystallize. Perhaps, as one writer prophesies, "they will pick the locks of the convent portal, and they will order their henchmen to throw holy maidens and pious old men out on the street." Granted that the monk-haters succeed, "you will be surprised," said a French writer addressing his countrymen, "by their calm resignation when they depart toward their exile. They know what you know not—that God is everywhere and is eternal."

On the Threshold.

At the close of another year our hearts again go out to our dear readers and friends to whom we tender our fervent wishes for every joy from our new-born Lord. May He give them a new year overflowing with all that is good. Looking to the future, we make but few specific promises, but assure our readers that we shall make it our duty to study their wants. Our prospects are the brightest, and we are told by our able literary contributors that divers good things are in store for

us. Our Very Reverend Father Provincial at times will entertain us with his vivacious and sparkling talks. The Reverend Prior of our Canadian Carmel will prepare some solid and popular articles on the current festivals. This will be supplemented by a series of beautiful dogmatical, devotional and ethical discourses, most striking in their originality, by the Reverend ex-Provincial. In her quota for the new year the loveable *Enfant de Marie* has already despatched to us from across the Atlantic a casket of exquisite literary gems. In the line of fiction, a charming story by a noted writer will begin in the early numbers of 1900. An extended feature of our magazine will be the narration of the many miraculous favors wrought through the intercession of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. These are only some of the good things promised for next year, and we beg our readers to show their good will and co-operation by now promptly renewing their subscription.

Anent war taxes, would it not be a good idea to tax the theatres during the holidays as they did in Spain? The proceeds would brighten the existence of many a poor family at Christmas.

* * *

We wish every choice blessing to our readers at the approaching holy season. May the Queen of Carmel obtain untold favors for them in the new year. We thank our dear friends for their kind support and unflagging interest in our work, and hope they will be loyal to this little magazine which now enters its eighth year. You will earn our gratitude and fervent prayer by remembering us at Christmas in a substantial way.

* * *

The *Pittsburg Observer* is doing a herculean work in uniting Catholic societies. May God bless its efforts. Union is strength. It will do away with fraternal friction and solve the question of nationality. Instead of being American Catholics, members of these societies will become Catholic Americans.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Those who have followed up the fascinating stories of Mary F. Nixon in the pages of the *Ave Maria* will be glad to know that B. Herder has issued in book form her pretty little story entitled "The Blue Lady's Knight." The same writer has already delighted us "With a Pessimist in Spain" in "Lasea and Other Stories," and through "A Harp of Many Chords." The present book is dedicated "To Angela and Pauline Howard Whitely," names held high by Catholic readers. These latest little gems of Miss Nixon's will make acceptable holiday gifts. The price of "The Blue Lady's Knight" is fifty cents. Address the publisher:—B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

From the presses of the Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., has just been issued a readable "Life of Venerable Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrow" of the Congregation of the Passion. This biography was originally written by the Passionist Father Hyacinth Hage. This interesting little volume is a new departure in hagiography, and the pious reader will not find the pages tiresome. In the life of the youthful Passionist now presented for the first time to American readers, the excellence of the religious state is plainly set forth in a more than ordinary degree. He was—to quote Cardinal Gibbons—"a child of our own times, whose days barely cover twenty-four years of the middle of this expiring century," and "the sanctity of Ven. Gabriel Possenti has been made illustrious by the wonders wrought at his grave since 1892." The price—fifty cents, places it within the reach of everyone. Address H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

One of the best of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's stories—"Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School," well printed and handsomely bound, can now be had from Messrs. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia. It sells for half a dollar. This book is suitable for gifts, home or the library. The story is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., and the other "boys" who learned to like "Jack Chumleigh" in the *Ave Maria*.

A hearty welcome should be accorded by all lovers of good books to a late publication of B. Herder's, entitled "Studies in Literature—and other Essays" by Maurice Francis Egan, A. M., L. L. D., Professor of Literature and English in the Catholic University of America. In these practical and entertaining essays Dr. Egan speaks from the depths of his own deep knowledge, and shows that experience in the professorial chair has taught him the wants of his audi-

ence. The present little work is of interest to all, but more especially to students, who recognize the fact that literature and the learning of a language are more than mere exercise in philology. As the author hints, it is only of late that here in America that literature, apart from language, has come to be looked upon as worthy of any consideration. A careful perusal of this last book will show the reader below the mere surface of books and be an open sesame to many a literary treasure covered up in the garb of words. The price of the book is 60 cents. Address the publisher:—B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JESSING, who died on All Souls' Day last at Columbus, Ohio. The Pontifical College of the Josephinum will be the lasting monument of this man of God, whose life and labor were consecrated to the high cause of ecclesiastical education. Many a fervent priest who owes his elevation to good Father Jessing will remember his benefactor in the daily Sacrifice.

RT. REV. LOUIS DE GOESBRIAND, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., who died of old age on Friday Nov. 3 at the Providence Orphan Asylum in Burlington, Vt. He was the oldest bishop of the United States. Born in Aug. 1816, at St. Urbain, France, he was in his 84th year at the time of his happy death. A holy, zealous bishop, he had a great love for the Blessed Virgin, and in particular for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, as he testified to us in a warm letter, recommending THE CARMELITE REVIEW. We therefore beg our readers to join with us in a fervent prayer for his eternal rest and happiness.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



